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Drake

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Drake

This author was in the North Western army, & present when Gen. Wayne made his Treaty with the Indians, 3 Aug't. 1795.

☞ But 300 copies printed. - See last page.

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THE

POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

JAMES ELLIOT,

CITIZEN OF GUILFORD, VERMONT,

AND LATE

A NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER IN THE LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call,
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But, if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice;
And, if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or, if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;—
Then teach me, Heav'n, to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe.
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown:
O GRANT ME HONEST FAME, OR GRANT ME NONE!

POPE.

GREENFIELD, *MASSACHUSETTS*,
PRINTED BY THOMAS DICKMAN,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

M,DCC,XCVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

SEVERAL reaſons have concurred to produce in my mind a determination to deviate from the path which is commonly purſued by young candidates for the applauſe of the public; by omitting an elaborate prefatory exordium to a work, completely eccentric and miſcellaneous, and upon the intrinſic merit or demerit of which, in the public opinion, it muſt entirely depend, whether its author ſhall be allowed to occupy a *very* humble niche in the "Temple of Fame," or ſentenced to ſink unregarded into the ſilent gulf of oblivion. However, ſuch explanatory notes and elucidative remarks, as mature reflexion has induced, or particular circumſtances rendered neceſſary, will occaſionally appear in the body of the work.

A DUE regard to that independence of character which I am determined ever to maintain, has induced me to neglect, alſo, the uſual formality of a dedication. I am ſenſible that the following pages will not be agreeable to *zealots* of any party, religious or political.—Had I dedicated this volume to any of thoſe reſpecta-

ble

ble characters, whom the calumnious tongue of envy, or the misjudging voice of prejudice, denominates *bigotted partizans*, FACTIOUS LEADERS, &c. I might possibly, on account of my extreme poverty, have fallen under suspicions, of a nature, the most distant imputation of which, I am extremely desirous to avoid. For I am not conscious of being attached to any cause, but that of truth and reason, or any party but that of liberty and good order: Or of being influenced by any opinions or sentiments but those of my own heart, or biassed by any interests, but those of my native country.

J. ELLIOT.

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INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

TO THE

PUBLIC.

AS the juvenile author of the work now offered for publication, has heretofore been ſo much diſtinguiſhed for "youthful vanity," as to expoſe himſelf to the ſevereſt ſhafts of *anonymous* ridicule and ſatyre, he is under no apprehenſions of incurring an additional weight of odium and cenſure, by obſerving that the poetical eſſays which are comprized in the firſt book of this volume, have already appeared in various periodical publications in the United States, *and have been received with no inconſiderable degree of applauſe*, even by thoſe whom a difference in political ſentiments has ſince induced to become his moſt inveterate enemies.

He will not hazard an opinion on the merit or probable reception of the original poems, and will only obſerve, that he ſubmits them with the greateſt deference, and a conſiderable degree of diffidence, to the impartial tribunal of the public. He is confident that whatever judgment may be paſſed upon their *merit*, as ſpecimens of genius and literature, the *ſentiments* will not be cenſured by any friend to liberty, or advocate of morality.

Although journaliſts and travellers have ever poſſeſſed the excluſive privileges of egotiſm, yet the author has not availed himſelf of thoſe privileges, any farther, than he conceived neceſſary to render his narrative intelligible and accurate, and to give the public that account of his own ſituation in life, which it has a right,

and commonly poſſeſſes the curioſity, to demand, of every one who preſumes to introduce himſelf to its attention as an author.

In his obſervations on the weſtern country, he has aimed at the ſtricteſt accuracy, and has, in a few inſtances, corrected the errors of former geographical narrators. At the ſame time he is ſenſible that his remarks are very ſuperficial; and indeed, from the nature of his ſituation, they could not have been otherwiſe.

In politics, the author will not heſitate a moment to declare himſelf a democratic republican: And is thus early in announcing that zealots and partizans, of any deſcription whatever, muſt not expect to derive any ſatisfaction from the peruſal of his eſſays. The freedom with which he has habituated himſelf to ſpeak of public men and meaſures, and his ſtrictures on the Federal Conſtitution, will undoubtedly procure his writings the epithets of *antifederal*, *ſeditious*, *anarchial*, &c. from the unreaſonable and prejudiced *part* of a conſiderable, and influential *party* in the United States. To prejudice and calumny, he will only oppoſe his own conduct in voluntarily foregoing the pleaſures and enjoyments of domeſtic life, to appear as a ſoldier in ſupport of the conſtitution and laws of his country, and in oppoſition to the internal as well as external enemies of the Union.

In morals, the author has choſen for his polar ſtar, the eternal principles of that beneficent and ſublime religion which he has the happineſs to believe in and profeſs.—And as he wiſhes to afford the public the earlieſt opportunity of deciding upon the intrinſic *merit* or *demerit* of his poetical, political, and literary labours, exhibited in a collective point of view, he will conclude with declaring, that, in his own opinion, he has not written a ſingle line which can juſtly provoke a frown from the moſt rigid moraliſt, or kindle a bluſh upon the blooming cheek of the moſt amiable daughter of innocence and virtue.

15 OC 61

THE

POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

JAMES ELLIOT.

BOOK I.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS,

WHICH HAVE HERETOFORE APPEARED IN VARIOUS PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

LINES

On the adoption of the FEDERAL CONSTITUTION *by the State of* VERMONT.*

HAIL celebrated Muſe of fame!
Glad tidings from the north proclaim,
Throughout COLUMBIA's land;
The news from *Bennington* arrives—
Each patriotic ſoul now ſtrives,
To join the FEDERAL BAND.

The

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* *This is the firſt of the author's performances that ever appeared in print, and indeed that he ever wrote; it was written in January, 1791. He is ſenſible that it exhibits to the eye of the critic and poetical connoiſſeur, ſeveral glaring defects, which he will not attempt to remove or palliate, but preſents it to the world in all the ſimplicity and negligence of the garb which it originally wore. He begs leave, however, once for all, to apologize to the accurate and learned reader, for the numerous inaccuracies and imperfections which will occur to*

The grand convention of the ſtate,
Aſſembled *there*; and did debate,
With due deliberation;
Like men of candid, liberal minds,
They voted with uplifted hands,
To join the FEDERAL NATION.

Rejoice, *Vermonters*, and be glad,
VERMONT has join'd the Federal Head;
Bleſt independent ſtate!
Unnumber'd honours yet unſeen,
Await the glorious FOURTEEN,
Magnificently great.

Let the *Green Mountain's* lofty head,
Which ſtrikes beholders all with dread,
With echoing joy reſound;
And people of all degrees and ranks,*
Return their undivided thanks,
That *federaliſm* abounds.

Let

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his obſervation on the peruſal of theſe poems. Regardleſs of that ſevere and illiberal criticiſm which condemns all thoſe performances that fall beneath the ſtandard of perfection, from which ſtandard, its own productions are generally as far diſtant as thoſe which it criticiſes, he has never ſacrificed the obvious ſenſe and natural expreſſion of the ideas which he wiſhed to communicate to his readers, either to the uniform regularity of equal and harmonious numbers, the elaborate ornaments of alliteration, or the arbitrary laws of rhyme; and in ſome inſtances, probably, it will be found that he has, inadvertently, *tranſgreſſed the imperious rules of ſyntactical propriety.*

* *The author begs leave to apologize for this* ariſtocratic *expreſſion, by obſerving, that he had not, at the time it was made, become ſo deeply infected with the* "MANIA *of Democracy," as he has ſince that period.*

Let *antifederaliſm* ceaſe,
And unto *unity* and *peace*,
And *liberty* give way:
Let all the freemen of the ſtate,
Together join and celebrate,
A happy FEDERAL DAY.

May every federal heart unite,
Th' auſpicious day to celebrate,
When we the UNION join'd;
And thoſe who do anticipate,
The future grandeur of our State,
No diſappointment find.

THE

A ſudden tranſition from ariſtocratic *to* democratic *principles, and* vice verſa, *is not, however, an extraordinary circumſtance in the preſent enlightened and verſatile age. Even the great Mr.* BUCK *himſelf, who is now the very paragon of what is moſt abſurdly called* "federaliſm," *and whoſe name will ſhine with diſtinguiſhed luſtre in the annals of ariſtocracy, was, at the period to which I refer, an enthuſiaſtic* "jacobin and diſorganizer." *For the truth of this aſſertion, I appeal to that diſtinguiſhed diſplay of his oratorical abilities in the cauſe of* antifederaliſm, *in the Convention of Vermont, which was compared by a man of eminent talents, to a* "ſhip under ſail without a rudder." *This is the ſame man who declared on the floor of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the United States, that the proclamation of the Preſident, promulgating the treaty with Great Britain,* appeared to him like the majeſty of heaven, and ſtruck him with a voice like thunder.— *How muſt ſuch a weak, puerile, bombaſtic, not to ſay impious, compliment, (if it does not rather deſerve to be called an inſult) offend the chaſte ear of the amiable and unaſſuming* WASHINGTON!

THE SUMMER SEASON.

[WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.]

Fair FLORA *now reſumes her fragrant reign,*
And with her flow'ry riches decks the plain;
Again SYLVANUS *ſpreads his honours round,*
And all the foreſt with green leaves is crown'd:
Show'rs now deſcend, and dews their gems diſcloſe,
And nectar ſparkles on the blooming roſe.
PHILLIS WHEATLY.

NOW Summer rears its halcyon reign;
New proſpects open to the view:
Th' enamell'd mead, the flow'ry plain,
Aſſume a green and beauteous hue.

The linnet's lay, in morn's gay hours,
Returning ſummer gladly greets;
The verdant fields are deck'd with flow'rs,
Diſcloſing aromatic ſweets.

While tribes of ruſtic youth rejoice,
And ſing the rural ſongs of love,
The tuneful lark's reſponſive voice,
Reechoes through the ſylvan grove.

Gay flow'rets riſe on every ſide;
Melodious warblers charm the ear;
The lucid waters gently glide—
Thus varied ſcenes adorn the year.

Delightful SPRING beſpeaks our youth;
Gay SUMMER ſhows our growing ſtate,
When virtue, innocence, and truth,
Should ſtill the youthful heart dictate.

As changing as the ſeaſons are,
Thus changing are the ſcenes of life;

Our

Our fleeting life's replete with care,
Replete with trouble, noiſe and ſtrife.

Then happy he, whoſe native bent
Is to be uſeful to mankind:
Can earthly pleaſures give content?
Do they adorn the youthful mind?

No—Virtue has ſuperior charms,
And can more true content beſtow,
Than thoſe who ſink in pleaſure's arms,
Or mind her dictates, ever know.

Then, while our blooming ſummer laſts,
Let us aright improve the ſame;
Let us purſue the pleaſing path,
That leads to happineſs and fame.

And if while we on earth belong,
We liſten to the voice of truth,
Our ſouls ſhall join the future throng
Of ſaints, and bloom in ceaſeleſs youth.

THE WINTER SEASON.

[*Firſt publiſhed under the ſignature of* CELEPHON, *February* 8, 1792.]

RELENTLESS Boreas now diſplays his power,
And clouds and ſtorms obſcure the face of day:
The frozen earth ſuſtains the fleecy ſhow'r,
And leafleſs foreſts own dire winter's ſway.

No

No blooming verdure decks the diſtant plain;
No flow'ry proſpects riſe to charm the eye:
But winter comes, and rears its algid reign,
And clouds and winds in quick ſucceſſion fly.

No warbling linnet greets returning morn,
When day emerges from the ſhades of night;
No cheerful ſongſter ſings at early dawn,
No ſprightly blooming beauties meet our ſight.

O'er hills and dales, o'er diſtant woods and plains,
Behold! The fleecy ſtorm of ſnow deſcends;
The lucid ſtreams are bound with icy chains,
And every tree in yonder foreſt bends.

Alas! How late the charms of blooming ſpring
With luſtre ſhone, and boundleſs empire held;
While orient Phœbus ſpread his radiant wing
O'er bluſhing morn, and night's dull gloom diſpell'd.

How late gay ſummer, clad in robes of green,
Diſplay'd its charms to our admiring view;
Melodious warblers grac'd the brilliant ſcene,
And meads and fields aſſum'd a verdant hue.

But later ſtill, fair autumn held its reign,
And boundleſs plenty grac'd the yellow fields,
While flocks and herds appear'd on ev'ry plain—
But autumn now to hardy winter yields.

Thus all the diff'rent ſeaſons' various charms
Are loſt in winter, and to death conſign'd:
Oh, may this truth diſpel all falſe alarms,
Improve the morals and enrich the mind!

Ye powers above, who rule the realms of peace,
Inſpire with gratitude my youthful heart;
Bid *ſin* and *ſorrow* their dominion ceaſe,
And ſweet CONTENT new ſcenes of joy impart.

Ma-

May cloudleſs ſkies attend my firſt advance,
And guide my footſteps to maturer age;
Reſplendent ſuns illume life's-wide expanſe,
And bright'ning proſpects mis'ry's pow'r aſſuage:

That when the *ſpring like* days of youth are paſt,
And *ſummer* SUNS exult in riper years,
Virtue may rear its reign within my breaſt,
And bright religion baniſh all my tears.

I'll then, with joy, when *wintry* ſtorms ſhall drive,
Obey the call of my Eternal King,
And life ſurrender with firm hope to live,
And bloom again in never ending SPRING.

Me quoque dicunt
Vatem paſtores; ſed non ego credulus illis.
VIRG. Ecl. 9, v. 33.

The ſhepherds call me a poet; but I am not ſo credulous as to believe them.

The following ACROSTIC, *written by* J. SHEPARDSON, *Eſq. a venerable rural friend of the author, was addreſſed to him, on the foregoing Poem, in the* GREENFIELD GAZETTE *of February* 29, 1792.

TO CELEPHON.

IN life's gay ſcene of flow'ry *ſpring*,
Amongſt the blooms and birds that ſing,
May CELEPHON delight:
Exuberant thy peaceful hours,
Shady and ſoft thy *ſummer* bowers,
Nor know the gloom of night.

Embroider'd

Embroider'd be thy notes of fame,
Laurels to crown thy growing name—
Long may thy *ſummer* glow—
In *autumn's* ripened age to bear,
Offenſive marks of pious care,
To ſhun grim *winter's* woe!

RURICOLIST.

GUILFORD, February 16, 1792.

SONNET TO GENERAL FAYETTE.

[*Written in* 1792, *while the General was at the head of the French Army.*]

ILLUSTRIOUS General of the Gallic band,
And *Patriot Hero* of that favour'd land,
Where dawning liberty begins to ſpread!
Extend thy banners and unfurl thy ſails;
May Heaven bleſs thee with propitious gales!
May laſting laurels circle round thy head!

Convince the world that freedom's magic wand
Can tumble tyrants from their ſtately thrones,
With dark diſgrace the ruffian deſpot brand,
And him exalt who now in ſlavery groans.

To raiſe to native dignity the man
Who bows the knee to any earthly lord;
To model freedom on a glorious plan;
BE THIS THY WORK, AND GLORY THY REWARD!

LINES

LINES

Addreſſed to THOMAS PAINE, *Citizen of the* WORLD.

FAVOUR'D of Heav'n! Belov'd by all mankind,
Except the venal throng and royal clan:
A powerful advocate in thee we find,
Illuſtrious champion of the "RIGHTS of MAN."

To thee, bold hero of the preſent day,
Whom every virtuous ſon of freedom loves,
Each patriotic lyre devotes a lay;
The muſes greet thee, and the world approves.

Though perſecuted on thy native coaſt,
Honour and peace in foreign climes are thine;
And M A N, the nobleſt name the world can boaſt,
Shall glorious laurels round thy brow entwine.

Long may'ſt thou live! The race of kings deſpiſe—
Eclipſe their ſplendour by thy brighter name:
And when thy precious ſpirit mounts the ſkies,
Thy uſeful works ſhall ſtill preſerve thy fame.

From one who treads the humble walks of life,
Accept this tribute of unfeigned praiſe:
To thee brave foe to faction, power, and ſtrife,
A youthful bard preſents theſe artleſs lays.

MARCH, 1792.

LINES

LINES

Occaſioned by reading the official account of the execution of LOUIS XVI.

SURROUNDING objects wear a ſilent gloom,
And darkſome clouds o'erſpread the azure ſkies:
The die is caſt—the fatal hour is come;
The friend of men, the beſt of monarchs dies.

LOUIS, whoſe name was known from pole to pole;
LOUIS, who never trod the ſanguine heath;
Whoſe manly, noble, generous, humane ſoul,
Ne'er wav'd the ſignal of approaching death.

LOUIS, *Columbia's* beſt and greateſt friend,
Whilſt on the madd'ning waves of diſcord toſt:
In him RELIGION owns a votary dead,
And heaven born SCIENCE mourns a fav'rite loſt.

How late this hapleſs prince enthroned ſtood,
And France exulted in a patriot king;
Her ſons proclaim'd him generous, juſt, and good,
And with loud praiſes caus'd the air to ring.

But when the ſcene was once revers'd, they cry'd,
"Low in the duſt ſee regal ſplendour laid!"
Some venial errors muſt his fate decide,
And o'er his virtues caſt a gloomy ſhade.

His only friend, FAYETTE, whoſe honeſt zeal,
Wrought his own ruin, mourns the fatal hour,
Which gave the factious crew the guiding wheel,
Which gave the multitude unbounded power.

Not all the eloquence of virtuous PAINE,
Can cauſe a ſigh, or ſtart the pitying tear,
From thoſe who with imperious juſtice reign,
And ſcorn the voice of human woe to hear.

Condemn'd

Condemn'd, unfeelingly, to ſhameful death,
He ſhows no ſigns of fear, or anxious care;
But utters with his laſt expiring breath,
This energetic, patriotic prayer—

"May heaven avert the dark impending ſtorm,
"Which threatens France, and freedom's glorious cauſe:
"May tyrants tremble, and proud kings conform,
"To equal government and equal laws."

Unhappy prince, the muſe exhauſted, faints!
But angels, in the higheſt ſtrains of love,
Reſponſive to the general theme of ſaints,
Proclaim thee welcome to the realms above!

THE AMERICAN'S PRAYER FOR FRANCE.*

ETERNAL Source of glorious power,
And ſovereign Lord of boundleſs ſpace!
Deign, Monarch of the ſkies, to ſhower
Thy bleſſings on the Gallic race!

Great

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* *This was firſt publiſhed in the* GREENFIELD GAZETTE, *June* 6, 1793, *ſome months anterior to its appearance,* as an original performance, *in the Philadelphia and Baltimore papers.* SWIFT *obſerves, that* "*There is nothing more contemptible in an author than the character of a plagiary*"—*a* character *which the author is extremely anxious to avoid, and which might probably have been beſtowed upon him by the critical reader, had the foregoing remark been omitted.*

Great Preſident of nature's frame!
Thou art the only king we own:
We own thy power, we bleſs thy name,
And bow before thy heav'nly throne.

Thou didſt exiſt ere time began,
And thou wilt reign till time's no more:
Protector of the rights of man,
Fair freedom's ſons thy aid implore.

Grant, Mighty Ruler of the world,
That France may yet enjoy repoſe,
And not be to deſtruction hurl'd,
But triumph o'er her numerous foes.

Lord, in her cabinet preſide!
In thee her warriors firmly truſt;
In thee her choſen ſons confide,
Her heroes brave, her rulers juſt.

To thee we raiſe our humble voice,
Thy great and glorious name adore:
Lord, make thy choſen ſons rejoice,
And grant that KINGS may reign no more.

ODE *for the* FOURTH OF JULY, *Anniverſary of* AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL glorious day that gave us birth,
And rank'd amongſt the powers of earth,
COLUMBIA's favour'd land!
This day beheld a nation riſe,
And tow'ring upward to the ſkies,
Tyrannic Power withſtand.

This

This day the worthies of the ſtate
In council met to fix our fate,
The great, the wiſe, the good ;
Deſcending from the realms of light,
Fair Freedom's GENIUS wing'd his flight,
Whilſt all in ſilence ſtood :

His voice proclaim'd—" The Mighty GOD,
" Who rules unnumber'd worlds abroad,
" Will crown with joy your pains :"
Then HANCOCK ſign'd the grand decree,
Which bade Columbia's ſons be free,
And trample on their chains.

Proud BRITAIN now from realms afar,
Let looſe the ſanguine dogs of war,
And all their hoſts combine ;
Our fertile fields are ſtain'd with blood,
And freely flows the purple flood,
At freedom's ſacred ſhrine.

And hark ! The brazen thunders roar,
The plains are drench'd in ſtreams of gore,
And carnage ſtains the field :
We hear the voice of WASHINGTON—
He leads the patriot army on,
And Albion's warriors yield.

The deadly conteſt was maintain'd,
Till freedom's ſons the victory gain'd,
And ſaw their foes retreat ;
Now diſcord, war, and bloodſhed ceaſe,
And heaven beſtows a glorious peace,
Our triumph to complete.

Here *peace* and *plenty* grace the plains,
Here *liberty* triumphant reigns,
And *commerce* ſpreads her ſails ;

While farmers till the fruitful land,
Rear'd by ſtern labour's foſt'ring hand,
Each liberal art prevails.

Let ſlaves to kings allegiance ſwear;
Columbia, heaven's peculiar care,
Can boaſt a nobler name:
Her WASHINGTON, ſuperior far,
Shines brilliant as the morning ſtar,
Firſt on the liſt of fame.

Encircled here in freedom's arms,
We ſoon ſhall ſee her heavenly charms
Extend from pole to pole:
Like the ſweet breathing breeze of ſpring,
And zephyrs, borne on airy wing,
She warms each generous ſoul.

See, FRANCE has caught the ſacred flame!
The glory of the *Gallic* name
The muſe with rapture ſings;
Her ſons renounce deſpotic laws,
And ſwear to die in *freedom's* cauſe,
Or triumph over *kings*.

Soon EUROPE's ſhores, and AFRIC's coaſt,
And every diſtant clime, ſhall boaſt
The equal rights of man:
FREEDOM, of heaven's gifts the beſt!
This day we celebrate thy feaſt—
This day thy reign began!

JULY 4, 1793.

LINES

LINES

Written at the age of eighteen, on the author's enliſting himſelf as a ſoldier in the Army of the UNITED STATES. Auguſt, 1793.

YE proudly GREAT, who ſhine on GRANDEUR'S liſt,
Who never heard OPPRESSION clank her chains,
Who by the charms of gold her power reſiſt,
And live ador'd, where INDEPENDENCE reigns:

Ye ſenſeleſs ſouls who ſink in *pleaſure's* arms;
Ye who recline on *luxury's* downy bed;
Who, born to *eaſe*, enjoy her pleaſing charms,
And walk where *fancy's* flow'ry carpet's ſpread:

And ye, more happy and leſs envied few,
On whom, while liberal heaven each bleſſing pours,
Benign CONTENTMENT gently ſmiles—and you,
Whoſe rich ſupplies are drawn from FORTUNE'S ſtores!

Long may you *all* enjoy the pleaſing ſcene—
Be all thoſe joys and that kind fate your own:
'Tis mine to tread the vale of life unſeen,
To *fame*, to *fortune*, and the *world*, unknown.

On me the GRACES never deign'd to ſmile;
But the fair MUSES, from their bleſt abode
Beheld, and ſentenc'd me to uſeleſs toil;
To tread *affliction's* rough and thorny road.

Say, ſhall I ſtill purſue the artleſs theme?
Shall HE preſume to join the tuneful throng,

Whoſe

Whoſe only merit is a thirſt for fame,
Whoſe greateſt glory is a ſimple ſong ?*

I'll rather ſtrive to gain the *ſoldier's* bays,
Whoſe fame 's the fav'rite theme of ev'ry tongue :
I'll claim the glorious meed of martial praiſe,
Which DELLA CRUSCA has ſo ſweetly ſung.

The purple current, the rich ſtreams of blood,
Which freely flow'd from youthful warriors' veins,
Have ting'd the fair OHIO's chryſtal flood,
And ſtain'd the wild MIAMI's fertile plains :

My country calls me to thoſe fields of death,
The ſtandard waves, the clarion ſounds th' alarm ;
Expiring heroes, bleeding on the heath,
Call loud for juſtice's avenging arm !

Farewell, ye flow'ry fields, ye ſylvan ſhades,
And all the fond delights of rural life !
I go to wander through the deſert glades,
I march to mingle with the ſons of ſtrife.

Ye lov'd companions of my infant hours,
To my remembrance have a ſtronger claim ;
Young friends, with whom I rov'd through fancy's bow'rs,
Adieu to you—Adieu to all but FAME !

Now, when to heaven I've made a ſacred vow,
I'll quit theſe ſcenes, to freedom's ſtandard fly,
Obtain one laurel to adorn my brow,
And *conquering* TRIUMPH—or *triumphing* DIE !

ELEGIAC

---

* *Whoſe proudeſt boaſt was but an idle ſong !*
DELLA CRUSCA.

ELEGIAC LINES,
On the Death of CITIZEN JOHN HANCOCK.

A SUN *is ſet—Oh, riſe another ſuch !**
COWPER.

YE SACRED NINE ! The bard invokes your aid,
To grace his numbers with elegiac fire ;
To ſing the virtues of the *glorious dead ;*
MELPOMENE attune the ſorrowing lyre !

Far hence ye airy ſcenes of pleaſure fly ;
Far hence deluſive fancy's mirthful train—
Sublimer themes the mournful muſe employ ;
In HANCOCK's praiſe ſhe pours her plaintive ſtrain.

He, whoſe illuſtrious name the world rever'd,
Whoſe praiſe the bard has oft with pleaſure ſung,
While the admiring throng attentive heard,
The voice of wiſdom from his patriot tongue :

Hancock, the brave, the generous, and the good,
The pride of Maſſachuſetts' favour'd realm ;
Who foremoſt in the hour of danger ſtood,
And guided with unerring zeal the helm ;

Hancock, the virtuous and the truly great,
Hancock, the HERO and the SAGE is dead !
Who fill'd with dignity the chair of ſtate,
While WASHINGTON our conqu'ring armies led.

* *This motto was not annexed to the original publication of this poem. When it was written (Oct. 1793) the author had not read, except detached pieces, and a few tragedies and comedies, the works of a ſingle poet, ancient or modern.*

By Albion honour'd, and by France rever'd,
By friends applauded, by the world approv'd,
Admir'd by freemen, and by tyrants fear'd,
In death lamented, as in life belov'd.

Illuſtrious ſhade! Thy country long ſhall mourn—
For thee the tear of grief ſhall freely flow;
The fragrant dews of heav'n ſhall bathe thy urn,
And lave the weeds that o'er thy grave ſhall grow.

Mourning thy death, the widow faints in tears,
While o'er thy ſilent tomb the orphan weeps;
And though no ſculptur'd monument appears,
YET FAME SHALL MARK THE SPOT WHERE
HANCOCK SLEEPS!

What though we hear throughout *earth's* wide domains,
The voice of ſorrow when the good man dies?
The heav'nly choir, in mild ſeraphic ſtrains,
Proclaim him welcome to his native ſkies!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BENIGNANT Being! Source of Peace!
Enchanting nymph, ſweet LIBERTY!
'Tis thine to bid the reign of diſcord ceaſe:
The hero of the blood ſtain'd field
Obſerves thy laws with juſtice ſeal'd,
And ſtrict obedience pays to thee—
To thee, fair CHILD OF HEAVEN, his ſanguine triumphs yield.

Where o'er thy vot'ries clouds portentous lower,
Extend thy ſovereign arm of god like power;
Proclaim throughout the world, "*Mankind be free!*"

Deſpots

Deſpots ſhall fall, and kings obey,
And nations own thy boundleſs ſway,
For heaven approves the juſt and wiſe decree.

The ſceptred murd'rers of mankind,
Who place in war their chief delight—
The ſycophantic paraſite—
Th' *ignoble* nobles, that vile clan,
Who trample on the rights of man—
This guilty race in thee a dread avenger find.
Oh! From thy bliſsful ſeat deſcend,
AND REIGN SUPREME ON EARTH, TILL TIME ITSELF SHALL END!

LINES ON WAR.

SEE thouſands on the field expire!
See cities wrapt in ſheets of fire!
See ſmoky columns meet the ſkies!
See brother againſt brother riſe!
See kindred, neighbours, nations, rage,
Oppoſe, and war promiſcuous wage!
See hoſts obey the trumpet's call,
And DEATH triumphant over all!

O WAR, ſuch are thy gloomy train!
The ravag'd town, the carnag'd plain,
The ſhrieking voice of widow'd woe,
The tears of grief, which conſtant flow,
Afflictive *pity's* milder moan,
And *ſorrow's* agonizing groan—
Such are thy triumphs, ſuch thy charms,
And ſuch the dire effects of arms!!!

Soon

Soon may theſe ſcenes of *horror* ceaſe,
And equal *liberty* and *peace*,
With *virtue*, *truth*, and *wiſdom* join'd,
Begin their reign, and bleſs MANKIND.

LINES TO PHILENIA.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine; quale per æſtum
Dulcis aquæ ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo.
VIRG. Ecl. 5, v. 45.

Your ſong divine, great POETESS, to me,
Is ſuch, as on the blooming verdant plains,
To wand'rers, tir'd, ſweet ſleep *beneath a tree*,
Or purling rivulets to thirſty ſwains.
THE AUTHOR.*

ILLUSTRIOUS miſtreſs of the TUNEFUL TRAIN!
Whoſe dulcet ſong diſpels the clouds of care;
Whoſe ſweetly ſounding LYRE, and ſoothing STRAIN,
Can eaſe the mind that 's tortur'd with DESPAIR:

DAUGHTER OF GENIUS! Whoſe unequall'd lyre
With notes divine, the aching heart relieves;
Whoſe MUSE has power to SET THE SOUL ON FIRE,
And pour the HEALING BALM when virtue grieves:

Heroine of Poetry! Accept theſe lays,
From one who *mingles with the ſons of ſtrife*;
From one who *ſtrives to gain the ſoldier's bays*,
And glides unnotic'd down the ſtream of life.

The

---

* *New Motto.*

The youthful BARD, by fortune's ſmiles unbleſt,
Untaught by ſcience, unrefin'd by art,
Has felt adverſity corrode his breaſt,
And ceaſeleſs woes oppreſs his wounded heart.

On me one hour of bliſs has ne'er devolv'd,
Nor could I ever call gay pleaſure mine;
On me, though nineteen SUNS have now revolv'd,
NOT ONE PROPITIOUS STAR HAS DEIGN'D TO SHINE!

Oft when I wander in the ſilent ſhade,
Amid the darkſome gloom of duſky eve,
Or vent my ſighs in ſome ſequeſter'd glade,
Nought but thy ſong can my griev'd heart relieve!

Dire *ſorrow* rears within my breaſt its reign,
And blaſting *penury* glooms each pleaſing view:
The path that leads, *perhaps*, to martial fame,
Be then my lot:—MAY GLORY WAIT ON YOU!

Ah! Peerleſs POETESS, thou haſt not known
Such ſcenes of grief as I am doom'd to know;
Say, haſt thou *often* heard ſad ſorrow's moan?
Or felt thyſelf the poignant pang of woe?

Although, perhaps, "affliction's dreary frown"
For a ſhort period, gloom'd thy "ſummer days;"
Yet pure content that "boſom" ſince has known,
Where GENIUS beams with bright meridian blaze.

Accept this artleſs tribute to thy name,
And deign, PHILENIA, to reſpond my lay;
Shall I preſume the poet's wreath to claim?
OR SHALL I CAST MY USELESS LYRE AWAY?

LINES

LINES *addreſſed to that venerable Republican, and virtuous Engliſh Nobleman,* EARL STANHOPE.*

ILLUSTRIOUS patriot and immortal ſage!
Renowned leader of that dauntleſs band,
Which ſtill preſerves, amid the ſtorms which rage,
The ancient luſtre of thy native land.

Perhaps the fate of generous BRUTUS thine—
Perhaps, like TULLY, doom'd to roam afar;
Or ſacrific'd, perhaps, at freedom's ſhrine,
Like SOCRATES, his country's GUIDING STAR!

Ah no! We hear prophetic FREEDOM's voice,
With accent mild, pronounce thy glorious name:
She bids her ſons and Albion's hoſts rejoice,
While STANHOPE mounts the ſplendid car of fame.

Go on, great man, nor fear a deſpot's frown;
Deſpiſe the titles that diſgrace a ſlave—
The *venal* ſtateſman, and the *royal* clown,
Alike diſguſt the virtuous and the brave.

What though a ſtupid tyrant bears the ſway?
What though Brittannians bow the ſervile knee?
What though deſpotic clouds obſcure the day?
Be thine the taſk to make a nation free.

Thy

---

* *I here preſerve, for the ſake of diſtinction, the titles of* Nobleman *and* Earl, *as applied in Great Britain to the illuſtrious* STANHOPE. *I find no difficulty, however, on republican principles, in ſtyling him a nobleman; not with a view of deſignating his deſcent from* this *or* that *Earl, Duke, Marquis, Gentleman of the bed chamber, &c. but becauſe he is, to borrow the energetic language of Thomas Paine, a* "NOBLE *of* NATURE."

Thy name ſhall ſhine on glory's deathleſs page—
And when raſh *George* his certain doom ſhall meet,
STANHOPE, THE SECOND STATESMAN OF THE AGE,
SHALL GRACE BRITTANNIA'S PRESIDENTIAL SEAT!

JUNE 28, 1794.

LINES

Addreſſed to the Citizen Soldier KOSCIUSKO, *General in Chief of the revolutionary armies in* POLAND.

SCHOLAR of WASHINGTON! Heroic Chief!
Long have thy country's violated rights
Claim'd the rich tribute of unbounded grief,
FROM THOSE WHOM FREEDOM'S SPLENDID ORBIT LIGHTS.

What though the FEMALE TYRANT of the NORTH
Preſumes to injure virtue's godlike cauſe?
What though proud FREDERICK leads his legions forth,
And dares to dictate arbitrary laws?

Soon ſhall their boaſted power, their impious rage,
Their fancied greatneſs, and deſpotic pride,
Vaniſh before the glories of the age,
And heaven, inſulted, their dread doom decide.

Whilſt thou, BRAVE CHIEF, ſhalt on the wings of fame
To the bright pinnacle of glory riſe,
Grateful poſterity applaud thy name,
And FREEDOM'S ſons extol thee to the ſkies.

The

The moſt illuſtrious chiefs of ancient days,
To thee their trophies and their wreaths reſign:
Not CINCINNATUS claims ſuperior praiſe,
And DECIUS own the prize of merit thine.

And yet, perhaps, misfortune is thy doom—
But ſhouldſt thou fall in the career of fame,
ETERNAL LAURELS SHALL SURROUND THY TOMB,
AND FUTURE AGES SHALL REVERE THY NAME!

JULY 10, 1794.

INVOCATION TO MEMORY.

[*Written at Greenville, Territory N. W. of the river Ohio, November,* 1795. *Firſt publiſhed in the* Greenfield Gazette, *April* 14, 1796.]

DESCEND, FAIR NYMPH, from thy aerial throne,
Aid me to ſtring the long neglected lyre;
Diſpel my griefs, make all thy joys my own,
AND KINDLE FANCY'S RECOLLECTIVE FIRE!

Beneath thy foſtering hand fair SCIENCE blooms,
And ART to thee its humble homage pays:
Emerg'd from realms obſcur'd by *Stygian* glooms,*
The MUSE, inſpir'd by thee, renews her lays.

Come, gentle genius of the ſacred ſcene
Of arts and wiſdom—authoreſs of fame;
Come, with ſweet aſpect and celeſtial mein,
Aſſiſt the bard, and animate his flame.

Lead

* *Alluding to a ſevere and dangerous indiſpoſition, from which the author had juſt recovered.*

Lead me to the retreats of early youth,
The ſeats of pleaſure, and the bowers of eaſe,
Where, cloth'd with native innocence and truth,
Beneath the ſhelter of umbrageous trees,

I liſten'd to the ſound of the ſoft gale
That wafted odours o'er the verdant plain ;
Or ſigh'd, reſponſive to the *red breaſt's* tale,
And *Philomela's* ſweetly plaintive ſtrain.

Recall, ſweet nymph, thoſe ſcenes of ſilent peace,
And ſocial joy which grac'd my earlier hours ;
When in colloquial charms the mind ſought eaſe,
Or rov'd through contemplation's awful bowers :

Or when I dar'd on truth's bright wings to ſoar,
By ROLLIN guided, by thy ſpirit fir'd,
Travers'd the regions of hiſtoric lore,
And fame's immortal monuments admir'd.

Yes, I have oft, when evening's ſilent reign
Huſh'd the gay world to ſleep, explor'd the page—
View'd the bright liſt of chiefs (a god like train !)
Who grac'd the *Grecian* and the *Roman* age :

Convers'd with virtuous SOCRATES, admir'd
The claſſic, eloquent, and generous flame
Which TULLY's pure and patriot boſom fir'd,
And follow'd POMPEY o'er the plains of fame :

Beheld with rapture the *Athenian* youth,
CIMON, illuſtrious on th' embattled heath ;
And PHOCION, ardent in the cauſe of truth,
And glorious in the trying ſcene of death :

Wept o'er the fallen liberty and laws
Of *Rome*, with CATO—join'd the dauntleſs band,
That arm'd with BRUTUS to avenge her cauſe,
And ſlew the tyrant of his native land.

Since ſuch the glorious harveſt memory yields
Of mental joys, ſurpaſſing ſenſual charms,
Why ſhould I cultivate thoſe ſterile fields,
Fruitful alone in ominous alarms ?

Why ſeek ſecluſion's uninviting ſhade,
And give my heart a prey to cauſeleſs fears ?
Why roam, forlorn, the ſolitary glade,
And drown my ſorrows in a ſea of tears ?

Memory, with thee I'll paſs the vacant hour,
A humble vot'ry at thy ſacred ſeat :
Thy charms ſurpaſs luxurious pomp and power—
Ev'n the remembrance of paſt pains is sweet !

END OF BOOK FIRST.

THE

POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

JAMES ELLIOT.

BOOK II.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

The CRUCIFIXION *of the* SAVIOUR *of* MANKIND.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

BEHOLD the glorious LAMB! The FOUNT of GOOD!
Who late o'er earth the flag of truth unfurl'd,
In tortures die, and with his ſacred blood,
Seal the ſalvation of a guilty world!

Egyptian darkneſs overſpreads the plain!
The graves are open'd, and the dead ariſe!
The temple's lofty vail is rent in twain!
The SON OF GOD, the KING OF GLORY dies!

How great that ſcene! Behold the powers of HELL,
And all the gloomy hoſts of DEATH, retire:
Eventful hour, that heard that awful knell,
And ſaw the SAVIOUR of the WORLD expire!

From

From him the ſtreams of conſolation flow,
All bliſs in heav'n all comfort here beneath:
He died for us—and yet could only know
A momentary interval of death.

The third benignant morn beheld him riſe—
Yes, he aroſe, paſs'd earth's remoteſt zone,
And mov'd in radiant glory through the ſkies,
To reign forever on his FATHER'S throne!

How vain is *genius* and its brilliant flow'rs,
The ſtrains of eloquence, the charms of verſe—
Ah, how unequal *art* and all its pow'rs,
The ſcene to paint—its grandeur to rehearſe!

Ariſe, my ſoul, above the groveling world;
Range through that heav'n of which thou oft haſt dream'd;
See *Satan* to primordial darkneſs hurl'd—
See CHRIST triumphant—and mankind redeem'd!

Witneſs, thou MORN, with all thy floods of light;
And thou, fair NOON, with all thy ſplendid rays;
Ye ſinking gleams, ye ſilent ſhades of NIGHT,
Ye groves, made vocal by my ſongs of praiſe,

Ye founts, ye rivulets, ye hills, ye vales,
Ye lofty mountains, and ye humble plains,
Ye elms, on whoſe high boughs the nightingales
Pour, all night long, their ſolitary ſtrains,

Ye ſeats of darkneſs, and ye lurid glades,
Ye awful thunders, and ye livid flames,
Ye miſty fogs, emerging from whoſe ſhades,
The radiant rainbow darts its brilliant beams,

Ye ſtorms, ye torrents of deſcending rain,
Ye glens, ye foreſts, and ye moſſy cells,
Ye gelid grottos, where ſome luckleſs ſwain,
To paſſing gales, his mournful ſtory tells—

Witneſs, thou SUN, bright ruler of the YEAR,
Thou QUEEN of NIGHT, who ſhines with milder rays,
And witneſs all ye STARRY ORBS, that ne'er
My ſoul ſhall ceaſe to breathe MESSIAH's praiſe!

MORNING: AN ODE.

But look, the MORN, *in ruſſet mantle clad,*
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill.

SHAKESPEARE.

BEHOLD the morning's riſing FIRE
Irradiate yon ſequeſter'd ſhade:
Hail! Goddeſs of the genial hour,
When the gay larks ariſe on lofty wing,
And thy fair charms in notes of rapture ſing—
AURORA, hail! Illume each rural bower,
Each dale, each ſilent grove and vocal glade.
Behold the ſtarry ſpheres retire,
The ruddy morn its charms diſplay;
And diſtant far in ſpotleſs ſkies,
Behold yon orient orb ariſe,
PHŒBUS, THE GLORIOUS PRESIDENT OF DAY!

Alas, how tranſient are thy charms,
A moment only in our arms,
Then left in tears thy flight to grieve;
While ſcarce a SUN illumes our noon,
And ſcarce a ſolitary MOON,
Appears to gild the gloom of eve!

Emerg'd

Emerg'd from ſcenes of INFANT ſtrife,
The fire of YOUTH begins to rage;
Impetuous, paſſionate, and vain,
We ſtorm the barriers which impede our courſe,
And moving onward with reſiſtleſs force,
O'er MANHOOD'S variegated plain,
Reach the meridian altitude of AGE:
Once paſt the torrid NOON OF LIFE,
We ſoar ſwift as the eagle's flight,
Down TIME'S declivity, with gaſping breath
Drink the Lethiferous DEW of DEATH—
THEN SINK IN THE CHAOTIC GLOOM OF END-LESS NIGHT!

THE VERNAL SEASON.

From ſouthern iſles, on winds of gentleſt wing,
Sprinkled with morning dew, and rob'd in green,
Life in her eye, and muſic in her voice,
Lo! SPRING returns, and wakes the world to joy!

DWIGHT.

SEE PHŒBUS with freſh ſplendor riſe,
To diſſipate the wintry gloom;
Fragrant the air, ſerene the ſkies,
All NATURE wears a vernal bloom.

Again the leaves adorn the trees;
Again the lark and red breaſt ſing;
The zephyr, and the balmy breeze,
Announce the genial reign of SPRING.

New verdure decks the diſtant dale;
Freſh muſic animates the grove;
The warbling linnet tells her tale,
And all is harmony and love.

The buzzing graſshoppers again,
On feaſts of balmy dew regale;*
The bees roam o'er the flow'ry plain,
And every fragrant ſweet inhale.

The beauties of the infant year,
The MORN in all their charms diſplays;
And mid the EVENING ſhades we hear
The nightingale's nocturnal lays.

Freſh flow'rets grace the blooming vale,
And breathe their fragrance o'er the plain;
The gentle aromatic gale
Diffuſes od'rous ſweets again.

The violet and jeſſamine,
The lilac and the lilly bloom;
The roſe ambroſial, and the vine
Nectareous, their bright robes reſume.

Releas'd from winter's iron ſway,
Again the pearly current flows;
The peerleſs REGENT of the DAY,
Again with genial fervour glows.

Such are the trophies of thy power,
And ſuch thy charms imperial SPRING:
Tranſient as ſleep's oblivious hour,
And fleeter than the eagle's wing!

When

* *Dum rore cicadæ.*
Graſshoppers feed on dew. VIRGIL, Ecl. 5.

When CYNTHIA lights the ſtarry pole,
And *Philomela* vents her ſtrains,
I catch the notes, and in my ſoul,
A pleaſing melancholy reigns :

The mind contemplates happier days,
And though dark clouds oft intervene,
Gay FANCY all her art diſplays,
To gild the retroſpective ſcene.

Ye partners of my earlier days,
With whom, retiring to the ſhade,
I liſten'd to the ſongſter's lays,
Or wander'd o'er the verdant glade :

Bright was our SPRING of LIFE——Alas !
Thoſe tranſient pleaſures all are flown !
E'en now I ſee the phantom's paſs—
And you, alas ! are alſo gone !

Yes, *all* are gone——for *ſome* are dead—
Silent, beneath the ſtroke of fate ;
And *ſome*, by chance or fortune led,
Have wander'd from their native ſtate.

And I have roam'd—ardent and bold,
Impetuous, inconſiderate, vain,
Ambitious, eager to behold
Great ſcenes, and glory's crimſon'd plain.

I left the rural vale of eaſe,
The ſcene of all my youthful joys,
To ſail in LIFE's tempeſtuous ſeas,
In ſearch of FAME's deluding toys.

Behold yon thund'ring torrent pour
Impetuous down the ſloping hill,
And traverſing yon valley o'er,
Subſide into a peaceful rill :

So

So the fierce tide of youthful rage,
In life's unclouded ſpringlike years,
Deſcends the precipice of age,
And glides along the "vale of tears,"

Till all its furious force is ſpent,
And then, unruffled and ſerene,
Its courſe through ſilent plains preſents
A calm, retir'd, and tranquil ſcene.

May thus the *torrent* of my life
Subſide, and roll more ſmooth and ſlow:
May thus, beneath the mount of ſtrife,
The tranquil ſtream of my exiſtence flow.

And when the dreary NIGHT of AGE,
Spreads o'er my head its hoary gloom,
And fell diſeaſe, with reckleſs rage,
Triumphant, leads me to the tomb—

My ſoul ſhall burſt this bond of clay,
And, ſoaring on exalted wing,
Reach the bright realms of endleſs day,
AND FLOURISH IN ETERNAL SPRING!

THE AUTUMNAL SEASON.

ADDRESSED TO ROYAL TYLER, ESQ.

BEHOLD, illum'd by SOL's yet ardent rays,
Departing *Summer's* laſt and fading blooms!
POMONA now alternately diſplays
Autumnal beauties and *Autumnal* glooms.

Yon

Yon gently riſing hill, yon flow'ry glade,
Still the rich robes of verdant beauty wear;
And ſtill the ſwains and nymphs to yon cool ſhade,
To taſte the ſweets of love and joy repair.

Still flows the torrent with increaſing force;
Still the tremendous cataract loudly roars;
Still the fair riv'let rolls its ſilent courſe,
To MISSISSIPPI's unfrequented ſhores.

The golden crops which grace the laded fields,
The rich exuberance which adorns the plains,
And the ripe fruits the bending orchard yields,
With feaſts of plenty cheer each gladſome ſwain.

From toil retir'd, mid evening's grateful ſhade,
On the gay green the ruſtic throng appear,
In all the bloom of innocence array'd—
Lead up the dance, and hail the cloſing year.

The ORB of NIGHT, with fair yet borrow'd rays,
Now ſlowly riſing in her orient zone,
Majeſtic, cloudleſs, and ſerene, diſplays
The ſilv'ry glories of her ſtarry throne.

The FIRE FLIES oft, when *Luna* hides her head,
The lurid empire of the night aſſume,
While all the azure planets faintly ſhed,
Their feeble beams athwart the glitt'ring gloom.

Now many a beauteous flow'r that bloom'd in light,
And all its fragrant charms by day diſplay'd,
Is doom'd to languiſh and expire by night,
Beneath the frown of midnight's gelid ſhade.

How hapleſs thoſe, forever doom'd to dwell
In frigid realms, where night unceaſing reigns
For many gloomy months—What tongue can tell,
What pencil paint their woes, their wants, and pains!

Strong

Strong emblems theſe, of that malignant gloom,
Which ſavage ignorance diffuſes round :
O EDUCATION, ſpread thy genial bloom
O'er every land, and reign beyond all bound !

Ne'er has the bard, beneath thy ſilent bow'rs
And ſhades contemplative, attun'd the lyre ;
Ne'er drawn from claſſic ſtores, in ſtudious hours,
The ſlighteſt ſpark of *real* Attic fire !

Behold, beſide his team, th' unletter'd hind—
Perhaps by nature to that clown is giv'n,
That fund of genius, which, by art refin'd,
Illumes the ſoul, and paves the way to heav'n.

See, tripping o'er yon lawn, the village dame,
Within whoſe breaſt, perhaps, there reſts confin'd,
LUCRETIA'S virtue, PORTIA'S patriot flame,
And the bright beauties of PHILENIA'S mind.

O Thou ! My early and my conſtant friend !
In thee the fruits of early knowledge ſhine ;
In thee the graces and the virtues blend—
A ſoul ſincere, and feeling heart, are thine.

In thee has nature various powers diſplay'd ;
Art, eloquence, and taſte, alike to grace
The bar, the ſenate, or the ſtudious ſhade,
To wield the ſword, or tread the walks of peace.

On thee long may the rays of ſcience fall,
And in thy life and writings greatly glow :
Long be thy uſeful life—and thine be all
The bliſs that conſcious virtue can beſtow !

Be thine, throughout LIFE'S variegated *year*,
The meed of genius, and the poet's bays ;
And in thy *autumn* may bright SUNS appear,
To gild the happy *winter* of thy days !

ODE TO EQUALITY.

ALL hail, divine EQUALITY!
Benignant daughter of the ſky!
Siſter and Friend of Godlike LIBERTY!
Deſcend from the etherial plains,
Proclaim on earth, JEHOVAH reigns!
'Tis Nature's King who rules on high,
O'ER COUNTLESS EQUAL WORLDS HIS EQUAL POWER MAINTAINS!

Thou gentle, ſoothing, ſovereign balm of woe,
And pureſt bliſs that human beings know,
'Tis thine to cheer old age, and guide the youth:
Come iſſue from thy calm retreat,
And fix on earth thy peaceful ſeat,
Attended by the radiant ORB of TRUTH!

On REASON's baſis build thy throne;
Exalt the *peer* and *prince* to MAN,
And humble all th' *ig*—noble clan:
Beneath oppreſſion's iron rod,
Obedient to a tyrant's nod,
No more the wretched human race enſlav'd ſhall groan.
Oh! Come with VIRTUE in thy train,
And o'er the UNIVERSE extend thy glorious reign!

PRAYER FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

[WRITTEN JANUARY 9, 1796.]

RULER of countleſs worlds abroad!
Fountain of WISDOM! Source of TRUTH!
Being of BEINGS! Glorious GOD!
Friend of the *aged!*—Guide of *youth!*

The

The SUN, the genial ſource of light,
And peerleſs monarch of the DAY ;
And all thoſe orbs which ſhine by night,
Thy majeſty and power diſplay.

The thunder's loud and awful roar,
The lightning's pure and lambent flame,
The lofty tree, the humble flower,
Thy glorious character proclaim.

Thou ſpeak'ſt, and verdure decks the plain ;
At thy command the dews diſtill ;
Eternal is thy boundleſs reign,
And irreſiſtible thy will.

How vain the ſenſeleſs thought, to move
Omnipotence by ſighs and tears,
Or influence the SOURCE of LOVE
By impious and imperious prayers !

Yet thou commandeſt man to pray
In humble ſtyle, and praiſe thy name :
That pleaſing mandate I obey,
That glorious privilege I claim.

LORD, may thoſe radiant rays of light
Which kindled FREEDOM's torch divine,
Illume the realms of mental night,
And with reſplendent glory ſhine.

May tumult, war, and conqueſt ceaſe,
And tranquil ſcenes their reign reſume :
Beneath the gentle ſhade of peace,
May the pacific olive bloom.

May LIBERTY's triumphant arms
Reſtore the AGE OF PEACE again ;
And REASON, TRUTH, and VIRTUE's charms,
Conſpire to crown its glorious reign !

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM:

Or, A VIEW *of the* HEROES *and* MARTYRS *of* LIBERTY: AN *ODE.*

[*Written in the Autumn of* 1796.]

ERE yon bright ORB, whoſe fervid flame
Gilds various worlds, from darkneſs came—
Ere orient day's firſt beaming ſpring,
Announc'd the birth of primal morn,
Or ſtars did yon blue ſkies adorn—
Seraphic bards were heard to ſing:

And this their theme, and theſe their ſtrains—
"Where HEAVEN'S ETERNAL MONARCH reigns,
Amid the councils of the ſkies,
Aſſembled in majeſtic ſtate,
Thus ſpake the PRESIDENT of FATE:
"From chaos ſhall new ſyſtems riſe—

"And worlds be born—the ſeats of peace
Fill all th' immenſity of ſpace—
And continents and ſeas appear;
And ſuns and moons in order roll,
And planets gild the glitt'ring pole,
And ſtars illume the boundleſs ſphere.

"And MAN, immortal man, ſhall live,
To him theſe glorious ſcenes I give,
And him endow with godlike powers:
Now, that his bliſs may never end,
Do thou, fair LIBERTY, deſcend,
To gild and bleſs his peaceful hours."

He ſcarce had ſpoke, when earth's broad zone,
Obedient to his mandate ſhone,
Illum'd by SOL'S effulgent beams;

Young

Young Nature breath'd—brisk lambkins play'd,
Melodious music fill'd each glade,
And naiads sported in the streams.

For thee, each flower of radiant hue,
O LIBERTY, spontaneous grew,
And balmy zephyrs, odours sweet,
And spicy gales, breath'd fragrance round:
Then ADAM liv'd, to "till the ground"
In EDEN, thy primeval seat.

Now SATAN, thy most ancient foe,
Feeling with rage his bosom glow,
(Envious alike of thee, and man)
Employ'd, too well, his active arts
To captivate unpractis'd hearts,
And overthrow thy glorious plan.

Exil'd from EDEN's blissful bowers,
From peaceful shades, and thrones of flowers,
'Twas thine to roam the desert heath,
To wander through the gloomy grove,
Or o'er the pathless plain to rove,
And witness virtuous ABEL's death!

Yet, in that ancient age of peace.
Ere kings were known (*Satanic* race!)
Didst thou extended power preserve;
And when NIMRODIAN tyrants came,
A glorious FEW still hail'd thy name,
And from thy laws disdain'd to swerve.

Thy chiefs how ancient, great, divine!
A NOAH, ABRAM, ISRAEL, thine,
And thine a JOSEPH, spotless name:
A MOSES, meek, inclin'd to peace;
AARON, ELEAZAR, names that grace
The archives of immortal fame.

CALEB,

CALEB, undaunted, active, brave,
And JOSHUA, warlike, pious, grave,
Conqu'rors of *Can'an's* ample realms:
OTHNIEL, dreadful to his foes;
The *JEWISH BRUTUS, who arose
To drive a despot from the helm.

BARAK, intrepid, calm, and bold,
And that great heroine of old,
Illustrious DEBORAH, appear;
Thy banners, *Freedom*, they unfurl,
To death the cruel tyrant hurl;
And strike his myrmidons with fear.

GIDEON, disinterested chief,
SAMSON, whose deeds exceed belief,
JEPTHAH, his country's boast and pride,
Add lustre to JUDEA'S fame:
But ah! that glorious race became
Extinct when virtuous SAMUEL died!

Now sinks the radiant STAR of DAY,
And gloomy NIGHT usurps the sway;
No rays of FREEDOM gild that age,
Save in her bards' prophetic song,
And in the MACCABEAN throng,
Whose deeds adorn her brilliant page.

Now doom'd from *Palestine* to roam,
Thy glorious reign in *Greece* and *Rome*,
Benignant LIBERTY, began:
What chiefs renown'd, what bards sublime,
Whose names have "triumph'd over time,"
For thee the race of glory ran!

Thine was a HESIOD'S strain divine;
ESOP and ALCEAUS, both were thine—
And thine was HOMER'S matchless song:

Thy

* EHUD. *See* Judges, *Chap.* 3.

Thy flame in great LYCURGUS glow'd;
'Twas thou dictated SOLON's code;
And CODRUS thine—a godlike throng!

Thoſe *Attic* chiefs,* who nobly dar'd
Reſiſt a tyrant's power, nor ſpaid
The minions of his lawleſs will,
Demand the meed to merit due;
Ye bards, a wreath they claim from you,
Of flowers, pluck'd from the muſes' hill.

Freedom! ARISTIDES, "the juſt,"
And MILTIACTES, thou canſt boaſt,
A PHOCION's breaſt thy ſpirit fir'd;
The labours of the ELDER SAGE†
And PLATO's philoſophic page,
Were by thy genius all inſpir'd.

LEONIDAS, the pureſt fire,
That ever warm'd *Apollo's* lyre,
The ſweeteſt lays the muſe can ſing,
And glory's moſt tranſcendent meeds,
Are far unequal to thy deeds:
Like ALFRED thou, the PATRIOT KING!

THRASYBULUS, to thee we raiſe
The loftieſt notes of ardent praiſe;
Thy virtues, CIMON, we revere,
Thy patriot fire, thy genius bold,
Excite our wonder: And we hold
TIMOLEON's memory ever dear.

Behold PELOPIDAS ariſe,
EPAMINONDAS, greatly wiſe,
And ARATUS, heroic ſage;
And brave PHILOPOEMEN, whoſe name
Reflects on *Greece*, freſh rays of fame,
To gild her laſt declining age.

Now,

* HARMODIUS *and* ARISTOGITON. † SOCRATES.

Now, MUSE, extend thy flight, and ſoar
To ancient *Tiber's* diſtant ſhore,
Where Freedom reign'd—A GLORIOUS AGE!
Where JANIUS BRUTUS, ſought relief
From private woes and public grief,
By humbling *Tarquin's* impious rage:

Where COCLES, memorable name,
And brave SCÆVOLA, ſons of fame—
And HE,* who at *Regillus* rode
Triumphant o'er th' embattl'd ſtrand,
And HE,† who ſav'd a ſinking land,
Like *ſtars* in GLORY'S *zenith* glow'd!

FABRICIUS, modeſt, firm, and grave—
And CINCINNATUS, nobly brave,
Who from his ſimple rural ſeat,
Withdrew, to ſave a ſinking realm,
And guide through ſtormy ſeas its helm—
And FABIUS, fearleſs, yet diſcreet,

And HE,‡ who ſelf devoted died,
A victim to *Numidian* pride;
And HE,§ who conquer'd *Syracuſe*:
Nor ſhall the GRACCHI be forgot,
Who merited a better lot,
For their bright deeds and patriot views.

Great SCIPIO, the *heroic muſe*,
With her ambroſial tears, bedews
Thy glorious monumental tomb!
Behold once more the *Grecian* land,
Led by FLAMINIUS and his band,
Its liberty a while reſume!

In the dark age of *Rome's* decline,
A BRUTUS and a CASSIUS ſhine,
Immortaliz'd by *Ceaſar's* blood— A

* POSTHUMIUS. † CAMILLUS.
‡ REGULUS. § MARCELLUS.

A POMPEY, pillar of the ſtate ;
A TULLY, eloquently great ;
A CATO, eminently good.

But ah ! beneath *Auguſtus'* frown,
Fair Liberty was hunted down,
And baniſh'd to th' *Arabian* plain,
With ISHMAEL'S roving race to roam,
Nor find again a conſtant home,
Till ALFRED ſhould in *Britain* reign.

FREEDOM ! *Brittannia* boaſts thy name—
A MORE was thine, of peerleſs fame,
Firm ſoul, and unſubmitting mind ;
Who dar'd to ſcorn tyrannic laws,
And, nobly rigid, in thy cauſe
His glorious life with joy reſign'd.

Immortal, HAMPDEN, are thy bays,
To thee the muſe devotes her lays ;
And *fancy's* fair and fragrant flowers
O'er RUSSELL'S grave their odours breathe ;
While *glory's* ever verdant wreath
Adorns great SIDNEY'S ſilent bowers,

Freedom ! Thy charms a MILTON ſang,
And, ſcorning war's tumultuous clang,
For thee a THOMPSON ſtrung the lyre,
In notes ſublime to ſound thy praiſe ;
Thy ardors glow in CHURCHILL'S lays,
And animate a COWPER'S fire.

For thee expired the BRITISH TELL !
For thee illuſtrious RALEIGH fell !
Names that will ſhine with fulgent fame
On *hiſt'ry's* unpolluted page :
Not fam'd *Genoa's* patriot ſage*
Can more exalted honors claim.

* ANDREW DORIA,

Thy CHESTERFIELD, amid the throng
Of venal courtiers, pour'd along
The floods of eloquence and art:
A PITT† was thine, of lofty ſoul,
Who, ſcorning *George's* raſh controul,
Perform'd a Roman patriot's part.

For thee a JUNIUS,‡ dar'd unfold
The maſk which made the guilty bold;
A TOOKE, a PRIESTLEY, own thy laws;
A PRICE's ſhade thy muſes love!
STANHOPE is thine, who oft has ſtrove,
Nor ſtrove in vain, to aid thy cauſe.

Firm as the adamantine rocks
On *Gib's* high cliffs, art thou O Fox!
What tho' fair FREEDOM flies away
From *George's* realm to *Gallia's* coaſt?
On Albion's ſhores ſhe ſtill can boaſt,
A BEDFORD, SHERIDAN, and GREY.

Nor will the muſe from juſtice ſwerve—
The PATRIOT FIVE§ her lays deſerve,
Who, by a deſpot's ruthleſs rage,
Were in dire exile doom'd to roam
Far diſtant from their native home,
To ſpend the cheerleſs hours of age.

What awful ſages meet my eyes!
MONTESQUIEU, ROUSSEAU, RAYNAL, riſe!
Inſpir'd by truth, adorn'd by art,

Their

† LORD CHATHAM.

‡ *See the elegant, animated, and patriotic Letters, publiſhed in Great Britain, under the ſignature of* JUNIUS.

§ MUIR, PALMER, SKIRVING, MARGAROT, *and* GERALD.

Their numbers flow, their periods roll,
Illume the mind, exalt the ſoul,
And animate the feeling heart.

NECKAR,* the patriotic ſage,
And thou, the TULLY,† of this age,
Your virtues, talents, we admire:—
And thou, FAYETTE, misfortune's ſon,
Think not thy race of glory run,
Though chains enthral thy active fire!

Now FREEDOM rears her throne in *France*.
Alarm'd, the tribe of kings advance,
To check her new and bold career:
Repulſ'd, they fly—but what a *ſcene*
Of woe, and grief, and blood, is ſeen!
What throngs of martyr'd chiefs appear!

DAMPIERRE, to thee the votive lyre,
Bids its moſt ardent notes aſpire;
The cypreſs blooms o'er GOUVION's grave;
And HE,‡ who on the *Iberian* plain
Was in the arms of glory ſlain,
Demands the laurels due the brave.

From the recital of thy deeds,
JOURDAN, th' unequal muſe recedes:
Nor can her moſt exalted lays,
Enhance the ſtill increaſing flame
Of PICHEGRU's refulgent fame,
Or bid it brighter blaze.

Behold the HANNIBAL of *France*,§
With his immortal band advance,
Alike reſiſtleſs and ſerene

In

* M. NECKAR, *a native of Switzerland.*
†MIRABEAU. ‡DUGOMIER, §BUONAPARTE.

In realms of *Alpine* froſt and ſnow,
Or on the banks of turbid *Po*,
Or in the fertile plains between.

To KELLERMAN, we raiſe the ſong;
Let every muſe the ſtrain prolong,
And ſing victorious KLEBER's praiſe:
MASSENA, and CERVONI, claim
The glorious meed of deathleſs fame,
And brave MOREAU, the hero's bays.

Now ceaſe, *Calliope*, thy ſtrains,
And While dark melancholy reigns,
Let grave *Melpomene*, preſide:
Muſe of the tragic ſcene! 'tis thine
To paint the horrors, and define
Th' effects of *Ruſſian* power and pride.

Far diſtant, near the northern zone,*
Where FREEDOM's Sun had never ſhone
For hundreds of revolving years,
At once, emerg'd from *Gothic* night,
With dazzling beams of radiant light,
The ORB of LIBERTY appears.

Alas, how tranſient is its reign!
How ſudden doom'd to ſink again
In dark impenetrable glooms!
For thee, illuſtrious STANISLAUS,
Great martyr in thy country's cauſe
The muſe the ſong of praiſe reſumes;

Unhappy patriot! Thine the deed
Which claims a more than mortal meed,
TH' ATTEMPT TO BREAK A NATION'S CHAINS;
But alſo thine the fortune hard,
The hapleſs undeſerv'd reward,
Of grief, debaſement, want, and pains!

To

* *In Poland.*

To KOSCIUSCO, raiſe the ſtrain,
And let the mournful lyre again
Vibrate to ſound a hero's praiſe;
Ye bards, begin the applauſive ſong;
Ye bards, the grateful notes prolong—
The POLISH SCIPIO claims your lays.

While war's dark clouds and horrid ſtorm
Th' *European* hemiſphere deform,
And diſcord's angry tempeſts riſe—
Heroic muſe! to merit true,
Now bid the orient world adieu,
And ſoar to occidental ſkies.

To that bleſt land, whence ſprang the flame
Which gilds with ſuch reſplendent fame,
France, *Holland*, and the *Belgiac* plains:
Rehearſe our hardſhip, toils, alarms—
Recount the triumphs of our arms—
Pay homage to our heroe's *names*!

Or on the plains of *Lexington*,
Or *Charleſtown's* heights, or *Bennington*,
Or *Saratoga's* crimſon'd field,
At *Trenton*, or at *Eutaw's* ſprings,
Alike the trophies fortune brings—
Alike the deſpot's minions yield.

Great WASHINGTON! Combin'd in thee
The warrior and the ſage we ſee—
Nor can the whole *Parnaſſian* throng,
And every muſe's ſweeteſt lays,
Enhance the luſtre of thy bays—
Far leſs my ſolitary ſong.

Exalted high in Freedom's zone,
A radient ſtar, bright HANCOCK ſhone—
Nor will the muſe withhold the bays

Due to the BROTHER PATRIOTS'* deeds;
They claim their country's choiceſt meeds,
And every bard's applauſive lays.

Great Shade!† Too early from her torn,
Behold thy bleeding country mourn:—
Yet FRANKLIN lives, the patriot ſage—
Philoſophy augments his fame,
While *Liberty* adores his name:
THE WONDER OF A WOND'ROUS AGE!

Sages ſublime, brave chiefs, we ſee.
A JAY, a RUTLEDGE, and a LEE,
Who, tho' by birth a ſlave to kings,
Early obey'd that voice of truth,
Which bade him burſt the bonds of youth,
And ſoar on reaſon's radiant wings.

PAINE, on *Columbia's* roll of fame.
The bard with joy inſcribes thy name:
He ſpeaks—what nervous periods flow!
He writes—Behold in every line
The eloquence of nature ſhine,
And truth reſiſtleſs glows!‡

Hark! What new-found ſalutes my ear!
What greatly awful ſhades appear!
MONTGOMERY, WARREN, MERCER, move

Before

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* SAMUEL *and* JOHN ADAMS, *who though not united by the ties of conſanguinity, as many have ſuppoſed, were* BRETHREN *in patriotiſm, as well as abilities, at that all important period when the* United States *became an independent* Republic.

† PEYTON RANDOLPH, Preſident *of the firſt* Congreſs.

‡ *Alluding to thoſe celebrated publications,* "The Criſis," *and* "Common Senſe."

Before my wond'ring eyes, along
The gloom, and mix with glory's throng,
In yonder bliſsful realms above!

Nor will the muſe neglect the brave
And virtuous NASH, or ſhun the grave
Where venerable WOOSTER lies;
Chiefs dear to fame! The laurel blooms,
The cypreſs buds, to deck their tombs,
O'er which rich clouds of fragrance riſe.

A WARD, a SULLIVAN, a GREEN,
And LINCOLN, grac'd our early ſcene,
And ſpread our fame in arms afar:
A PUTNAM ours, his country's ſhield—
A STARK, triumphant in the field—
And WAYNE, the "thunderbolt of war."

A MIFFLIN, GATES, and thouſands more,
From *Providence's* bounteous ſtore
Were to our infant empire given:
But who can number yonder ſtars,
Which, wheeling round their radiant cars,
Illume the lucid fields of heaven!

And thou, O JEFFERSON, whoſe name,
Illuſtrious, gilds the page of fame,
Accept the poet's artleſs meed;
Whilſt all the *harpies* of the ſtate,
In ſilence ſink, to thee kind fate
Unfading honours has decreed.

A GERRY ours, illuſtrious man,
Who long the race of glory ran,
Then ſought the ſtudious rural ſhade:
A JARVIS too, of fervid heart,—
A CLARK, whoſe eloquence and art
In freedom's cauſe were oft diſplay'd.

Columbia,

Columbia, on thy preſent ſtage,
Full many a patriot, many a ſage,
Demand the meed of grateful praiſe,
Whoſe names, ſhould not the *Stygian* throng,
To dumb oblivion doom this ſong,
ſhall live in my immortal lays.

A RANDOLPH,* and a CLINTON, thine—
A ROBINSON,† a LANGDON, ſhine
Refulgent on thy glorious roll:
A MASON, wiſe, devoid of fear—
A TAZEWELL, deep, ſedate, and clear—
A JACKSON, of exalted ſoul,

A MADISON,‡ thy brilliant boaſt,
Calm, candid, eloquent, and juſt,
Of manners pure and cloudleſs fame;
The DEMOSTHENES§ of the age;
A GILES, a PARKER, and a PAGE;
A BALDWIN, ever honor'd name.

A

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* EDMUND RANDOLPH, *late Secretary of State, who was driven from office by the inſidious intrigues of a Britiſh junto in the United States.*

† *Mr.* ROBINSON, *and the other citizens whoſe names follow his in this verſe, were among the number of thoſe patriotic Senators who diſſented from the deciſion of the Senate of the United States, adviſing Preſident* WASHINGTON, *to ratify the treaty of Amity &c. with Great Britain. To complete this ſmall, but immortal liſt, we muſt add the names of* BURR, BROWN, MARTIN, BLOODWORTH, *and* BUTLER.

‡ *Mr.* MADISON, *and all the other citizens, whoſe names are ſubſequent to his in this poem, were at the time it was written, Members of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the* United States.

§ *Mr.* NICHOLAS, *of* Virginia, *whoſe public ſpeeches are remarkably conciſe and energetic.*

A RUTHERFORD, of *Roman* ſoul—
A MUHLENBERG—adorn thy roll;
A DAYTON, ſpreads thy fame afar:
A SHERBURNE, on thy liſt is ſeen—
A LYMAN,* firm—a SMITH,* ſerene—
A DEARBORNE, fam'd in peace and war.

A GILMAN, GOODHUE, HILLHOUSE, BRENT,
A BLOUNT, a SWANWICK, and a DENT,
A FINDLEY, LIVINGSTON, combine
To grace thy liſt and ſwell thy fame—
And GALLATIN, a glorious name—
A HOLLAND, COIT, and HAVENS, thine.

In vain may *kings* create alarms,
And rouſe their myrmidons to arms,
While *Freedom* of ſuch worthies boaſts:
Such chiefs their deep laid ſchemes ſhall foil;
Their ſhafts upon themſelves recoil;
And ſpread dire terror through their hoſts.

Yes, LIBERTY ſhall reign ſupreme,
Each patriot's boaſt, each poet's theme,
From *Caffria* to the northern pole—
Or where *Natolia's* plains extend,
Or *Direfield's* huge heights aſcend,
Or where *Araxes'* waters roll.

Or where the *Alps'* proud ſummits riſe,
Or where the *Andes* meet the ſkies,
Or *Taurus* lifts its ancient head:
Or where the *Volga*, or the *Po*,
The *Thames*, the *Nile*, or *Niger*, flow,
Or *Ganges*, o'er its golden bed.

" Rapt

* WILLIAM LYMAN, *of* Maſſachuſetts, *and* ISRAEL SMITH, *of* Vermont. *Gen.* SAMUEL SMITH, *of* Maryland, *alſo deſerves to be enrolled in this liſt.*

"Rapt into future times," I ſing;
But ceaſe—reſtrain thy daring wing,
Nor, Muſe, thoſe hidden ſcenes explore:
Enough a DEITY to know,
The friend of truth, the deſpot's foe—
THAT DEITY ALONE ADORE!

LINES TO CHARLES JARVIS.

THOU, in whoſe breaſt the patriot virtues beam;
Whoſe voice oft animates the liſtening throng;
Deign with thy name to grace the poet's theme—
Accept the tribute of his humble ſong.

In council oft, to gain th' attentive ear,
To fire the fancy, and dilate the ſoul,
Conciſe, yet copious, voluble, yet clear,
FROM THY MELODIOUS TONGUE THE POLISH'D *ſmiles* ROLL!

Perſpicuous eloquence, perſuaſive truth,
Unclouded reaſon, energy divine,
Unſtudied ornament, the fire of youth,
And calm reflection of old age, are thine.

Illuſtrious patriot! the heroic lyre
Shall with one note immortalize thy name:
While SYCOPHANTS to nought but *ſmiles* aſpire,
JARVIS, this *meed* be thine—A TULLY'S FAME!

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

Commemorative of the expedition of Brigadier General HARMAR, *into the Indian country northweſt of the* Ohio, *in the autumn of* 1790; *and the defeat of a detachment from his Army, commanded by Major* WYLLYS, *of the 1ſt U. S. Regiment.*

[*Written at* Fort Waſhington, *on the* Ohio—*Feb.* 2, '95.]

MELPOMENE, this painful taſk is thine!
'Tis thine the *Indian* triumphs to rehearſe,
Around the ſufferers pity's wreath intwine,
And ſooth their ſorrows with the charms of verſe!

To ſing of fair *Miami's* fated ſoil,
And ſtrive to paint its people's varied woes,
While the rich product of their arduous toil
Becomes a prey to ruthleſs ſavage foes:

While direful *cruelty*, with vengeful mien,
Enthron'd with *horror*, in ſad triumph reigns;
And ceaſeleſs *ſorrow* heightens the dread ſcene
WITH GRIEF'S AFFLICTIVE TEARS, AND VIRTUE'S KEENEST PAINS!

Each lonely cot, where innocence once glow'd,
Becomes a theatre of ſavage war!
Each lov'd retreat, late peace and health's abode,
Exhibits cruelty's triumphal car!

Ye towering trees that grace the ſylvan ſcene!
Ye plains till now by human blood unſtain'd!
Ye tranquil ſhades, ye bowers, ye arbors green,
Where virtue triumph'd, and where friendſhip reign'd!

Alas! no more the joyous rural train
Dance on the green, and feaſt on nature's charms:
But through each glade, o'er each extenſive plain,
THE SHOUT OF WAR IS HEARD, AND CONQUEST'S DIRE ALARMS!

Ill fated ſons of earth! The muſe's moan [great:
Proclaims your woes, your pains, your ſufferings,
While mild ey'd pity, with heart rending groan,
And ſaid regretful voice, laments your fate.

For you no more the vernal zephyr blows,
For you no more will ſpring its reign reſume;
For you no more the purling riv'let flows,
For you no more fair ſummer's beauties bloom!

Say, rude barbarian, whoſe deſtructive hand
Conſigns to ruin the abodes of peace,
Why cauſe deſtruction to o'erwhelm the land?
When ſhall this ſcene of dire affliction ceaſe?

Shall glcomy jealouſy, malignant pride,
Thoſe fierce attendants of revengeful rage,
Triumphant reign? To ſtem ſtern *ſorrow's* tide,
And ſooth *affliction*, will the muſe engage.

Such ſcenes as theſe, with more than mortal grief,
Might a PHILENIA's matchleſs muſe inſpire;
And to afford the troubl'd heart relief,
Demands a DELLA CRUSCA's peerleſs lyre.

But while th' inferior bard, in humble ſtrain,
Attempts to draw the portraiture of woe,
Lend him your aid, ye animating train!
And bid his tuneleſs numbers ſmoother flow.

Say, ſhall the vengeance of the juſt and good
Forever ſleep? Will none eſpouſe the cauſe
Of ſuffering innocence? Shall guiltleſs blood
Forever flow in ſpite of nature's laws?

No—Hark! The trumpet ſounds the loud alarm;
Humanity no longer brooks diſgrace,
But with ſtern voice commands her ſons to arm,
And ſwears revenge upon the barb'rous race.

See, the heroic band of warriors young,
Inſtant attend their country's urgent call:
Revenge or death, the theme of every tongue;
Reſolv'd to triumph, or with glory fall.

Mid the loud clangour of reſounding arms,
See youthful heroes to the ſtandard fly;
Reſolv'd t' enjoy ſociety's bright charms,
Or in defence of outrag'd virtue die.

Not greater ardour fir'd each patriot breaſt,
When ALBION's legions ſpread deſtruction round;
And when, in ſorrow's gloomy mantle dreſt,
Bright *Freedom* mourn'd, while adverſe fortune frown'd!

Brave HARMAR leads *Columbia's* choſen band,
Where nature, rob'd in rich luxuriance, reigns;
In glades obſcure, or on the verdant ſtrand,
Mid deſert wilds, and o'er uncultur'd plains.

On wild *St. Joſeph's* diſtant, dreary ſhore.
Near where majeſtic Wabaſh rolls his flood;
Where prowling ſavages the groves explore,
Or ſcour the plain, to glut themſelves with blood!

Amidſt the fading foreſt's tow'ring pride,
Where late the flowery boaſt of nature grew;
Where the Elm ſpread its circling foliage wide,
And verdant proſpects open'd to the view.

Where, mid the ſultry glare of fervid day,
The fragrant ſhower reviv'd the parching ground,
And the gay ſongſter on the leafy ſpray,
Warbled the notes of love, which echo waſted round.

The martial throng, heroically brave,
Along the banks of wild *Miami* ſtray'd,

Or

Or where *St. Joſeph's* beauteous waters lave
The verdant prairie and the ſylvan glade.

Each ardent warrior ſeeks a laurel'd wreath,
And emulation each young boſom fires—
Eager he ſtrives, and mid the darts of death,
To the bright eminence of fame aſpires.

Alas! while HOPE illumes the doubtful ſcene
With the bright luſtre of her vivid eye,
Ignoble FEAR, with melancholy mien,
Portends the hour of grief and trouble nigh!

The clarion ſounds! A martial ſcene appears!
Heroic WYLLYS leads his virtuous band,
Freſh in the prime of life, the bloom of years,
Obedient to their gallant chief's command.

Sudden a throng of *human demons* riſe,
And iſſue from the thickets' ſecret ſhade;
Th' intrepid chief the gloomy ſquadron ſpies,
In all the horrid pomp of death array'd.

The battle rages. From the blood ſtain'd field,
A daſtard band, the ſlaves of fear, retire;
Their claim to bravery's deathleſs honors yield,
And ſhun the conqu'ring foe's deſtructive fire.

Inflam'd with rage at the inglorious ſcene,
And fir'd with ardor in their country's cauſe,
A choſen, generous *few*, reſolve to glean
Th' abandon'd wreaths of triumph and applauſe.

Unmov'd they ſtand, while thunders roar around,
Arrows fly thick, the fiery meteor gleams—
But FATE's reſiſtleſs torrent hurls them down,
Their efforts vain as FORTUNE's tranſient beams!

Their leaders and their brave companions ſlain,
The remnant few commence their flight forlorn;

A long and lucid night they roam the plain,
And only *nine* ſalute returning morn.

Alas! Could courage boaſt the power to ſave,
Could genius, talents, virtue, martial pride,
Reſcue a deſtin'd victim from the grave,
Ne'er on that plain had hapleſs WYLLYS died!

Nor ſhalt thou, FROTHINGHAM, next in command,
By envious hands be rifled of thy bays:
And ye, brave ſoldiers, whoſe great deeds demand
A meed ſuperior to my humble lays—

Some abler genius, ſome ſuperior bard,
In future times ſhall celebrate your fame,
Rehearſe your val'rous deeds, your fortune hard,
AND PLACE ON GLORY'S LIST EACH DEATHLESS NAME!

ELEGY,

Written at Fort Hamilton, *on the great* Miami *river, during an indiſpoſition—February*, 1795.

FAR o'er th' eternal mountains of the weſt,
Thoſe glorious monuments of boundleſs power,
Remote from relatives and friends, I reſt
ON FAIR MIAMI'S SOLITARY SHORE!

In theſe lone walls where gloomy ſilence reigns,
While whiſtling winds through every opening creep,
Worn with diſeaſe, and rack'd by tort'ring pains,
In vain I court the ſoothing ſmiles of ſleep:

In

In vain I ſtrive to diſſipate my fears,
And ſtop the ſwelling cataract of woe;
Relentleſs fate, regardleſs of my tears,
Bids the o'erwhelming tide of miſery flow!

Then, while I languiſh on the couch of grief,
And ſtrive to ſooth my ſorrows with theſe lays,
It may, perhaps, afford a ſmall relief
T' indulge a retroſpect of happier days.

Happy in infancy—my earlieſt morn
Serene as when AURORA gilds the eaſt,
And with her radiant ſmiles the ſkies adorns*—
But ſoon by gloomy clouds and ſtorms o'ercaſt.

Doom'd to misfortunes, at an early age,
Friendleſs, alone, life's dreary vale to tread;
I trac'd, with ardor, the hiſtoric page—
ALAS, I SIGH'D FOR FAME, AND THEN CONTENTMENT FLED!

Still health remaining, oft I felt repoſe,
And yet could call ſome hours of peace my own,
But now I've reach'd the ſummit of my woes,
Content and health are both together flown.

Fair fugitives! your flight I greatly mourn,
And while I ponder all my ſorrows o'er,
Hope gently whiſpers, "They may yet return"—
But ah! I fear you will return no more.

No more return to cheer my ſorrowing ſoul,
Diſpel each care, and give my heart relief:
Each hour revolves me tow'rds the final goal;
Each ſetting ſun concludes a day of grief!

When MORPHEUS reigns, fair fortune oft appears,
And I, enraptur'd, woo the fleeting maid;
Claſp'd in her arms I baniſh all my fears;
Alas, I only claſp a VISIONARY SHADE!

Yes,

* *It is only meant here that the author was contented, and therefore "happy in infancy." He was happy, in a great meaſure, becauſe he was ignorant.*

Yes, all my golden dreams of earthly bliss
Like fleeting visions of the night are gone;
But why repine, or fate's decrees resist?
'Tis just and right—the will of heaven be done.

Though hard my lot, yet happy had I been,
Had not ambition plung'd its deathful dart
Deep in my soul, there fix'd its fatal reign,
And kindled flames that will consume my heart.

Happy the man who tills his fruitful fields
In sweet retreat, and tastes each rural charm;
Blest with the generous bounty nature yields,
He reigns—the peerless monarch of his farm.

Happy the hardy and unletter'd swain,
Who never from his native circle strays;
Who roams at ease the hill, or flowery plain,
And spends in joy and love his cloudless days.

Not such my lot—But I'll no more repine,
Though doom'd in trouble life's rough road to tread:
FOR CONSCIOUS RECTITUDE OF HEART IS MINE,
THOUGH PEACE OF MIND, BRIGHT BOON OF HEAVEN, HAS FLED!

ELEGY,

Descriptive of the defeat of the American Army, under General ST. CLAIR, *by the Indians, on the 4th of November*, 1791.

[*Written near the fatal spot.*]

BRIGHT ORB OF GENIUS! with effulgent blaze
Reflect one ray on my benighted mind;
And ye, illustrious NINE, inspire my lays,
And tune the lyre for themes of grief design'd.

To

To ſooth the troubles of th' afflicted heart,
To draw the tear from beauty's pitying eye,
The muſe, unaided by the powers of art,
Attunes the lyre, and vents the ſorrowing ſigh.

Ye ſons of Nature, whoſe aſpiring minds,
To the bold heights of heav'nly genius riſe;
And ye whoſe ſouls, by art and taſte refin'd,
Soar on the wings of ſcience to the ſkies:

Ye rich, ye proud, ye valiant, and ye great,
By fame diſtinguiſh'd, or with affluence bleſt;
And ye who wear the ſplendid garb of ſtate,
Or on the ſilken couch of pleaſure reſt:

Ye who aſcend the higheſt ſeats of fame,
Or baſk in grandeur, or enjoy repoſe;
And ye who ev'ry muſe's favor claim,
AND IN WHOSE SOULS THE FLAME OF GENIUS GLOWS!

Theſe artleſs ſtrains demand (for I preſume
To court your patronage) ſome aid from you;
Yet I diſdain the honorary plume
Of brilliant merit, to the poet due.

Far hence, gay LUX'RY, with thy ſportive train,
And giddy FANCY, from my preſence fly:
Aſiſt me, MELANCHOLY, with thy ſtrain,
And GRIEF, to aid me, heave the *ſilent* ſigh!

Laſcivious *mirth* and gay *feſtivity*,
With their vain round of unſubſtantial joys,
Shall from my gloomy mind forever flee—
Nor will I notice *pleaſure's* gilded toys.

Remote from towns, by human eye unſeen,
Beſide yon lucid brook where willows grow,
There ſing thy ſorrows to the gliding ſtream,
And pour, ſweet muſe, the piteous plaint of wo!

Recall

Recall bright MEMORY, with her choiceſt ſtore
Of ſcenes eventful, and her fund of truth;
Bid her thoſe paſt, thoſe cheerleſs days explore,
When fortune frown'd upon our braveſt youth.

Where fair OHIO's gentle current flows
Mid weſtern wilds, and laves the fertile ſhores,
There, while the gelid breeze of midnight blows,
The ſavage chief each ſecret haunt explores.

Skulks through the wood, or roams along the plain,
To fear a ſtranger, unperplex'd with cares;
Strives, during day, his ſhare of food to gain,
And for ſome deathful ſcene at night prepares.

To check the torrent of barbarian rage,
And to appeaſe the fallen victims' *manes*,
With a fair band of youth, in blooming age,
ST. CLAIR advances to the weſtern plains.

Deluſive hope, with faſcinating mein,
Allures them onward to the fatal heath:
MELPOMENE, depict the gloomy ſcene,
Unfold the veil, and roam the plains of death!

Far from the haunts of pleaſure and of pride,
From gilded domes and peaceful fields afar,
COLUMBIA's daring ſons reſiſt the tide,
The whelming torrent, of diſaſtrous war.

Before AURORA gilds the orient ſkies,
Or the bright orb of cloudleſs day appears,
Around the deathful ſword of carnage flies,
And ſavage ſhouts th' aſtoniſh'd ſoldier hears.

A ſcene of death attends the birth of morn,
Gloomy as ever burſt on mortals' ſight,
Since the firſt glimmering of primeval dawn
From formleſs chaos brought a world to light.

The ruffian race in horrid pomp advance,
With gloomy aſpect and terrific mien;
The thrilling yell, and the infernal dance,
Increaſe the horrors of the dreadful ſcene.

Hard blows the wind, attendant lightnings gleam,
And, fiercely furious, ſee the tempeſt rage!
See the bright meteor ſwift thro' ether ſtream!
THUS NATURE WARS, AND ELEMENTS ENGAGE!

But not the furious blaſt, the lightning's blaze,
The meteor's flaſh, the thunder's ſound afar,
Or gelid gale, in winter's algid days,
When NATURE groans in elemental WAR!

Nor all th' ideas which the mind, when borne
To fancy's regions, forms, or can diſplay,
Equal the horrors of that awful morn,
And dire events of that diſaſtrous day.

While flatt'ring HOPE proclaims the '*wreath of fame*'
Already blooming round the warrior's head,
Severe, though glorious, FATE conſigns his name
To grace the archives of th' *immortal dead!*

As when two confluent ſtreams, whoſe gentle tide
Has long through diſtant plains roll'd ſmooth and ſlow,
Impetuous meet, and down a cataract glide,
Wage war with rocks, and madly foam below:

As when the Sun with bright refulgeance beams,
And cloudleſs proſpects lull the ſoul to ſleep;
Sudden the thunder roars, the lightning gleams,
Black clouds impend, and tempeſts ſhake the deep:

As when vain mortals down the ſtream of life
Deſcend, impell'd before the proſp'rous gale;
Soon the ſcene changes—ſorrow, fear, and ſtriſe,
And threat'ning ſtorms, the peaceful mind aſſail:

As pleaſure's vot'ries ſink in early age,
In lux'ry's faſcinating vortex whirl'd:
As the tornado, with reſiſtleſs rage,
Hurls deſolation o'er the proſtrate world:

So fall the great the generous, and the brave,
So fall the heroes on the martial plain;
Ye laurels, bloom o'er each untimely grave!
Ye tuneful powers, immortalize the ſlain!

BUTLER, beneath yon yew's umbrageous gloom,
While twilight dews deſcend, and ſtars appear,
Some future patriot band ſhall rear a tomb,
Grac'd with thy deathleſs deeds, and fate ſevere!

Sound PHELON's praiſe, ye fame conferring *Nine!*
While HART and NEWMAN join the throng on high,
Of ſacred heroes, ſhout, in ſtrains divine,
THE BRAVE FOREVER LIVE, THE VIRTUOUS NEVER DIE!

For thee, ST. CLAIR, the tragic lyre is ſtrung!
Brave Chief, for valor and misfortune fam'd;
Sport of each envious and calumnious tongue,
And ſcarcely by the ſons of genius nam'd:

Yet thy great ſoul diſdains the ſenſeleſs rage
Of upſtart inſolence and envious pride,
And the pedantic coxcombs of the age,
Shrink from thy preſence, and their faces hide.

When Death, in all his awful pomp array'd,
Shall wave his wand, and ſeal thy final doom,
THOUGH RADIANT VICT'RY'S FAIRER LAURELS FADE,
A GLORIOUS CYPRESS SHALL ADORN THY TOMB!

LINES,

LINES,

Commemorative of the victory obtained by General WAYNE, *and his gallant army, over the whole hoſtile force of the united* INDIAN *nations, north-weſt of the* OHIO, *near the Britiſh Fort* MIAMI, *on the 20th of Auguſt, 1794—And the conſequent treaty of peace with thoſe nations, concluded in the following year.*

[*Written at* GREENVILLE, *Head Quarters of the* Legion *of the* United States.]

AGAIN, ye tuneful *Nine*, I aſk your aid!
Again the bard your kind attention claims,
From cold neglect, and death's oblivious ſhade,
To reſcue thouſands of immortal names.

Juſtice and virtue, truth and fame, demand
Another effort of th' applauding muſe,
To pay the homage of a grateful land—
Nor can the bard the trivial boon refuſe.

The POET oft, while fancy leads the way,
O'er unfrequented deſerts dares to roam;
Or ſeeks the regions of unclouded day,
Where *native virtue* reigns—its *native* HOME.

Or ſoars where cruelty, infernal rage,
And all the rude and ſavage paſſions reign—
Where warlike hoſts in conflict fierce engage,
And wave their ſtandards o'er the peaceful plain.

Long has the muſe in ſtrains of ſorrow ſung
The gloomy triumphs of the ſavage foe:
With ſhrieks of grief the ambient air has rung,
While thouſands liſten'd to the tale of woe.

But thoſe dread ſcenes are paſt—the clouds of night,
And wintry ſtorms, have fled like fancy's dreams;
Behold! Again the radiant orb of light,
With freſh reſplendence darts its golden beams.

The

The tawny chief from deſert wilds afar,
Who lately triumph'd on th' enſanguin'd plain,
And all the ruffian ſons of ruthleſs war,
Have felt the proweſs of victorious WAYNE!

Methinks I ſee the furious battle rage;
Loud peals on peals, ſucceſſive thunders roar;
Deſp'rately brave, th' oppoſing hoſts engage,
And ſtain the field with floods of crimſon gore.

Enthron'd on high, in ether's wide domain,
Triumphant VICTORY rolls her golden car;
A moment ſilent, then in awful ſtrain
Decrees a period to deſtructive war.

The goddeſs ſpake—"Long has the conteſt rag'd,
The deſert's warlike ſons have triumph'd long;
Now the dire floods of death ſhall be aſſuag'd,
And glory crown COLUMBIA's dauntleſs throng."

With haggard fury and indignant pride,
Fiercely vindictive, barbarouſly brave,
The ſavage warrior ſtems the adverſe tide,
Or ſcorns to fly, and ſeeks a glorious grave.

See in the van the flaming banner riſe
Triumphant o'er the bloody heaps of ſlain!
The vanquiſh'd foe precipitately flies,
Inglorious, and reluctant, from the plain.

HERO *of* STONNY POINT! Thy martial deeds,
And glorious actions, from thy country claim
A rich reward, and bravery's choiceſt meeds,
Immortal laurels and eternal fame.

Where broad MIAMI rolls its beauteous flood,
COLUMBIA's choſen ſons for thee ſhall raiſe,
Amid th' applauſes of the wiſe and good,
A deathleſs monument of ceaſeleſs praiſe.

Muſe,

Muſe, the KENTUCKIAN HERO* claims thy lays,
And WILKINSON demands th' applauſive ſong:
The taſk is thine to gild with laurel'd bays
The names of HAMTRAMK, BURBECK, MILLS, and STRONG!

Subſide, ye ſtorms! Ariſe, ye gentle gales!
Fair mourner, ceaſe the ſupplicating ſigh,
And check the tear which in rude darkneſs veils
The brilliant luſtre of that beauteous eye.

No more afflictive WAR's deſtroying fire,
Inflam'd by DISCORD or by PRIDE, ſhall blaze;
No more ſhall *treach'ry* rage, or vengeful *ire*,
But fairer SCENES appear, and happier DAYS.

The trump ſhall ceaſe to ſound the loud alarm,
And mild benignant PEACE her reign reſume:
Th' infuriate ſavage ſhall reſtrain his arm,
AND ON MIAMI'S BANKS THE OLIVE BRANCH SHALL BLOOM!

Heroic muſe! expand thy airy wing,
And rend the veil that hides remoter times:
Ariſe, tune thy prophetic harp, and ſing
The future glory of theſe favor'd climes.

Where now appears a lone extenſive waſte,
Shall riſe the lofty ſpire, the ſumptuous dome,
And the bright monuments of art and taſte
Shall vie with thoſe which grac'd imperial ROME.

High towering temples ſhall ſalute the ſkies,
Where MISSISSIPPI's mighty torrent pours:
Cities to rival ATHENS, there ſhall riſe,
And modern SPARTES grace the weſtern ſhores.

Heroes

---

* *General* SCOTT.

Heroes and ſtateſmen ſhall adorn the land—
The patriot chief, the philoſophic ſage;
The one to lead fair freedom's virtuous band,
The other guide and moralize the age.

Here ſhall a HOMER gain deſerv'd applauſe;
Another TULLY thunder from the bar;
Another SOLON give his country laws;
A MILTIADES lead her ſons in war.

Ne'er may theſe plains be ſtain'd with human blood,
And never here may impious FACTION rage;
And baniſh far from hence, Great SOURCE of GOOD,
The lewd licentious manners of the STAGE.

May peaceful arts and deeds of deathleſs fame,
Adorn the annals of each future year:
And TRUTH, and SCIENCE, warm'd by FREEDOM'S flame,
Erect their glorious throne and reign unrivall'd here!

LINES,

Written at the city of MARIETTA, *at the confluence of the* OHIO *and* MUSKINGUM *rivers—July*, 1796.

HAIL, QUEEN of RIVERS! Hail, COLUMBIAN [NILE!*
Along thy beauteous banks I fondly roam,
And view yon cloudcapt mountain,† which, awhile
Will yet ſeclude me from my native home.

Stupendous

---

* *The* OHIO *is entitled to theſe diſtinctions, but they are more ſtrictly applicable to the* MISSISSIPPI.

† *The* ALLEGANY MOUNTAIN. *The reader muſt not ſuppoſe that mountain is viſible, at* Marietta, *except to the eye of fancy.*

Stupendous monument of power divine!
The muſe explores thy ſolitary height,
By fancy led thy craggy cliffs to climb—
And then to orient realms extend her flight:

To diſtant climes, where hoſpitable towns
Grace the ATLANTIC's fair, well peopled ſhore;
Where peace, and health, and ſocial joy, abound;
Where OCEAN thunders with majeſtic roar.

MEMORY, thou brilliant mirror of the mind,
Recall the ſcenes of my infantile years,
When calm, contented, cheerful, and reſign'd,
I knew not grief, nor felt rude envy's ſneers.

When, oft retiring from the ſportive throng,
I paſs'd the hour at friendſhip's choſen ſeat;
Or ſooth'd my ſorrows with an artleſs ſong,
In ſolitude and virtue's lone retreat.

Or when I wander'd through the verdant vale,
Along the margin of ſome purling rill,
And ſigh'd in ſilence to the fleeting gale,
While Nature bade the dews of night diſtill.

Or when I ſtood upon the river's brink,
Survey'd the ambient wonders of the globe,
And ſaw reſplendent DAY's bright beauties ſink
In TWILIGHT's duſky ſhade, and EVENING's dewy robe.

Since that fair era, *woes* that ſcorn'd relief,
And dire *affliction*, have their power diſplay'd;
While *loſs of health*, and unremitting *grief*,
Enhanc'd the gloom of *penury's* baleful ſhade!

But HEALTH returns—again CONTENTMENT reigns—
I feel their influence, their charms divine;
Releaſ'd at length from military chains,
Sweet PEACE OF MIND, again I hail thee mine!

Gently

Gently my future ſtream of time ſhall glide
Down the deſcent of life's declining dale;
And, anchor'd in the rode of peace, I'll ride
Secure from ſtorms, and every adverſe gale.

Peaceful, ſerene, my future days ſhall roll;
No ſuperſtitious fears my mind inthral;
No whirlwinds rage, or clouds obſcure my ſoul:
Fame, fortune, power, and wealth, I ſcorn you all.

In ſtudious ſolitude I'll paſs each year,
Remote from faction, pomp, pride, care, and ſtrife:
My woes ſhall ceaſe, and brighter ſtars appear
To gild the peaceful evening of my life.

VERSIFICATION

Of SMART's proſaic *tranſlation of ſeveral of the Odes and Epiſtles of* HORACE.

BOOK I—ODE I.

To MECENAS.

MECENAS, who canſt boaſt with truth
The noble blood of glorious kings;
To thee, the patron of my youth,
My infant muſe with ardor ſings.

Some, fond of active ſports, aſpire
To triumph at the chariot race;
Olympic honors thoſe deſire
Who paſs the goal with martial grace:

The

The noble palm, to conqueſt giv'n,
Exalts them to coequal fame
With thoſe who rule the hoſts of heav'n,—
Or thoſe who earth's firſt honors claim.

One courts the wav'ring ruſtic train,
Deſirous honors to receive;
Another ſtores imported grain,
And only aſks for wealth to live.

The farmer, pleaſ'd with rural joys,
And careful of his health and eaſe,
In *Cyprian* ſhips, in ſearch of toys,
Ne'er ventures o'er the *Myrtoan* ſeas.

The merchant dreads rude *Afric's** gale,
Conflicting with th' *Icarian* waves,
And ſighs for the ſequeſter'd vale,
Which the meandering riv'let laves:

But when the dangerous ſtorm is o'er,
He quits the ſhade and peaceful plain,
And to repair his leſſen'd ſtore,
Prepares the bark for ſea again.

Regardleſs ſome of fame and wealth,
In *Maſſic*† cups alone delight,
And ſcorning riches, power, and health,
With BACCHUS ſpend the jovial night;

Or on the turf by day repoſe,
Beneath *Arbutus'* verdant ſhade,
Or fountain of ſome ſtream that flows
Serene along the ſacred glade.

The

* *The ſouth-weſt wind.* † *A kind of wine, ſo called from the hilly country where it was produced. See* VIRGIL'S ENEID, lib. vii. l. 726. GEORG. 2. v. 143.

The hero ſeeks the hoſtile heath,
Rouſ'd by the clarion's martial cries;
His mother's tears, the pains of death,
He ſcorns—he triumphs and he dies.

Neglectful of his beauteous ſpouſe,
The eager huntſman, with his hounds,
The harts from ſhady coverts rouſe,
Or chace the bear, eſcap'd his bounds.

I claim the ivy wreath as mine,
To grace the brow of genius wove;
It equals me, (in joys divine)
To the immortal gods above.

The grove where cooling breezes blow,
And the fair nymphs and ſatyrs ſong
While dancing in the plains below,
Raiſe me above the vulgar throng.

Should fair EUTERPE, grace my ſtrain
With her pure pipe's poetic fire;
Nor POLYHYMNIA, diſdain
To tune for me the *Leſbian* lyre:

And ſhould MECENAS deign to place
My name amongſt the Lyric throng;
Superior to the earthborn race,
The ſtars ſhall echo to my ſong.

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP,

In which VIRGIL *was about to ſail to* ATHENS.

MAY the bright queen of love and joy;
The ſtarry brothers of the dame
Who cauſ'd the tragic fate of *Troy*;
And EOLUS, immortal name!

May

May they confine the ruder gales,
But let *Iapyx** gently blow,
To guide that veſſels' ſpreading ſails,
In which my VIRGIL dares to go.

Preſerve, ye powers, my better ſelf,
And land him on the *Attic* ſhore!
A brazen heart poſſeſs'd that elf
Who dar'd at firſt the ſeas explore:

Who ſaw, unaw'd the ſouthwind wage
Fierce conflict with the northern ſtorms;
Nor fear'd the dire *Hyades'* rage,
Which oft the face of heav'n deforms:

Nor trembled when the tempeſt roſe
Along the *Adriatic* main,
Where the *ſouthweſt* alternate blows,
And bids the waves ſubſide again.

What terrors could alarm that ſoul
Which ſaw the Whales appear in flocks,
Beheld, unmov'd, the billows roll,
Nor fear'd *Acroceraunian rocks!*

In vain has Deity defin'd
The limits of each diſtant ſhore,
If men, profane, with impious mind,
In ſhips the ſacred ſeas explore.

Audacious mortals, born to woes,
And to continual evil prone,
Tranſgreſs all human laws, and thoſe
Which iſſue from th' eternal throne.

Prometheus, by preſumptuous ſtealth,
Brought down from heav'n the ſacred flame;

Then

* *A weſterly wind.* Tranſ.

Then fled from earth delightful health,
And dire diſeaſe and diſcord came.

Before that æra gloomy Death
But once in ages rear'd his reign;
Now with ſwift pace and gaſping breath
Brought all his melancholy train.

With wings (unconſcious of his doom)
Sublime in air ICARUS roſe:
And great ALCIDES dar'd to roam
Where hell's infernal torrent flows.

Our impious folly aims above;
There's nought ſuperior to our pride:
Our crimes forbid imperial JOVE
To lay his vengeful bolts aſide.

ODE IV.

To SESTIUS.

THE ſweet viciſitudes of ſpring
Relax ſtern winter's rigid reign;
The zephyrs, on aerial wing,
Breathe fragrance o'er the verdant plain.

The ſhips, which uſeleſs on the ſtrand
Remain'd while winter rul'd the ſeas,
Stupendous engines hawl from land;
Each ſail is ſpread to court the breeze.

No

No longer pleas'd in ſtalls to ſtay,
The ſwain his flock to paſture leads;
No more the ploughman waſtes the day;
No robes of froſt inveſt the meads.

Beneath fair *Cynthia's* grateful beams,
The graces, nymphs, by VENUS led,
Alternately, to love's ſoft themes,
Dance on fair nature's flowery bed.

Now ſhould we with the myrtle grace
The ſhining honors of the brow;
Now with freſh flowers intwine the face;
And now to *Faunus* pay the vow.

Grim death alike, in fateful hour,
In cottages and cities reigns;
Alike diſplays impartial power
O'er ſcepter'd kings and humble ſwains.

The ſtream of life ſo ſwiftly flows,
Each year, each hour, ſo fleetly flies—
Few, SEXTIUS, free like you from woes,
Their expectations realize!

Yet ſoon ſhall nights' eternal gloom,
The ghoſts ſo trumpeted by fame,
And gloomy PLUTO's dreary dome,
Your ſoul inevocably claim.

Then far remov'd from life's alarms,
No more the feſtive lot you'll throw,*
Or gaze on LYCIDAS's charms,
For whom the brighteſt beauties glow.

ODE

* *Literally*—decide the dominion of the bottle. *The* Romans *uſed to caſt lots who ſhould be toaſt maſter.* TRANSLATOR.

ODE V.

To PYRRHA.

* WHAT youth, perfum'd with liquid dews
Diſtill'd from the ambroſial roſe,
Shall, PYRRHA, in your grot recluſe,
To you his ardent flame diſcloſe!

For whom thoſe eyes with radiance glow?
For whom thoſe golden ringlets ſhine?
Unhappy youth! a ſcene of woe,
Unalterable woe, is thine!

As when the gentle breezes riſe,
And calm the wat'ry realms appear;
Anon the tempeſt rends the ſkies,
And fills the ſailor's heart with fear:

Alike *his* fate—condemn'd to burn
For you, but never to prevail;
Anon his lovelorn heart muſt mourn
The alter'd gods and faithleſs gale!

How wretched thoſe who view that face
Where every feature ſeems divine,
Where every beauty, every grace,
To gild that treach'rous ſoul combine!

* *An American anonymous tranſlation of* Horace, *which did not fall into my hand till Feb.* 1798, *contains the following elegant verſion of this paſſage.*

What youthful ſwain on roſes laid,
Beneath a grotto's amorous ſhade,
Now courts thee, *Pyrrha*, to his arms,
And views with rapture all thy charms? &c.

May 1, 1798.

The temple of old ocean's God
Can witneſs to my faith ſincere;
That I thoſe ſacred walls have *trode*,*
And paid my votive offering there.†

ODE IX.

To THALIARCHUS.

BEHOLD *Soracte's* diſtant height
Clad with reſplendent robes of ſnow;
Behold the winter's froſty weight
Frown o'er the nodding groves below!

Each liquid ſtream, by froſt congeal'd,
Extends an icy plain afar:
The zephyrs now to Boreas yield,
And nature groans in wintry war.

Increaſe the fire, diſperſe the cold;
And from the jar, my deareſt boy,
Pour generous wine of four years old,
To gladden every heart with joy.

Let

* *To preſerve the meaſure and rhyme of the verſe the preterite is here improperly put for the participle paſſive.*

† *This verſe is a little obſcure in the original. The tranſlator has not ſubjoined any explanation. It ſeems that it was uſual for mariners, after eſcaping the dangers of the ſea, to conſecrate garments of ſome kind to* NEPTUNE: *And that* HORACE, *on his emancipation from the domination of* PYRRHA, *conſidered himſelf as having eſcaped a ſhipwreck, and paid his vows to that God accordingly. See* VIRGIL, Eneid 12. v. 769.

Let angry Gods on tempeſts ride
In conflict with the fervid ſeas;
Or bid the furious ſtorm ſubſide,
And ſtill the tumult of the trees.

Unanxious for tomorrow's doom,
Count all your preſent joys for gain;
And while your youth preſerves its bloom,
Nor dances, love, or wine, diſdain.

Oft let the martial field invite,
And oft the public walks ſurvey;
And punctually attend at night
The aſſignations of the day:

The ſecret laugh, delightful charm,
Will oft betray the ſkulking dame;
Then ſnatch the token from her arm,
Which, with a kiſs, ſhe'll ſoon reclaim.

ODE XI.

To LEUCONOE.

INQUIRE not of your fate to come;
The fortune teller's arts deſpiſe;
Nor, like *Chaldean* ſeers, preſume
To ſearch the ſecrets of the ſkies.

With patience bear the frowns of fate,
Or cheerfully her ſmiles receive!
Whether this ſtorm* ſhall cloſe our date,
Or JOVE ſome added years ſhall give.

Let

* Literally—*This winter.*

Let wiſdom rule, and folly ceaſe—
  Abridge your hopes, diſpel your fears;
Rejoicing, quaff your wines in peace,
  Nor envy age its hoary years.

While converſe ſteals the hours away,
  Old age comes on with rapid ſtride;
Then ſeize, O ſeize the preſent day,
  And lay all future cares aſide.

ODE XIII.

To LYDIA.

O LYDIA, when you deign to laud
  Fair TELEPHUS's blooming charms,
When you his air, his ſhape, applaud,
  His roſy neck and beauteous arms!

Alas! my heart with rage dilates,
  My reaſ'ning powers at once ſubſide:
Nor does my blood, which now vibrates,
  Through its accuſtom'd channels glide.

The chryſtal tears which, while I mourn,
  Involuntarily deſcend,
Demonſtrate with what flames I burn—
  Nor will my torments ever end.

My heart's on fire—I rage, I grieve,
  Leſt the dear youth ſhould ſnatch away
Some kiſſes, or your form receive
  A ſtain in ſome convivial fray.

Believe

Believe the bard with ivy crown'd,
That youth his vows will never keep,
Who dares thoſe ſacred lips to wound
Which VENUS did in nectar ſteep.

How happy, more than happy thoſe,
Who triumph in connubial charms;
Nor fear the rudeſt gale that blows,
Nor tremble at the din of arms:

Whoſe love, unvex'd by envious ſtrife,
Adds graces to their youthful bloom,
Will gild the gloomy eve of life,
Nor ceaſe but in the ſilent tomb.

ODE XVII.

To TYNDARIS.

FLEET FAUNUS frequently deſcends
From *Lycea's* heights to pleaſant plains,
And conſtantly my flock defends
From ſultry ſuns and wintry rains.

The wandering ſhe goats often rove
Amongſt the ſecret ſtrawberry trees,
And, in the ſafe ſequeſter'd grove,
Crop thyme, and quaff the fragrant breeze.

The nimble kids ſecurely ſtray,
Nor dread the lizards fatal fang;
Nor tremble at the martial fray,
When wolves engage with horrid clang;

Whene'er,

Whene'er, in flowery vales, the flocks
To his ſweet pipe* their echoes raiſe,
And *Uſtica's* ſmooth ſloping rocks
Reſound with his melodious lays.

Here in a ſilent vale at eaſe,
The Gods protect me from all harms:
My piety and muſes pleaſe
The Gods, and baniſh all alarms.

Come here, TYNDARIS, and enjoy
The bliſs retirement can beſtow;
Here plenty's horn, replete with joy,
For you, my deareſt friend, ſhall flow.

Here ſhun the heat, ſevere and ſharp,
Which baneful *Sirius* ſheds around;
And on th' *Anacreontic* harp
The chaſte PENELOPE reſound;

And CIRCE, whoſe fierce love delay'd
From his fair ſpouſe the chief divine:
Here freely quaff, beneath the ſhade,
Rich cups of harmleſs *Leſbian* wine.

Nor ſhall SEMELE's frantic ſon
With MARS the conflict dare to wage;
All danger here ſecurely ſhun,
And CYRUS's impetuous rage:

Leſt with raſh hand, in evil hour,
He ſhould his dreadful arm extend,
Deſtroy your wreath of many a flower,
Your chaplet ſeize, and garment rend.

ODE

* That is, *the pipe of* FAUNUS.

ODE XXIII.

To CHLOE.

YOU ſhun me, CHLOE, like the fawn
That o'er th' untravell'd mountain roves,
And, riſing at the earlieſt dawn,
Purſues its dam through yonder groves:

She trembles at the vernal breeze,
And dreads the lizard's poiſ'nous dart;
The ruſtling leaves of aged trees
Inſpire with fear her tender heart.

But I do not purſue my dear,
Like the fierce tygreſs of the wood,
Getulia's lion, or the bear,
Intent alone on feaſts of blood.

Then, CHLOE, from your mother fly,
Forſake your cot and rural grove;
And in a huſband's arms enjoy
The raptures of connubial love.

NOTE.

This Ode, and the 32d have been publiſhed in the Farmer's Weekly Muſeum, as "Specimens of an American Poetical and Miſcellaneous work, ſhortly to be publiſhed." *May* 1, 1798.

ODE XXIX.

To ICCIUS.

O ICCIUS, now you proudly claim
The treaſures of *Arabian* plains;
And now purſue deluſive fame
Where *Saba's* peerleſs monarch reigns:

Now

Now dig the warlike *Mede* a grave,
Or his ſtout limbs with chains inthral:
What eaſtern dame ſhall be your ſlave,
When by your arms her ſpouſe ſhall fall?

What youth who wields the bow with grace,
And darts the arrows through the air,
(Some blooming boy of royal race)
With locks perfum'd, your cup ſhall bear?

Who now denies yon rapid ſtream
May backward flow with furious force
To the high hill from whence it came?
And *Tiber* change his ancient courſe?

Since you will ſoon exchange the ſeat
Of ſtudious philoſophic truth,
For plains where hoſtile armies meet,
And graves prepar'd for thoughtleſs youth.

PANÆTIUS, who ſo ably blends
Inſtructive lore and fancy's charms,
And all your old *Socratic* friends,
You leave, and madly ruſh to arms.

Adieu, raſh youth! the die is caſt—
In vain the laurel'd wreath you claim:
You diſappoint our hopes, and blaſt
The proſpect of your future fame!

ODE XXXI.

To APOLLO.

WHAT does the lyric bard implore
At PHŒBUS' conſecrated ſhrine?
What aſks he when his frugal ſtore
Preſents the products of the vine?

Not the rich crops of golden grain
  Which grace *Sardinia's* fertile fields;
The flocks that roam *Calabria's* plain;
  Nor all the wealth that *India* yields:

Not fair *Campania's* fruitful ſhore,
  Where ſilent *Liris* gently flows:
Let thoſe who bow to FORTUNE's power,
  Enjoy the boon that ſhe beſtows.

Let merchants plough th' *Atlantic* main,
  And quaff from golden goblets, wines,
The fruits of enterprize and gain,
  While the gods proſper their deſigns.

On nature's gifts alone I'll feaſt,
  Nor more demand beneath the ſkies;
The emblematic plant of peace,*
  And ſoft'ning mallows, me ſuffice.

In eaſe and health, remote from ſtrife,
  May my laſt years in peace decline;
And to the lateſt hour of life
  Be *poetry* and *muſic* mine.

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

IF in the ſilent *Sabine* ſhade,
  In idle hours, my deareſt lyre,
A ſingle note we e'er have play'd
  That future ages will admire—

Now.

---

* Literally—*The olive.*

Now raiſe your moſt exalted ſtrains,
To lead the *Latin* lyric throng;
For firſt in *Greece*, on martial plains,
The Leſbian bard began the ſong.

He ſang the praiſes of the NINE,
Of VENUS, and her lovely BOY,
And blooming LYCUS, youth divine,
And BACCHUS, god of wine and joy.

Sweet ſpell, whoſe animating ſtrains
Delight e'en JOVE himſelf! whene'er,
Sweet ſoother of my toils and pains,
I thee invoke, propitious hear!

BOOK II.—ODE III.

To QUINTUS DELLIUS.

SINCE life, my friend, is tranſient, ne'er
Beneath misfortune, ſink too low,
Nor inſolently proud appear
When fortune's proſp'rous breezes blow.

Alike will be your final doom,
Whether, while time's ſwift circles move,
You lead a life of care and gloom,
Or tread the paths of joy and love.

Then while your happy days endure,
Regale on rich *Falernian* wine,* And

* HORACE *frequently celebrates the* "*Falernian wines*"—*Alſo* VIRGIL—*Georg.* 2. v. 96.

And from the ills of life ſecure,
In verdant bowers at eaſe recline:

Where lofty pines, forever green,
And trembling poplars, form a ſhade;
Where the clear current flows ſerene,
And gently murmurs thro' the glade.

While fate and fortune grant you hours,
Here bid your ſlaves the goblets bring,
And ſweet perfumes, and grateful flowers,
And the too tranſient roſe of ſpring.

You muſt your numerous groves forſake;
And that fair ſeat on *Tiber's* ſhore;
And a young heir, perhaps a rake,
Will ſoon poſſeſs your wealthy ſtore.

Why ſhould we wiſh to boaſt the wealth
INACHUS owns? Or ſhun the field
Where poverty reſides with health?
Since all alike to PLUTO yield.

We all the ſelf ſame road purſue;
Each lot is trembling in the urn;
And thoſe dread realms we ſoon muſt view,
From whence no exile can return.

BOOK III.—ODE IX.

To LYDIA.

A dialogue between HORACE *and* LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE LYDIA liſten'd to my lays,
Alone I claſp'd that ſnowy breaſt;
Joyous and ſwift revolv'd my days,
More than the *Perſian* monarch bleſt.

LYDIA.

LYDIA.

While HORACE felt a conſtant flame,
Nor CHLOE's charms my ſplendor gloom'd,
I, LYDIA, of reſplendent fame,
Much fairer than fair ILIA bloom'd.

HORACE.

The *Cretan* CHLOE now is mine,
For her the fire of love I feel;
The muſes grace her voice divine,
Her lyre diſſolves the heart of ſteel.

The maid is deſtin'd for my wife—
Her charms are bliſs without alloy,
And to preſerve her valu'd life
I'd meet the pangs of death with joy.

LYDIA.

CALAIS, who roams the *Thulian* heath,
Inflames me with an equal fire;
Could the dear youth ſurvive my death,
For CALAIS I would twice expire.

HORACE.

But ſhould my former flame return,
Would LYDIA hear my ſong again?
Or would ſhe my repentance ſpurn,
And bid me ſigh and grieve in vain?

Should my ungen'rous rage be ſpent,
And from my mind ſhould CHLOE flee,
Say, will thy ſtony heart relent?
Again will LYDIA ſmile on me?

LYDIA.

Though brighter he than yonder ſtar,
And thou more fickle than the wind,

Fierce

Fierce as the waves that roll afar,
Inconſtant, cruel, and unkind:

Yet with thee would I wiſh to live,
Nor from thy warm embraces fly;
With thee each boon of life receive,
And in thy arms with pleaſure die.

PART OF *EPISTLE VII.—BOOK I.*

To MECENAS.

I PROMIS'D, when I left my lord,
But five days abſence in the year;
And yet, regardleſs of my word,
Spend the whole month of Auguſt here.

But, would you have me freely live,
And keep my mental powers ſerene,
The ſame indulgence you muſt give
To real ſickneſs and the ſpleen.

While *autumn* rages, and the vine
Cluſt'ring with figs, o'erſpreads the heath;
While buſ'neſs, company, and wine,
Produce diſeaſe and haſten death:

While *winter's* awful tempeſt roars,
And ſnows inveſt the *Alban* fields—
I'll ſeek thoſe joys, on ſeabeat ſhores,
Which health and temp'rate ſtudy yield.

But when the ſwallow ſpreads her wing,
And quits her neſt to range the farms,

The

The gentle gale of genial *ſpring*
Shall waft your poet to your arms.

A thin field *mouſe* to creep had chanc'd
Through narrow holes to heaps of grain;
His ſize by gluttony enhanc'd,
He labour'd to return in vain.

A *weaſel* heard his piteous cries,
And wittily inclin'd to joke,
Feeling the tide of humour riſe,
He thus the captive mouſe beſpoke:

Reduce the cumbrous bulk you bear,
Or baniſh from your boſom hope;
Lean to your former hole repair,
Or here in ceaſeleſs darkneſs grope.

If this ſimilitude be juſt
As applicable to myſelf,
I'm ready to reſign my truſt;
I do not covet worldly pelf.

Nor, fated at the genial board,
Do I demand inactive eaſe;
Nor would I ſerve a titled lord
For all the mines beyond the ſeas.

For modeſty and truth ſincere
You oft have praiſ'd your humble friend:
Preſent or abſent, there or here,
Alike your virtues I commend.

Withhold your hand, reſume your ſtore,
And ſee if I, with cheerful mind,
Can all your valu'd gifts reſtore,
To humble poverty reſign'd.

TELEMACHUS, unverſ'd in guile,
Thus anſwer'd *Sparta's* king: "No plain
Or graſſy field adorns my iſle,
Where ſteeds may roam—your gifts retain."*

Imperial Rome to me no more
Such pleaſure and enjoyment yields,
As Anio's unfrequented ſhore,
And fair Tarentum's peaceful fields.

EPISTLE X.—BOOK I.

To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE bard, beſt pleaſ'd with rural ſcenes,
Salutes his friend who loves the town;
In all things elſe congenial twins,
But—you a cit, and I a clown.

You keep the neſt, the city ſtill,
Like a connubial conſtant dove:
I praiſe the fountain and the rill,
The moſſy rock and flowery grove.

You aſk me why? I reign, I live,
Soon as I quit that buſtling ſcene
From which ſuch pleaſure you receive,
From which ſuch happineſs you glean.

Unverſ'd in lux'ry's arts, I ſcorn
The beverage of the luſcious feaſt;

Plain

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* *This verſe alludes to that paſſage in* Homer's Odyſſey, *where* Menelaus Atrides, *king of* Sparta, *offers a preſent of horſes and a chariot to* Telemachus, *ſon of* Ulyſſes *king of* Ithaca.

Plain rural fare, a cake of corn,
Frugal repaſt, delights me beſt.

If you would nature's plan purſue,
Then liſten to theſe artleſs ſtrains;
Bid pomp, and pride, and power, adieu,
And fix your ſeat on peaceful plains.

Where, when dire winter rules the ſeas,
Does Boreas with leſs fury blow?
Where gentle zephyrs ſwell the breeze?
Where Sirius with leſs ardor glow?

Where, when in Leo's furious ſign,
Does ſultry Phoebus milder beam?
Where, free from care, can e'er be mine
A ſounder ſleep and happier dream?

Do verdant plains in fragrance yield,
Or beauty, to the pebbly ſhore?
Or ſhall I quit th' irriguous field,
To hear old ocean's thunders roar?

Say, do the waters purer flow,
Which thro' your leaden channels glide,
Than thoſe which murmur, ſmooth and flow,
Adown the mountain's ſloping ſide?

No—cits applaud the country; trees
Adorn the brilliant walks of ſtate;
That ſeat from whence its owner ſees
The diſtant fields, delights the great.

Thus does unconquer'd nature reign
Supreme, and will preſerve its courſe,
And its preeminence maintain,
In ſpite of prejudice and force.

Not he, unſkilful to compare
The fleece that drinks Aquinum's dye

With

With the Sidonian purple fair,
And mark them with an accurate eye,—

Will a more certain loſs receive,
Than he whom *falſhood's* borrow'd charms,
Grac'd with the veil of *truth*, deceive,
And lead aſtray from virtue's arms.

He whom good fortune can elate,
Will in adverſity repine:
If your attachments are too great,
You will unwillingly reſign.

More happy he, from cities far,
And the proud portals of the great,
Than he who leads a realm to war,
And glitters in the pomp of ſtate.

The ſtag, triumphant in the field,
From his own paſture drove the horſe;
The generous ſteed reſolv'd to yield
To man, whoſe art could conquer force:

But when, by man's inſidious aid,
The palm of conqueſt he obtain'd,
Alas, his triumph was a ſhade!
A ſervile ſlave he ſtill remain'd.

So he who ſcorning to be poor,
His native liberty reſigns,
A treaſure to be valu'd more
Than India's inexhauſted mines;

Shall for his avarice be doom'd
A tyrant's mandates to obey;
While pleaſure's ſun, by ſlav'ry gloom'd,
Shall ſcarcely ſhed a ſingle ray.

If you, ARISTIUS, ſcorning wealth,
Contendly and wiſely live,

Purſuing truth, enjoying health,
What boon beſides can fortune give?

Behind Vacuna's ſacred ſeat
These haſty lines to you I penn'd;
In every joy of life complete,
Except the preſence of my friend.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE MUSES.

Carmina nulla canam.

VIRG. Ecl. 1. v. 78.

No ſongs ſhall I *hereafter* ſing.

YE SACRED POWERS, ye NYMPHS DIVINE, adieu!
First thou, CALLIOPE, who my dark hours
Haſt deign'd to gild, and o'er my path to ſtrew
Imagination's ever blooming flowers.

And thou, MELPOMENE, whoſe ſkilful art
First tun'd to themes of grief my infant lyre;
Whoſe plaintive powers dilate the feeling heart,
And ſet the ſentimental ſoul on fire!

Illuſtrious Muſe, a ſacred liſt is thine!
Shall rigid bigotry pronounce it wrong
To paint a MOSES kneeling at thy ſhrine,
And rank a DAVID with thy tuneful throng?

No—thou thoſe bards, and SOLOMON, canſt boaſt:
And ſtarry concerts, Nature's radiant robe,
Green plains, dark ſhades, and ocean's craggy coaſt,
Appear *ſublimely prominent* in JOB.

Hear

Hear me, ye powers that o'er the harp preſide,
And dictate to the lyre! No more to you
I bend the ſervile knee—no more reſide
On the Aonian mount—again adieu!

Yet oft, attentive to the moral tale,
And ſong ſublime, will I the page peruſe
Which ye inſpir'd, and in your bowers inhale
Ambroſial odours and etherial dews.

Oft quaff the bliſs the ſacred riv'let yields,
That from the *Aganippean* fountain flows
Through groves MÆONIAN,* and thro' claſſic fields,
Where genius gleams, joy blooms, and fancy glows.

Oft ſhall great DAVID fire my heart to praiſe,
And oft inſpire the ſoul exalting prayer:
And oft with SOLOMON, in cloudleſs days,
Will I to *Sharon's* fragrant vale repair.

Oft with ISAIAH to the ſhade retreat,
That prince of ſcenes poetic and divine,
In whom a HOMER and a PINDAR meet,
To form the MANTUAN BARD of Paleſtine.

And oft with JEREMY bewail the fate
Of hapleſs *Zion*, and her ſteril plains;
Catch all his ardors, and reiterate
To groaning gales his ſoft elegiac ſtrains.

And oft admire EZEKIEL's viſion clear,
HOSEA's majeſty, and JOEL's fire;
And oft, contemplative, enraptur'd hear
HABAKKUK tune the heart dilating lyre.

And

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* HOMER *is often* poetically *called* MÆONIDES. *In* FALCONER's *Shipwreck, a poem of great but neglected merit, the author attempts the deſcription of ſcenes,*

"Which nor MÆONIDES nor MARO knew."

And oft with Ossian, bard of nature, roam
Where cypreſs trees o'erſhade the crimſon'd heath:
Oft walk with Gessner, who depicts the gloom,
And paints the horrors, of *primeval death!*

And oft, retir'd, when ſilent twilight reigns,
With Shakespeare, Nature's portrait painter, rove
O'er fancy's fields and ſentimental plains,
Mid groves of pleaſure and through bowers of love.

Oft ſoar with Milton, whoſe bright page ſerenes
The clouded mind, and fires the ſoul of youth;
Whoſe glowing pencil gilds ideal ſcenes
With all the radiance of reſplendent truth.

Oft with the Britiſh Maro* riſe ſublime;
Antiquity's vaſt regions to explore;
And, wand'ring o'er the deſert waſte of time,
Aſcend *Parnaſſus*, fam'd in Grecian lore.

Pope, ſkill'd alike to move, inſtruct, and pleaſe,
My ſtudious ſeat ſhall conſtantly attend;
And Watts, whoſe numbers, elegance and eaſe,
Poetic grace and pious fervor, blend.

Enchanting Addison's harmonious ſtyle,
Pathetic ſentiment, and moral ſong,
Shall oft my ſlowly circling hours beguile:
And oft ſhall Thompson join my choſen throng.

And oft, amid the gelid gloom of night,
When nought but ſtarbeams gild the lucid hours,
Shall virtuous Young, through ſcenes of *dark delight*,
Lead me to meditations ſacred bowers.

And thou, *proſaic* bard,† whoſe fervent ſtrains,
Delightful, cheerful, awful, and divine,
Beſpeak

---

* Dryden. † Hervey.

Beſpeak a ſoul where pure devotion reigns—
Be mine thy ſong and all thy ardors mine!

But why BRITANNIA'S GENIUS thus purſue,
From Fame's fair fields to cull the ſweeteſt flowers?
Is not a TRUMBULL, and an HUMPHREYS too,
An ALLEN, FRENEAU, DWIGHT, and ODIORNE, ours?

Is not a RICHARDS ours, whoſe ſong of praiſe,
In ſtrains elegiac warbled from the lyre
To grace the glorious name of *Greene*, diſplays
A poet's ſpirit, "and a ſeraph's fire."

A LIVINGSTON, ſweet bard! who ſcorning arms
And power, retir'd to the ſequeſter'd grove,
In ſtrains divine to celebrate the charms
Of "*Philoſophic Solitude*" and *Love*.

And is not ours a BARLOW'S loftieſt flight?
Is not, COLUMBIAN MUSE, a TYLER thine—
A genius, brilliant as the orb of light,
And inexhauſted as *Potoſia's* mine?

As OVID ſang, the humbler poet ſings
His own dire elegy in *ſwanlike* lays:
One effort more—my lyre expands its ſtrings,
And its laſt notes, PHILENIA, ſound thy praiſe!

Nature thy theme, calm peace, and rural plains,
Not diſcord's rage, or war's horrific clang;
Plaintive thy lays, and in ſublimer ſtrains
Not DEBORAH, SAPPHO, or MATILDA, ſang.

But why thus linger?—See, the penſive throng
Of bards, and every muſe, implores my ſtay!
No more I liſten to your ſiren ſong—
No more my off'rings on your altars pay.

To civil honors I no more aſpire ;
Of martial fame no more I vainly dream :
MY TUNELESS HARP AND MY DISCORDANT LYRE
ARE SUNK, FOREVER SUNK, IN LETHE'S SILENT STREAM !

September, 1796.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

15 OC 61

THE

POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

JAMES ELLIOT.

BOOK III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SKETCHES,

POLITICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, &c.

EXTRACTED FROM THE

JOURNAL

OF

JAMES ELLIOT,

DURING A PERIOD OF THREE YEARS SERVICE

IN THE

LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SKETCHES,

POLITICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, &c.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WHEN a perſon undertakes to give an account of *himſelf* to the world, whatever may be his motives, the cenſorious and prejudiced, a deſcription of men which, by ſome unaccountable fatality, has hitherto conſtituted a majority of mankind, without inveſtigation or reflection, pronounce the attempt invidious, or at leaſt ſtigmatize it as the offſpring of an ill timed and injudicious vanity. There is undoubtedly, great reaſon for ſuch opinions, or, if we pleaſe to call them ſo, prejudices. Men are apt to diſplay the bright ſide only of their own characters. Had Nero and Caligula, poſſeſſed ſufficient genius to render them capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves in the walks of literature, and had they choſen *themſelves* for their theme, their characters would undoubtedly have appeared, at the preſent time, in colours extremely different from thoſe in which they are repreſented by Tacitus. It has been obſerved of Julius Ceaſar, that he was the only diſtinguiſhed commander, who ever gave an account of his own exploits, in a ſtyle and manner ſo modeſt and unaſſuming, as not only to claim an exemption from cenſure, but to entitle him to the higheſt applauſe.

Without preſuming to compare myſelf with any of the great characters whom I have mentioned, or wiſhing to acquire an equal degree of fame, by the ſame means which elevated Ceaſar to empire, and "damn'd to everlaſting fame" the names of Nero and Caligula, I have ventured, not only to obtrude myſelf upon the public as an author, but to publiſh a particular, though I hope not tedious, account of my ſituation and circumſtances hitherto in life.

When

When a man poſſeſſing the genius, the abilities, and the virtues, of a GALLATIN, is branded with the moſt approbrious epithets, ſuch as *incendiary*, *foreign agent*, &c. by the voice of a very conſiderable proportion of the enlightened people of New England; and this for no other reaſon, in reality, than his being an able advocate of the rights of the very people who treat him with ſo much ingratitude, AND A NATIVE OF A FOREIGN CLIME!—Surely it behoves every one who preſumes to intermeddle, in any manner or degree whatever, in the politics of his country; or, to ſpeak in a leſs courtly and more proper ſtyle, who thinks it his duty to expreſs his opinion on the meaſures of government: Surely, I ſay, it behoves ſuch a man to commence his career by ſubſtantiating, if he can do it with truth and juſtice, his claim to that diſtinction, which I admit is an extremely honorable one, and in which I ſhall ever glory—a native American.

The day on which my unfortunate exiſtence commenced, was the 18th of Auguſt, 1775. The port of Glouceſter, formerly called Cape Ann, in the county of Eſſex, Maſſachuſetts, was the place of my nativity. My parents were poor, but honeſt and religious. My father was a ſeafaring man, and had it not been for his death, which happened in my infancy, I ſhould probably have ſpent my life in the happy ignorance and obſcurity which is commonly the lot of the votaries of Neptune. Although, at my birth, my father's proſpects were ſuch as to promiſe a decent competency for his family, yet a ſeries of misfortunes prior and ſubſequent to his death, reduced my ſurviving parent to a ſituation which ſeemed to be diſtinguiſhed by "variety of wretchedneſs." In all her ſorrows, however, ſhe found a never failing ſource of conſolation in that religion, the great truths of which ſhe took great pains, and I flatter myſelf not entirely without ſucceſs, to inſtil into the minds of her infant children. Soon after my father's death, when I was between four and five years of age, ſhe removed to New Salem, in the county of Hampſhire, (one hundred miles from Glouceſter) where her

her relations reſided. Here, by induſtrious labour in the occupation of a ſeamſtreſs, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages of frequent ill health, ſhe has not only ſupported herſelf ever ſince, but alſo ſupported two other children beſides myſelf for ſeveral years, without being, in any conſiderable degree, beholden to her friends. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning ſome obligations we were under, myſelf in particular, to Colonel Stacy, an officer of diſtinguiſhed bravery, reputation, and ſufferings, in the American Army, during the war with Great Britain, and an uncle of mine by marriage—now an inhabitant of Marietta, in the Weſtern Territory.

At the age of ſeven years I was placed in the houſe of Capt. Sanderſon, a reſpectable farmer and merchant at Peterſham, in the county of Worceſter, as the youngeſt, and conſequently the loweſt, menial ſervant in the family. It may eaſily be conceived that ſuch a ſituation, had I been poſſeſſed of genius, muſt have been peculiarly unfavorable to mental improvement. I had already been taught to read by the beſt of mothers, but my erudition was confined to the Bible, Dilworth's Spelling Book, Pilgrim's Progreſs, and the Catechiſm. I had made as great a proficiency in the ſtudy of the ſcriptures, as perhaps any one ever did at ſo juvenile a period of life. I had peruſed the ſacred volume ſeveral times with indefatigable attention. It was my conſtant companion by day, and frequently occupied a place, not only in my mind, but under my pillow, by night. And I have ever ſince conſidered my early attachment to that ſublime book as the moſt fortunate occurrence of my life. I remember reading ſo conſtantly, that almoſt every perſon I knew cautioned me with reſpect to its probable effect upon my eyes; and that the houſekeeper once hid the bible from me, on which occaſion I literally *drowned my ſorrows in tears.*

The accidental peruſal of a mutilated edition of Joſephus's Wars of the Jews, had, however, inſpired me with an inclination fot a different kind of reading: And almoſt at the very moment I entered Capt. Sanderſon's houſe, my eyes were rivetted on a volume of

Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, in which the life and character of Cyrus commanded my attention ſo completely as to make an impreſſion upon my mind, which, was I to live to the age of Methuſelah, could never be eradicated. Rollin, undoubtedly, pleaſed me better than any other author would have done at that time, as the agreeable and ingenious manner in which he points out the connexion between profane and ſacred hiſtory, and his frequent alluſions to, and quotations from, the works of ſcripture, accorded with my religious impreſſions, while they enlarged the ſphere of my ideas. Mr. Sanderſon took great pains to teach me the rudiments of grammar; but went no farther with my education.

I once formed a reſolution, while I lived at Peterſham, to ſtudy Latin; but my numerous avocations, and the want of a tutor, ſoon obliged me to give it up, without making any conſiderable progreſs. I have once ſince reſumed it; but under the ſame diſadvantages, and the conſequence was the ſame. I never proceeded ſo far as to be maſter even of the Accidence.

I did not, after all, peruſe many books while I reſided in Peterſham. Hiſtory, and voyages and travels, were my favorite ſtudies. I had but little inclination for poetry. I early became a politician, and was particularly attentive to the newſpapers. If, on any occaſion, the poſt did not arrive at the uſual time, I felt a degree of uneaſineſs and impatience that cannot be deſcribed. As my firſt political impreſſions were republican, I was of courſe a ſtaunch friend to the government of my country, and an inveterate enemy to the ſons of inſurrection and anarchy. At the time of the rebellion of the malcontents under Shays, againſt the government of Maſſachuſetts, party ſpirit ran very high amongſt the boys at Peterſham. I mounted the white cockade, the ſignal of attachment to government, and was ſo much diſtinguiſhed as to be choſen an officer by the free ſuffrages of my companions. I was now eleven years of age. Our political differences produced frequent nocturnal rencounters with clubs and ſtones, and ſome were occaſionally wounded on both ſides. I now became

particularly

particularly attached to the athletic ſports and paſtimes of the juvenile age, and was diſtinguiſhed for my activity and ardor in them. The ſtudy of hiſtory had already given birth to military ambition, and thoſe exerciſes which bore the moſt analogy to martial manœuvres, were my peculiar delight.

My religious and even my moral impreſſions, relaxed by degrees, during my reſidence in a place which was at that time diſtinguiſhed for idleneſs and diſſipation. I became a gameſter at cards, and on occaſion could ſwear with a good grace. My attachment to gaming inſenſibly increaſed, and ſome time afterwards, when I reſided in Vermont, I frequently devoted whole nights to that diabolical amuſement, played for ſums as large as my penurious wages enabled me to venture, and ridiculed the *prejudices*, as I was pleaſed to ſtyle them, of thoſe who ſpoke againſt the practice. But I was never a votary of Bacchus, a deity whom gamblers almoſt univerſally adore. And, ſoon after I engaged in the army, reflecting ſeriouſly on the conſequences that muſt enſue, and finding all my reſolutions inſufficient to ſtop me in my favorite purſuit, I laid myſelf under the moſt ſacred of all obligations, never to throw another card, or practice any other kind of gaming, for a ſingle farthing during my exiſtence.

I lived ſeven years with Mr. Sanderſon, and in the courſe of that period arrived at a conſiderable degree of confidence in the family. From a plough and go to mill boy, I became an underclerk in the ſtore. When he removed to Vermont, I quitted his ſervice, and I left it as poor as I entered it. But I have ever ſince conſidered myſelf under obligations to that gentleman and his amiable lady.

I was now out of buſineſs. I engaged myſelf as a ſervant to a farmer in the neighbourhood of my late reſidence. Here, conſtantly employed in labour, I had neither leiſure nor opportunity to read any thing but the weekly gazette. After ſix or ſeven months had paſſed in this way, a fortunate accident placed me at Guilford, Vermont, in the ſituation of clerk in a retail ſtore.

Here

Here my acquaintance was extended, and I was kindly noticed by two or three literary gentlemen. I was conſtantly employed in the ſtore, and what leiſure time I had, was too often ſpent at the card table. On the acceſſion of Vermont to the Federal Union, the thought firſt occurred to me of becoming a poet. I was tranſported with joy on the occaſion, and wrote a little ode to celebrate it. Some time afterwards I became a conſiderable ſcribbler in the newſpapers; but did not diſtinguiſh myſelf as a *partizan* in politics until after I had paid my vows to Mars.

From the moment when I firſt peruſed Rollin, I had felt an ardent ambition to become a ſoldier. My frequent correſpondence with that author, and the conſequent extenſion of my ideas and information, enhanced that ambition. I was too much of a patriot, however, to wiſh for another revolutionary war, for the ſake of gratifying my favorite inclination. But when hoſtilities commenced with the Indian tribes northweſt of the Ohio, I ſaw an opportunity, not only of indulging my inclination for a military life, but of gratifying my deſire of travelling, and particularly of viewing the weſtern regions, with the agreeable deſcriptions of which I was enamoured. I did not conceal my intentions, and the gloomy colours in which the perſons of my acquaintance painted the hardſhips and dangers of the martial ſcene, only ſerved to inflame my ardor. Although I ſaw no proſpect of commencing my career but in an inferior grade, yet I had ſo exalted an opinion of my own merits, as to flatter myſelf with the idea of obtaining rapid promotion. Various circumſtances, particularly the exceſſive trouble which I knew it muſt give my aged mother, cauſed me repeatedly to heſitate, and procraſtinated my determination. But I grew every day more uneaſy, and my inclination at laſt became abſolutely irreſiſtible.

"*For I had heard of battles, and I long'd*
To follow to the field ſome warlike lord."

I almoſt regretted that I had not been an actor in the horrid cataſtrophe of the 4th of November, 1791. And

on

on the 12th of July, 1793, I inliſted myſelf at Springfield, Maſſachuſetts, as the firſt noncommiſſioned officer of a new company in the ſecond U. S. Sub Legion, commanded by Capt. Cornelius Lyman; a gentleman whoſe numerous favors and diſintereſted friendſhip to me, I embrace this occaſion to acknowledge, and whom I ſhall ever remember with every ſentiment of the moſt affectionate eſteem.

It remains for me to develope the particular circumſtance which firſt occaſioned my coming forward as a political writer. In May 1794, while I was at Springfield on the recruiting ſervice, a publication which contained ſome unfounded aſſertions reſpecting the Democratic Societies in the United States, and ſome oblique, and as I thought unmerited, reflections upon the people of the French Republic, made its appearance in the Greenfield Gazette, a paper which circulated in the vicinity of my late reſidence. I immediately anſwered it under the ſignature of "A Son of Freedom," which had already diſtinguiſhed ſome of my poetical eſſays. This produced a political altercation between the abovementioned writer and myſelf, which was ended only by my being ordered to join the army.

I obſerved that there were two parties in the United States, one of which appeared to me to be deſirous of aſſimilating our government to that of Great Britain, or at leaſt of conſolidating the federal ſyſtem into a perfect Ariſtocracy, ſome of the leading characters of which party were ſuſpected, and I had reaſon to think with juſtice, of an attachment to *even* monarchical principles of government; while the other party was for preſerving republicaniſm in its purity, and ſtrengthening our alliance with France. I ſaw with regret that Ariſtocracy was gaining ground very faſt, particularly in that part of the Union where I was born and had hitherto reſided; and that "the United States travelled with inconceivable velocity towards practical Monarchy." I felt an impreſſion of duty to declare my ſentiments on ſuch an occaſion, and I did not heſitate a moment to embrace the ſide of republicaniſm.

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In the mean time I had been recommended for promotion, by ſeveral gentlemen of my acquaintance in Vermont: And General Bradley, a Senator in Congreſs from that ſtate, had written to two of thoſe gentlemen that I was actually appointed, or at leaſt nominated, to an enſigncy. That, however, was not the caſe. My political ſentiments began to be generally known, and had perhaps, eventually, an unfavorable influence upon the application which had been made in my favor. I muſt own that this diſappointment at firſt affected me conſiderably; but I ſoon had reaſon to alter my opinion, and have uniformly rejoiced at it ſince. It was inſinuated by one of my newſpaper adverſaries, that "reſentment for defeated hopes" had occaſioned my acceſſion to the party in oppoſition to the meaſures of government. I diſregarded, and do ſtill diſregard, the inſinuation, for it was unjuſt. I had always been a republican—I had not changed my opinions. But I had not till now been impreſſed with a belief, that there was a party of any conſiderable ſtrength, who were for introducing Ariſtocracy. I had attached myſelf, upon mature reflection, to the political opinions of the illuſtrious Madiſon, who was generally conſidered as a leader of what was called "the oppoſition," as early as January or February, 1794, when the reſolutions brought forward by that gentleman, reſpecting the commercial intercourſe of the United States, with foreign nations, were under diſcuſſion in the Houſe of Repreſentatives, and were warmly oppoſed by almoſt all the members from the northern ſtates. As I was at that time a candidate for the favors of adminiſtration, my intereſt would have led me to advocate its meaſures. I was indeed attached, and ſhall ever be attached, to the government of my country, whilſt it deſerves the attachment of a republican citizen. I wiſhed, notwithſtanding my military prejudices, for the preſervation of peace with all nations, if it could be preſerved conſiſtently with the intereſt and dignity of my country. No perſon poſſeſſed a greater reverence for the character, or had a higher confidence in the integrity, of our illuſtrious

trious Preſident, than myſelf. But I could not conceive myſelf guilty of a crime in differing in opinion, even from the Father of his Country. "I did not receive him as divine, nor think him above the reach of bad influence."

Such are the obſervations which I have judged neceſſary on the preſent occaſion. Truth and candour have guided my pen, and my readers are at liberty to form their own concluſions.

SKETCHES, &c.

SPRINGFIELD, *April* 2, 1794.

THIS morning a detachment of about thirty able-bodied recruits, chiefly active young men, belonging to Capt. Lyman's company, embarked for Middletown, (Conn.) under the command of Serjeant Daniel Cook, a veteran ſoldier. At Middletown they will be joined by the recruits at that place, when the whole will proceed to Weſt Point, under the orders of Lieut. Biſſell. Capt. Lyman, with a ſmall recruiting party, ſtill continues at the rendezvous at the arſenal at this place, in order to complete his company.

Auguſt 7.

Information is received that the inſurrection in the weſtern counties of Pennſylvania is aſſuming an extremely ſerious aſpect. On the 16th of July, at dawn of day, 100 of the rioters attacked the houſe of Gen. Neville, the inſpector of the revenue. The general, with the aſſiſtance of his ſervants and family, is ſaid to have defended his houſe for upwards of an hour, wounded a number of the rioters, and ultimately obliged them

them to retire. On the following day, having augmented their number to five or ſix hundred, they recommenced the attack. In the mean time a ſergeant and 12 men, detached from the garriſon at Pittſburgh (all recruits, and ſeveral of whom marched from this place on the 2d of April) had taken poſſeſſion of Gen. Neville's houſe. The Gen. eſcaped before the attack began, and the inſurgents permitted his lady and the females of the family to retire. The attack then commenced, and the little party in the houſe defended it for a conſiderable time, with a degree of bravery which diſplays an illuſtrious example for the imitation of thoſe who may hereafter be called to ſupport the laws of their country. The Corporal, whoſe name was Doud, conducted in a manner which ought to immortalize his name. Ebenezer Walker, and William Quigley, two lads of ſeventeen years of age, natives of Maſſachuſetts, fought with aſtoniſhing bravery. Three of the ſoldiers were wounded. Four of the inſurgents were killed, among whom was their leader, James M'Farland; and a number of them were wounded. Our little band of heroes were ultimately forced to ſurrender, and the rioters burned the houſe and out houſes, and all the property which they contained. But, either becauſe they reſpected their courage, or dreaded the reſentment of government, they immediately liberated the ſoldiers.

Auguſt 12.

An account is this day publiſhed, of an attack on Fort Recovery, in the Weſtern Territory, by the Indians, on the morning of the 30th June. "The enemy were repulſed with great ſlaughter; but they again renewed the attack, keeping up a very heavy and conſtant fire all that day, and, by intervals, during the night and morning of the 1ſt July, but were ultimately compelled to retreat between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock of that day, with loſs and diſgrace, from the very field where, on a former occaſion, they had been completely victorious."

Auguſt

Auguſt 20.

The Preſident of the United States has iſſued orders for embodying 13000 of the militia of New Jerſey, Pennſylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, to ſuppreſs the inſurrection. *Aug.* 30.

Capt. Lyman, with a detachment of recruits, embarked at Springfield for Middletown. *Sept.* 2.

Sailed from Middletown. Various caſualties detained us three days in Connecticut River. Arrived at New York, Sept. 6. Sailed from New York the ſame evening. A violent ſtorm forced us to return next morning. Sailed from N. Y. again in the evening of the 7th. Entered Raritan river (New Jerſey) the next morning, and arrived at New Brunſwick in the afternoon, where a detachment of recruits from Weſt Point had already arrived.

NEW BRUNSWICK, *Sept.* 9.

The militia of New Jerſey and Pennſylvania, drafted by order of the Preſident, to oppoſe the Pittſburgh rioters, are now in motion, and will rendezvous in Trenton and Carliſle.—In my opinion, however, this alarming buſineſs will be accommodated without bloodſhed. TRENTON, *Sept.* 13.

Extract of a letter from the author to a gentleman in MASSACHUSETTS.

We ſhall move in ten minutes from this place, for Carliſle. Our company conſiſts of 115 fine fellows, and another detachment of federal troops from Philadelphia will join us at Reading. 500 volunteer horſe, and a battalion of militia infantry, accompany us from this city. Numerous detachments of militia are marching for the general rendezvous at Carliſle, and we ſhall be amongſt the Pennſylvania *Shayſites* in a few days. The prayers and wiſhes of every honeſt citizen, of every man who values the ineſtimable bleſſings of peace, government and good order, unceaſingly attend us.

Thus you ſee, my friend, that whilſt ——— and ——— repreſent me as an anarchiſt, and an enemy to the federal conſtitution, I am anſwering their calumnies by expoſing my life in its defence, and acting the part

of a ſoldier of liberty, whilſt they are carrying on an inglorious *paper* war in the cauſe of Ariſtocracy.*

READING, *Sept.* 18.

After marching 21 miles yeſterday, we arrived at this place, and encamped on the bank of the river Schuylkill.

Sept. 23.

Paſſed through Harriſburgh. Harriſburgh (formerly called Lewiſburgh) is a large and handſome town, the ſhire of Dauphin county, pleaſantly ſituated on the northeaſtern bank of the river Suſquehanna, which is here upwards of a mile wide, 109 miles from Philadelphia.

At this place the traveller has a very picturesque proſpect of a lofty ridge of the Blue Mountains, at a conſiderable diſtance northweſtward.

Sept. 24.

Arrived at Carliſle. Carliſle is a large and handſome borough, ſhire of the county of Cumberland, 120 miles weſt of Philadelphia. An extenſive level common entirely ſurrounds the town, affording ſufficient ground for the encampment of a very numerous army. The barracks are ſituated a quarter of a mile eaſt of the town, and are large but decayed buildings, capable of containing ſeveral thouſand men. Caſt your eyes weſtward from Carliſle, and the ſtupendous Blue Mountains ſtill frown in your front, at the diſtance of about thirty miles.

Sept. 28.

This morning an expreſs from the weſtward paſſed through town, on his way to Philadelphia, with information of a victory gained by the army under General Wayne, over the Indians, on the 20th ult. on the river Miami of the Lakes.

Three

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* *Leſt my marching againſt the inſurgents might not be conſidered as voluntary, I think proper to obſerve, in this place, that almoſt at the moment I left Springfield, I had an offer made me of continuing at that place on the recruiting ſervice.*

Three troops of cavalry from the city of Philadelphia arrived this day.

Sept. 29.

A detachment of cavalry made an excurſion into the country, killed (it is ſaid *accidentally*) one of the inſurgents, and took ſeveral priſoners.

Oct. 2.

150 infantry arrived from Philadelphia. General Mifflin, who was appointed ſecond in command, arrived this day. Governor Lee of Virginia, who is veſted with the chief command of the Federal Army, under the orders of the Preſident, is now moving towards the ſcene of rebellion, at the head of 8000 men from the ſtates of Virginia and Maryland.

Oct. 3. & 4.

On theſe days large bodies of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, arrived from various quarters. The Preſident, General WASHINGTON, arrived on the 4th.

Oct. 6.

Preſident Waſhington reviewed the troops under arms, amounting to between 3 and 4000 men.

Oct. 8.

Arrived at Shippenſburgh, 20 miles from Carliſle. This is a pretty town, conſiſting of one ſtreet of conſiderable length, compactly built, and extending from eaſt to weſt. A conſiderable ſtream, called the Branch, waſhes the weſt end of the town.

CHAMBERSBURG, *Oct.* 9.

Arrived here this day, and encamped in a pleaſant vale, on the bank of Conococheague Creek, a little weſt of the town.

Chamberſburgh is 150 miles from Philadelphia. It is ſurrounded with woods, from which the traveller unexpectedly emerging, is agreeably ſurpriſed with the appearance of a handſome town, regularly built in ſquares, containing a number of large houſes and ſtores, ſeveral of which are elegant brick buildings, a court houſe, two meeting houſes, a printing office, &c. It is the chief town of Franklin county.

October.

Oct. 12.

The Preſident arrived from Carliſle this afternoon, without any military eſcort, attended only by the Secretary of the Treaſury, Col. Hamilton, who acted as his aid de camp.

Oct. 13.

The Preſident left town at ſunriſing on his way to Williamſport in Maryland, where it is ſaid the Maryland and Virginia lines are to rendezvous. He will then proceed to Bedford.

Our detachment, in number about 75, (a number having been left ſick and deſerted at different places) marched at 9 o'clock. Encamped at ſunſet, at the foot of the Blue Mountain, after having marched 18 miles.

Hitherto our travels had been through a fertile, well inhabited, and cultivated country, abounding in the conveniences, and many of the elegancies, of civilized life. But we were now arrived at the commencement of a long and tedious journey through a barren, mountainous, and dreary country. The reflection, however, that we were ſerving in the cauſe of liberty, humanity, and ſocial order, and engaged in an expedition which would eventually enroll our names on the liſt of heroes, encouraged us to uncommon exertions: And the pleaſing expectation of ſhortly enjoying a view of the delightful regions on the weſtern waters, rendered even our fatigues and hardſhips a ſource of pleaſure.

Oct. 14.

Paſſage of the BLUE MOUNTAINS.

The ſun had riſen about an hour before we moved this morning. Began to aſcend the Mountain, and after a fatiguing march of two or three hours, reached the ſummit, when a proſpect inexpreſſibly grand preſented itſelf to our view. To the north, ſouth, and weſt, appeared a little world of mountains, arrayed in all the majeſty of nature, and deſtitute of a ſingle ſign of art or cultivation. Continued our march for ſome miles along the declivity of the mountain, and then, by an abrupt deſcent, entered a low and pleaſant valley, in which is ſituated the village of M'Connelſville, containing

taining ſeveral good houſes, and a number of log huts. Aſcended and paſſed another huge ridge, called the North or Tuſcarora mountain, deſcended into another valley and encamped.

The Blue Mountains were probably firſt deſignated by that name, from their remarkably *blue* appearance at a diſtance—but although their diſtant appearance is very extraordinary, it is much more ſtriking on a cloſe examination; the very earth and ſtones, in many places, are almoſt as blue as indigo, and even the ſhrubs and weeds appear to have a bluiſh caſt.

Oct. 15.

After a march of ſix miles, the moſt fatiguing we had yet experienced, reached the ſummit of Sideling Hill, a very ſteep and craggy mountain. From Sideling Hill the proſpect is very curious—On every ſide appear ſuch lofty mountains, and deep and woody vallies, that, was it not for the paſſing road, which has the appearance of being conſtantly travelled, one would almoſt deſpair of ever again entering an inhabited country.

Oct. 16.

Croſſed the river Juniata. Encamped ſix miles on this ſide Bedford, where a company of riflemen, and ſeveral detachments of cavalry, had arrived (from Carliſle) before us. A regiment of infantry, and a corps of artillery, came up with us this evening.

Oct. 17.

Arrived at Bedford. Bedford is a ſmall town of about 50 or 60 houſes, chiefly built of brick, and is ſituated in the extenſive valley between Sideling Hill and the Allegany. It is almoſt entirely ſurrounded by high hills. It has a court houſe, and is the ſeat of juſtice in the county of the ſame name—200 miles from Philadelphia.

Oct. 18.

Large bodies of troops arrived from the eaſtward. Governor Mifflin arrived this day.

Oct. 19.

The number of troops at Bedford, including thoſe that arrived this day, amounted to between 5 and 6000,

and occupied a circular encampment, entirely ſurrounding the town. This diviſion compriſed the right column of the Grand Federal Army, and conſiſted entirely of volunteers from the ſtates of New Jewſey and Pennſylvania. This army exhibited a very intereſting and inſtructive ſpectacle. Many men of independent fortunes, and the moſt reſpectable characters, were in the ranks as private ſoldiers. All ranks and conditions of men were united in one common band of citizen ſoldiers, and appeared to be irreſiſtibly determined to vindicate and maintain the violated majeſty of the laws. It was deſervedly ſtyled "The Army of the Conſtitution."

The appearance of the troops when paraded, each corps being in complete uniform, was truly martial; and at evening, when a fire was lighted before every tent, the encampment exhibited a very ſplendid appearance.

This day the Preſident, and Gov. Lee, arrived in town from the encampment of the Maryland and Virginia lines, (about 30 miles ſouth of Bedford) and were received with a diſcharge of 15 cannon.

The following general order was iſſued: The Preſident of the United States directs that Capt. Lyman, who commands the detachment of continental troops, ſhall be annexed to the light corps under the command of Col. M'Pherſon."

Oct. 20.

The troops were paraded and reviewed by Generals Lee and Miffiin, who expreſſed their approbation of the ſoldierly appearance, ſpirit, and good conduct of the army in general.

Oct. 21.

The Preſident being about to return to Philadelphia, to attend the approaching ſeſſion of Congreſs, made an elegant addreſs to Gen. Lee, expreſſing, generally, his approbation of the appearance, ſpirit, and good conduct of the army, and his warmeſt wiſhes for their ſucceſs in the cauſe of rational liberty, and the ſupport of the laws of their country. This addreſs, and the orders to march to Pittſburgh, were publiſhed this day.

A detachment of 1000 men, denominated the Legion, and commanded by General Frelinghuyſen, was formed this afternoon, and ordered to proceed one days march in advance of the main body, to protect the foraging parties, &c. *Oct.* 22.

The Legion marched at 10 o'clock A. M. Encamped at the foot of Dry Ridge, 7 miles from Bedford. *Oct.* 24.

Paſſed the Allegany Mountain. Encamped at a pretty town called Berlin, on the weſtern declivity. *Oct.* 25.

Marched 18 miles in a heavy and conſtant ſtorm of rain. Arrived at Jones's Mills, eaſtern foot of Laurel Hill, a large branch of the Allegany, nine miles over. The baggage waggons not being able to get up, we had no tents to ſleep under, and there not being ſufficient buildings at this place to accommodate the Legion, ſeveral companies were obliged to erect temporary huts, which afforded but a very indifferent ſhelter from the impetuoſity of the ſtorm. *Oct.* 27.

Paſſed Laurel Hill. Encamped at Ligonier Valley. *Oct.* 29.

Arrived at Mount Pleaſant, where we continued till Nov. 4, almoſt all the time ſtormy weather. *Nov.* 4.

Marched from Mount Pleaſant. The other diviſions of the New Jerſey and Pennſylvania troops took the direct road to Pittſburgh. The greateſt part of the Virginia and Maryland lines alſo marched directly towards Pittſburgh, croſſing our route, which was a very circuitous one, as we were ordered to ſcour the county of Waſhington, ſouth of Pittſburgh. *Nov.* 5.

Encamped on the eaſtern bank of the Youghiegany, a large, beautiful, and rapid ſtream. *Nov.* 8.

Croſſed the Monongahela river at Parkinſon's Ferry, which had hitherto been the head quarters of rebellion.

WASHINGTON, *Nov.* 9.

About 1500 of the Virginia and Maryland lines had already arrived at this place. Waſhington

Washington is a considerable town, consisting of framed buildings, clapboarded, and chiefly painted red, except the court house and two or three other buildings, which are of stone. The appearance of this place was very pleasing to me, as it resembled a *New England* town; the houses in general, throughout Pennsylvania, being built of brick or stone. It is 25 miles southwest of Pittsburgh, and 30 miles from Whelen, a town in Ohio county, Virginia, situated on the southeastern bank of the river Ohio, and distant from Pittsburgh, by the course of the river, above 100 miles. So amazingly irregular is the course of that majestic river.

Mr. Morse has mentioned Washington as a flourishing and manufacturing town, to which distinctions it is undoubtedly entitled. But that celebrated geographer has committed an egregious error in asserting that it is situated beyond the Ohio, meaning on the northwestern side of that river.* However, as the nature and extent of his subject was such as unavoidably to render him dependent, in a great measure, on the written and oral information of others, and as his descriptions are generally accurate, I am rather inclined to extenuate than to censure this mistake. Indeed I am very far from wishing to detract from the exalted reputation which Mr. Morse has deservedly acquired, by his extensive and useful geographical labours. His work, were it destitute of every pretension to originality, would possess a very high degree of merit, considered merely as a compilation: But he is, in reality, considerably eminent as an original writer.

Our march from Chambersburgh, till we approached the western waters, was through a country, mountainous and dreary, almost beyond description. In crossing this vast range of mountains, the traveller, once in the course of several miles, passes a single solitary hut, which is always an inn, and the accommodations for travellers are consequently indifferent. The only places we passed through

* *This error is corrected in the last edition of Mr. Morse's work.*

through in a diſtance of upwards of 100 miles, deſerving the name even of villages, are M'Connelſville, Bedford, and Berlin. On another road a few miles north of that by which we came, commonly called the Glade Road, the valleys between the different ridges of the mountains are, however, fertile and well inhabited. The country on and beyond the Youghiegany and Monongahela rivers, is generally fertile, and advancing in population with aſtoniſhing celerity.

We were now in the very centre of the territory of ſedition. The country trembled around us, and the late inſurgent inhabitants were as humble and ſubmiſſive as they had been inſolent and daring before the army appeared. David Bradford, whoſe abilities, influence, and exertions, placed him foremoſt on the liſt of rebels, had deſcended the Ohio with a number of his aſſociates, intending to reach the Spaniſh territories; and many more of the fomenters of diſcord were ſeeking their ſafety by flight.

During our ſtay at Waſhington, detachments of cavalry were ordered to ſcour the country, and many of the inſurgents were arreſted.

Nov. 17.

Arrived at Pittſburgh. Pittſburgh, the ſhire of Alleghany county, and great throughfare for the emigrants to the weſtern country, is a large and handſome town, 320 miles weſt of Philadelphia. It is almoſt ſurrounded by high hills, at the feet of which flow the large and beautiful rivers Allegany and Monongahela, and uniting their waters, form the celebrated Ohio, which flows to the northweſt, changing its courſe after ſome miles to the ſouthweſt, and fully juſtifies the aſſertion of Mr. Morſe, who, in the firſt edition of his Geography, ſtyles it "The moſt beautiful river on earth." The town is chiefly built upon the bank of the Monongahela. A little back of the town is a beautiful eminence, called Grant's Hill, where the citizens of Pittſburgh

and

and its vicinity annually assemble to commemorate the anniversary of American Independence.*

Since crossing the Delaware river, which is the boundary between the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, we had marched 380 miles, crossed six large rivers, and the most stupendous mountains in North America, the whole distance within the limits of Pennsylvania.

The whole of the Federal Army was now at this place, except about 1500, who were left at Washington —The number now at Pittsburgh was calculated at 12 or 13,000. Of this number 12 or 1500 were to be enlisted for six months, to continue in this country under the command of Gen. Morgan, and the remainder immediately discharged.

From *Nov.* 19, to 24.

In the course of these five days, by far the greatest part of the militia army left Pittsburgh, on their return homewards. In consequence of the departure of M'Pherson's battalion, our detachment came under the command of Col. Butler, commandant of the garrison of Fort Fayette.

Those who had been principally concerned in the rebellion, and who did not choose to abandon their country, were now generally secured; and the professions of repentance, in the deluded inhabitants at large, had the appearance of sincerity. In order, however, to preclude the possibility of a renewal of the unhappy scenes that had lately distracted this country, the commander in chief, General Lee, continued at Pittsburgh, and was employed in organizing a body of 1500 men, to be commanded by General Morgan, who established his

* Mr. BRACKENRIDGE *introduces his oration on the 4th of July, 1795, with the following elegant and descriptive apostrophe*:—"Once more, O Hill, we visit thee, to celebrate our Independence! And why choose thee as proper ground, green hill? Because thy brow is lofty; thou affordest a pleasant prospect, and overlookest the plains below, and the rivers at a distance."

his head quarters on the Monongahela, a few miles from Pittſburgh, for the purpoſe of enforcing an exact obedience to government.

Nov. 26.

General Lee left Pittſburgh on his return to Virginia.

Dec. 4.

This day I experienced an almoſt miraculous and truly providential eſcape from drowning. Croſſing the Monongahela (which appears to be as wide here as Connecticut river is at Springfield) in a canoe with two of my fellow ſoldiers, B. Dodge and D. Ward, both natives of Maſſachuſetts, we were overſet in the middle of the ſtream. I am totally ignorant of the art of ſwimming—and had it been otherwiſe, and I had attempted to reach the ſhore, the water was ſo extremely cold that my career muſt ſoon have been ſtopped. By the humane exertions of Dodge, who was a perfect ſwimmer, I was enabled to place myſelf on the bottom of the canoe, after having been ſome time under water, In this ſituation we continued to float down the ſtream, almoſt frozen, till a ferry boat came and took us up, when we were almoſt at the mouth of the Allegany, which if we had entered, the rapidity of the current is ſuch, that in all probability, inevitable deſtruction muſt immediataly have enſued. We all finally got ſafe on ſhore.

Having been heretofore, ſeveral times relieved from ſituations equally dangerous, when the wand of death appeared to be ſuſpended over me, like the ſword over the head of Damocles, by a ſingle hair, I think I can vindicate the doctrine of a ſuperintending providence, not only by reaſon, and revelation, but by my own perſonal experience.

Dec. 12.

Preparations were made for deſcending the Ohio.

Dec. 14.

Fifty federal troops arrived from Philadelphia.

Dec. 18.

The firſt detachment of Capt. Lyman's command, conſiſting of 45 men, under Lt. Biſſel, embarked for Fort Waſhington.

Dec.

Dec. 20.

Left Pittſburgh about ſunſet—ſailed all night—paſſed Logſtown, a ſmall ſettlement, 18 miles below Pittſburgh—paſſed Legionville, an uninhabited old cantonment on the Indian ſhore, where the army wintered the firſt year Gen. Wayne had the command (1792)—paſſed the mouth of Big Beaver Creek, 29 miles below Pittſburgh, where there is a ſmall block houſe and a ſerjeant's command.

A ſevere ſnow ſtorm, which commenced yeſterday, continued this day and night with unabated violence. The river was extremely high, and the current conſequently very rapid.

Dec. 21.

Early this morning we paſſed the ſettlement of Georgetown, on the ſoutheaſtern ſhore, 40 miles, and Little Beaver Creek, 42 miles, below Pittſburgh.

Continued conſtantly to deſcend the river, which is very irregular in its courſe, (though its general courſe from Pittſburgh to the Miſſiſſippi approaches nearer to the ſouthweſt than any other point) and the country along its banks hilly, and but thinly inhabited. We ſometimes ſaw a ſmall hut or two, and ſome appearances of cultivation, particularly on the Virginia or ſoutheaſtern ſide.

In the afternoon we accidentally ſtruck upon an enormous log, which projected from the mouth of a creek on the weſtern ſhore, and after ſeveral ineffectual exertions to diſlodge our boat, were obliged to call for help, and ſome countrymen came to our aſſiſtance from the Virginia ſide in canoes, and carried the greateſt part of our men on ſhore, thereby lightening the boat, and enabling us to get clear of our diſagreeable ſituation, and continue our voyage.

Cloudy and cold, and part of the day ſtormy.

This day we paſſed Yellow Creek, Croſs Creek, Short Creek, &c. alſo the plantation of Mingſtown, or Mingo Bottom, 29 miles below Georgetown. Early in the evening we ſtopped at Buffaloe Creek, on the Virginia ſhore, where there is a conſiderable ſettlement, 84

miles

miles from Pittſburgh. Deſcended to Whelen, where we arrived about midnight.

Dec. 22.

In the evening we were driven upon a ſmall iſland, which was overflowed, and where the current ran with amazing rapidity. Our beſt exertions to diſlodge the boat, for nearly an hour, were ineffectual. Here our ſituation was dreadful—Aground on an iſland juſt covered with water, in the middle of a broad and deep river, and entangled in a thicket of buſhwood; the rapid current, and the ſtormy weather, threatening a diſſolution of our veſſel, and conſequently certain deſtruction to ourſelves, being deſtitute of a canoe, and without any apparent poſſibility of eſcaping. When we had almoſt concluded to give up the point, and content ourſelves at leaſt for the night, Capt. Lyman ordered another ſpirited exertion, which fortunately proved ſucceſsful, and we arrived at Marietta, without any farther obſtruction, at 2 o'clock at night.

This day I landed, and travelled ſome diſtance, both on the Virginia and Indian ſhores. The country along the Ohio is a very rich ſoil, and abounds in pleaſant ſituations; alternately a level bottom on one ſhore, and hilly on the other; in ſome parts hilly, in others level, on both ſhores. There are many ſmall iſlands, and ſeveral large ones, in the river.

This day we paſſed the mouth of Grave Creek, on the Virginia ſhore, and ſeveral ſmaller creeks on both ſhores. In the night we paſſed the mouth of Little Muſkingum, and Duck Creek, near Marietta. In the forenoon we paſſed ſeveral ſmall ſettlements, and ſcattering houſes. From Martin's Station to Marietta, a diſtance of fifty miles, there are no inhabitants on either ſhore.

MARIETTA, *Dec.* 23.

This is a large ſettlement, 200 miles by the courſe of the river, and about half that diſtance in a direct line, from Pittſburgh, pleaſantly ſituated on the point of land formed by the confluence of the Ohio and Muſkingum rivers, and inhabited by emigrants from the New

England States. About half a mile back from the waterſide, there is an artificial mound, an intrenchment, a deep ditch, and other appearances which indicate the ruins of an ancient fortification.

Dec. 25.

Sailed from Marietta in the evening. Paſſed the ſettlements of Bellipree on the territorial ſide, and Bellville in Virginia.

Dec. 26.

Continued to deſcend the river. How far we ſailed this day it was impoſſible to aſcertain, as we did not paſs a ſingle ſettlement; probably 40 or 50 miles. The country along the Ohio is much more level below than above Marietta. Hills, in many places, appear at a diſtance back. Pleaſant natural ſituations, and a luxuriantly fertile ſoil, particularly diſtinguiſh this part of the weſtern country.

In the night we paſſed the mouth of the Great Kanahwa river, which riſes in North Carolina, flows through Virginia, and enters the Ohio four miles above Galliopolis. At this place there is a ſettlement, called Point Pleaſant. Paſſed Galliopolis, a French ſettlement on the territorial ſhore, 100 miles below Marietta.

Dec. 27.

This day we ſaw no ſettlement, nor even a hut, to my recollection.

A heavy head wind, which ſprung up in the forenoon, occaſioned our landing on the Indian ſhore, where we built fires, and continued ſeveral hours. Reembarked. Juſt at night we paſſed Sandy River, the boundary betwixt Virginia and Kentucky.

Dec. 28.

In the morning we paſſed a ſettlement of 30 or 40 houſes, or rather huts, 20 miles above Limeſtone, on the Kentucky ſhore. Paſſed a beautiful plantation of 50 or 60 houſes, on the territorial ſhore, called the *Three Iſlands*, from that number of contiguous iſlands in the river, on one of which corn had been planted the laſt ſeaſon, and which appeared like a cultivated field, for a mile or two in length.

Arrived

Arrived at Limeſtone, Kentucky. This place has been thus noticed by Capt. Newman, who was ſlain on the fourth of November, 1791 : " The land about it is luxuriantly fertile, and the town is happily ſituated; but the houſes, for ſo old a ſettlement, are contemptibly mean and badly built. Moſt of the people are poor and lazy, and the ſtreets abominably filthy and dirty, owing to their hogſties being contiguous to them, and from lazineſs, or ſome other reaſon incomprehenſible to me, their ſuffering the filth and excrements to run into the ſtreets."

Limeſtone is between 60 and 70 miles above Fort Waſhington.

Dec. 29.

Paſſed ſeveral ſcattering plantations. Paſſed the ſettlement of Columbia, at the mouth of the Little Miami river, 7 miles above Fort Waſhington. Arrived and landed at CINCINNATI.

The town of Cincinnati is 500 miles (by the courſe of the Ohio) below Pittſburgh, and contends with the city of Marietta for the honor of being the metropolis of the territory of the United States northweſt of the Ohio. From its more central ſituation, it will probably become the chief ſeat of government. A regular mail is already eſtabliſhed, and conveyed in packet boats, between this place and Pittſburgh. Fort Waſhington is ſituated on an elevated eminence, a quarter of a mile back of the town, and commands a complete proſpect of the town and river, of the entrance of Licking river on the oppoſite ſhore, and the adjacent ſettlement of Newport in Kentucky. *Dec.* 31.

The late ſplendid ſucceſſes of the army under General Wayne, on the northweſtern frontiers, and of the volunteers of Kentucky and Tenneſſee, at the ſouthward, augur a ſpeedy peace with all the hoſtile tribes of Indians, although negociations have not yet commenced for that purpoſe.

FORT WASHINGTON, *Jan.* 8, 1795.

Intelligence was this day received that a number of Indian chiefs were at Gen. Wayne's headquarters,

(Greenville,

(Greenville, 80 miles north of this place) with propoſals for a treaty of peace.

Jan. 9.

The climate of the country on the weſtern waters is extremely different from that of the northern ſtates; particularly in the winter ſeaſon. Much ſnow frequently falls, but it almoſt immediately melts, and the roads, and ſtreets of any town or village, are rendered exceſſively muddy. The ſurface of the earth is frozen but a few days in the courſe of the winter; and *ſleighing*, one of the moſt pleaſurable and healthy exerciſes and diverſions, as well as one of the moſt eaſy and uſeful methods of travelling and tranſportation, peculiar to northern climates, is entirely unknown here. Conſequently, the climate and travelling are (at leaſt in my opinion) much more uncomfortable, diſagreeable, and perhaps unhealthy, than the more ſevere weather, and the hard ſleigh paths, of New England.

Jan. 31.

The following articles are extracted from the CENTINEL *of the* NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY, a newſpaper publiſhed in Cincinnati:—"We are happy to announce to the public, that the Indians have brought into Greenville a woman, whom they took priſoner out of Kentucky, about eighteen months ago; and that a treaty is to be held with them in June next at Greenville.

We are alſo informed by a gentleman from Kentucky, that the Southern Indians have ſent in propoſals to treat."

Feb. 7.

Mr. Iſaac Mills, from Northbend, at the mouth of the Great Miami, 25 miles below this place, informs that the Indians have lately killed two men, of the names of Benjamin Cox and Thomas Walker, near that ſettlement.

Feb. 21.

"We are informed that the Indians killed one or two men, and wounded ſeveral, on or about the 17th inſt. ſeven miles beyond Fort Hamilton."

FORT

FORT HAMILTON, *Feb.* 25.

Remarks on the country between Forts Washington *and* Hamilton.

There are a considerable number of houses, or such buildings as, in old settlements, are called *log huts*, between Washington and Hamilton. From the first settlement of America, it has been an invariable practice on the frontiers, for several families to associate together, and build a number of huts, generally in the form of a square, in order to provide for their greater security against the savages. Settlements of this description, on the western waters, are called *stations*, and are generally designated by the name of the principal proprietor, or first projector. Some of these stations resemble small garrisons, being inclosed with palisadoes.

The land between Forts Washington and Hamilton is good, and for the most part level; in other places gently ascending and descending. We passed no hills of any consequence.

Fort Hamilton is 25 miles from Cincinnati. It is beautifully situated on the eastern bank of the Great Miami river, which falls into the Ohio 45 miles below. There are several families in and near the garrison, and two or three *stations* at about a mile's distance. It is the most western settlement in this part of the territory. A town has lately been laid out here, which is called Fairfield. It bids fair, in case of a termination of the Indian war, to become a place of considerable consequence.

March 11.

Arrived at Greenville, after having been eight days and nights in the wilderness, without seeing the habitation of any human being, civilized or savage, though the distance was but 50 or 55 miles. Being ordered, with a small escort, to guard a large number of waggons, and various circumstances occurring to retard our progress, particularly the necessity of opening a new road for a considerable part of the way, our march was uncommonly slow. Part of the time it was stormy, and most of the time cold; we had snow and rain alternate-

(Greenville, 80 miles north of this place) with propoſals for a treaty of peace.

Jan. 9.

The climate of the country on the weſtern waters is extremely different from that of the northern ſtates; particularly in the winter ſeaſon. Much ſnow frequently falls, but it almoſt immediately melts, and the roads, and ſtreets of any town or village, are rendered exceſſively muddy. The ſurface of the earth is frozen but a few days in the courſe of the winter; and *ſleighing*, one of the moſt pleaſurable and healthy exerciſes and diverſions, as well as one of the moſt eaſy and uſeful methods of travelling and tranſportation, peculiar to northern climates, is entirely unknown here. Conſequently, the climate and travelling are (at leaſt in my opinion) much more uncomfortable, diſagreeable, and perhaps unhealthy, than the more ſevere weather, and the hard ſleigh paths, of New England.

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The land between Forts Waſhington and Hamilton is good, and for the moſt part level; in other places gently aſcending and deſcending. We paſſed no hills of any conſequence.

Fort Hamilton is 25 miles from Cincinnati. It is beautifully ſituated on the eaſtern bank of the Great Miami river, which falls into the Ohio 45 miles below. There are ſeveral families in and near the garriſon, and two or three *ſtations* at about a mile's diſtance. It is the moſt weſtern ſettlement in this part of the territory. A town has lately been laid out here, which is called Fairfield. It bids fair, in caſe of a termination of the Indian war, to become a place of conſiderable conſequence.

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Arrived at Greenville, after having been eight days and nights in the wilderneſs, without ſeeing the habitation of any human being, civilized or ſavage, though the diſtance was but 50 or 55 miles. Being ordered, with a ſmall eſcort, to guard a large number of waggons, and various circumſtances occurring to retard our progreſs, particularly the neceſſity of opening a new road for a conſiderable part of the way, our march was uncommonly ſlow. Part of the time it was ſtormy, and moſt of the time cold; we had ſnow and rain alternate-

ly. We were deſtitute of tents; our bed was the earth, and our canopy the heavens. At night we were under continual apprehenſions from the high winds, which loudly threatened to tumble the trees of the foreſt upon us. And theſe were not the only apprehenſions we were under. From a variety of circumſtances which we daily obſerved, it was evident that parties of Indians continually hovered around us; and this conjecture was placed beyond doubt, by an attack upon a ſoldier who was hunting near Fort St. Clair, when we were at no great diſtance from that place. The ſoldier was wounded, but made his eſcape. We experienced frequent alarms, and reſtleſs nights. And in addition to all our other difficulties, we were two days without proviſions.

Remarks on the country between Fort Hamilton *and* Greenville.

It is generally level, and a rich ſoil, interſected by numerous brooks and rivulets, which are here called *creeks* and *runs*. It is well timbered with beach, maple, aſh, oak, hickory and other kinds of walnut, ſycamore, &c. Some of the ſycamore trees are enormouſly large.

The cantonment of Greenville was built by Gen. Wayne, in the autumn of 1793, and has ſince been the headquarters of the army. It is ſituated on the ſouthweſt branch of the Great Miami. It conſiſts of two rows of huts, built in the form of a ſquare, and is about a mile in circumference. It has a citadel, blockhouſes, and baſtions, and is ſurrounded with a paliſade, exterior to which there is a circular chain of redoubts. It is 25 miles from Fort Recovery, which is ſituated on the ſpot where Gen. St. Clair was defeated. I calculate its diſtance from Boſton, by the route I came, at above 1300 miles; but a road through the wilderneſs to Pittſburgh, which is in contemplation, will reduce it to leſs than 1000.

There are no inhabitants but the military, and the ſutlers of the army.

March 20.

On the 6th inſt. the Indians killed a man in the village of Northbend, and on the following evening ſtole

eight

eight horſes from that place. The next morning Lieut. Celadon Symmes, with a party of 27 men, purſued them—followed them about 60 miles and retook the horſes; but unfortunately the Indians, diſcovering his party, made their eſcape.

May 1.

The whole number of troops in the cantonment is now calculated at 11 or 1200.

May 5.

This afternoon I took a walk, accompanied by two of my fellow ſoldiers, into the woods weſt of the cantonment. In the courſe of our perambulations, we obſerved and accurately examined a huge ſycamore tree, which, at a few inches from the ground, meaſured between 40 and 50 feet in circumference. From this enormous trunk proceeded ſeven conſiderable branches, four of which would be called large trees in the northern ſtates.

If a perſon could be removed in his ſleep from the populous ſhores of the Atlantic to the weſtern wilderneſs, at this blooming ſeaſon, he would, on waking, almoſt fancy himſelf in the midſt of a terreſtrial paradiſe. Murmuring rills, and gentle caſcades; an exuberant variety of herbs, plants, and flowers, fragrant and beautiful beyond deſcription; the wild plumb, and many other trees, blooming in all the pride of nature; the melodious notes of innumerable feathered ſongſters: In ſhort, all thoſe beauties of nature, which regale the ſenſes, delight the eye, or charm the ear, conſpire to render the ſcene delightfully enchanting. In theſe ſweet retreats and *philoſophic* ſhades, a contemplative and poetic genius might almoſt realize another golden age.

The prairie adjacent to the encampment was now covered with verdure, and exhibited a proſpect luxuriantly beautiful.

May 13.

Two Indians came into camp this day, bringing with them ſix of our people, two of them young women, whom they had taken priſoners in the courſe of the war. They informed that all the priſoners would be brought

brought in at the time appointed for holding the treaty; and that the diſpoſition for peace, which had for ſome time exiſted in the late hoſtile tribes, had not in the leaſt abated.

June 8.

An expreſs arrived this morning, with information that ſome packhorſemen were attacked yeſterday, near Fort St. Clair, by Indians, or perſons appearing to be Indians, and that one man was mortally wounded, and nine horſes taken:—That the packet boat aſcending the Ohio from Cincinnati to Marietta, had been attacked, and two or three men killed:—And that a man had lately been killed near Marietta.

June 11.

On the 3d and 6th inſt. parties of Indians had arrived to attend the treaty. Thirty arrived this day. They were ſaluted with a diſcharge of artillery, which they anſwered with their rifles. One of the chiefs bore a white flag, the emblem of peace.

GREENVILLE, Monday, *June* 15, 1795.

This being the day appointed for the commencement of the treaty intended to be held between the United States of America, and the hoſtile tribes of Indians northweſt of the Ohio, the auſpicious morning was diſtinguiſhed by a diſcharge of 15 cannon, and the diſplay of a large and beautiful new flag, at the head of an elegant flagſtaff lately erected in the citadel.

June 16.

A party of Indians arrived. They announced their approach by diſcharging their rifles at ſome diſtance from camp. They bore a ſtriped flag, nearly reſembling that of the United States.

The treaty was opened in form this afternoon. A diſcharge of three guns was the ſignal for the chiefs to repair to the council houſe.

June 23.

Parties of Indians have arrived, daily, ſince the 18th inſtant.

June 24.

Capt. Sparks, with a detachment of 200 recruits, arrived this day.

Accounts

Accounts were received from Kentucky that the Indians had lately been troubleſome in that quarter. Eight perſons, travelling through the wilderneſs from Virginia to Kentucky, had been attacked, and four of the party killed. A white lad, who had been a priſoner with the ſavages, and was retaken in a late ſkirmiſh, aſſerted that the Shawanoes would not make peace.

This afternoon an alarming accident happened. The elaboratory in the citadel, near the general's quarters, took fire; and the immediate conſequence was an exploſion of a conſiderable quantity of powder, in cartridges, fire works, and loaded muſkets. Happily the flames were ſoon extinguiſhed, and the fatal conſequences which muſt have enſued, had they communicated to the magazine, avoided. But the alarm which it naturally occaſioned, the fears for the ſafety of the magazine, and the preſence of ſo many Indians, a circumſtance which, in the moment of confuſion, might poſſibly induce a ſuſpicion of treachery, produced an order for the troops to ſtand to their arms and man the works. The commander in chief rode round the lines, and appeared to be highly pleaſed with the ſpirit of the troops, and the formidable poſture of defence which the cantonment exhibited on the occaſion. Indeed the appearance of the garriſon was ſuch as muſt have ſtruck terror into the heart of any enemy whatever.

The Indians, on their part, were not leſs alarmed than we were. They left the camp in confuſion. Many of them hid themſelves in the woods, and were not eaſily perſuaded to return.

June 26.

Nothing of conſequence has yet been done reſpecting the treaty. The number of Indians that have arrived, though the amount is 5 or 600, including ſquaws, children, &c. is not equal to our expectations. But very few of the Shawanoes have yet appeared.

July 7.

The following is a liſt of the number of emigrants through the wilderneſs to Kentucky, from the 1ſt of January

January to the first of June. January, 72. February, 88. March, 365. April, 1218. May, 717. Total 2460.

July 8.

Orders are issued for the officers to keep a watchful eye upon all suspicious persons, and particularly upon any who may attempt to come into the cantonment from any of the British ports or garrisons, and report such persons to the commander in chief. On these orders I shall make the following comment. The British have been the principal fomenters of, and have clandestinely assisted in carrying on, the Indian war. They are, at this time, beyond a doubt, exerting their influence to prevent the intended treaty's taking place; and have, in all probability, obtained an ascendency in the councils of the Shawanoes. There is also reason to suspect that they have emmissaries now in our camp.

July 23.

Some murders have lately been committed by the Seneca Indians, on the head waters of the Allegany river, in Pennsylvania. It appears that the United States are likely to be involved in hostilities with that tribe, by the imprudent and barbarous conduct of some frontier citizens of Pennsylvania, who lately fired on a canoe ascending the Allegany, in which was an Indian and a Squaw, and killed or wounded both of them. No wonder that the Senecas retaliate.

It is said that the Creeks have very recently manifested a disposition to establish "a firm and lasting peace" with the United States.

Blue Jacket, and a number of other chiefs and warriors of the Shawanoe nation, have at length arrived. Deputations from all the late hostile tribes north of the Ohio, are, consequently, now at this place. The treaty business has hitherto been conducted with the greatest harmony and good understanding.

July 26.

The treaty goes on with alacrity and harmony. Particulars have not transpired. It is said the Indians have insisted on the privilege of hunting on all the lands which they are to cede to the United States, which has been granted them.

The

The eſtabliſhment of the boundaries between us and the Indians, is now the ſubject of diſcuſſion.

July 28.

This day I made an excurſion into the wilderneſs, as was my almoſt daily cuſtom during my ſtay at Greenville, to exerciſe myſelf by walking, and make ſome obſervations on the beauties of nature. Wandering beyond my uſual limits, I came upon a beautiful prairie, about half a mile in breadth, and many miles in length. A party of ſixty ſoldiers, employed in making hay, had pitched their tents on what is called an *iſland*, which is a ſmall eminence in the prairie, covered with trees and buſhes, and reſembling "the grove of Academus," or perhaps the favorite reſidence of ſome of the imaginary ſylvan deities of the Pagan world.

Prairies, adorned by the hand of nature, with all the bloom and verdure of ſummer, preſent to the eye of the beholder, a ſtriking and pleaſing contraſt to the rough and dreary proſpect, which they exhibit during the gloomy reign of winter.

Blackberries, in aſtoniſhing quantities, abound in the charming groves on the margins of the prairies; alſo an abundance of wild plumbs of various ſorts, ſome of which are delectable fruit.

Auguſt 3.

This day the treaty was concluded, and ſigned by General Wayne, on the part of the United States, and the Sachems, Chiefs, and Warriors, of the Wyandot, Delaware, Chipewa, Ottaway, Shawanoe, Miami, Putawatimy, Eel River, Weea, Kickapoo, and Kaſkaſkias, nations or tribes of Indians.

Auguſt 6.

The ſummer, ſo far, has been hotter than was ever known before in this country. At Cincinnati, the mercury of Fahrenheit's thermometer has frequently riſen, in the ſhade, to 95½ degrees; and it has even been as high as 98. Mr. Morſe ſays that the greateſt degree of heat upon record in Philadelphia, in 1789, was 90. The map of that geographer places Cincinnati only one degree ſouth of Philadelphia. It is obvious, conſequently,

conſequently, that the heat of this ſeaſon is unparalleled. Yet it has not been uniformly ſo. We have had ſome uncommonly cold nights.

Auguſt 8.

A ſpirit of prejudice and envy, and conſequent enmity and diſcord, appears to be generally prevalent amongſt the officers of the army. Arreſtations are uncommonly frequent. Several officers have lately been tried and acquitted; and a court martial is to aſſemble tomorrow for the trial of ſeveral others, now under arreſt, on charges of a very ſerious nature.

Mr. Michaut, a celebrated botaniſt, has lately paſſed through Knoxville (Tenneſſee) in purſuit of botanical reſcarches. He is ſaid to have already traverſed the continent of America, from Canada to Florida Point, having previouſly explored great part of Aſia, particularly Perſia and Arabia.

In the month of June, a number of boats of 15 and 20 tons burden, left Knoxville for New Orleans, laden with whiſkey, bar and caſt iron, bacon, lime, and many other articles, the productions of that territory.

Auguſt 20.

This being the firſt anniverſary of the glorious victory obtained by the troops of the United States, over the *late* hoſtile Indians, near Roche de Bout, the day was celebrated by a variety of martial evolutions, exhibiting a *miniature* repreſentation of that celebrated action. I have not room to detail the particulars; and perhaps they would not be thought generally intereſting. Suffice it to obſerve that they diſplayed an exact repreſentation of the novel and ſucceſsful method of fighting the Indians, invented by Gen. WAYNE. The Indians cannot withſtand a regular charge; the bayonet, when wielded by brave and diſciplined troops, irreſiſtibly drives them from their coverts; and when their flanks are gained by regular troops, victory inſtantly declares againſt them.

The melancholy cataſtrophe of the 4th of Nov. 1791, may juſtly be aſcribed to a profound ignorance of this method of warfare.

Auguſt

Auguſt 24.

From the various and contradictory accounts received from the Southern Territory, and the frontiers of Georgia, it is impoſſible to determine, with any degree of accuracy, the real ſituation of that country, with reſpect to its Indian neighbours. Depredations are frequently committed; but there is reaſon to believe that the greateſt part of the Creek and Cherokee nations, are determined on peace with the United States. I indulge the flattering hope that a *univerſal* peace will ſoon ſucceed the late *general* war, with the numerous tribes of Indians on the weſtern and ſouthern frontiers.

Friday, *Sept.* 4.

The Commander in Chief has this day received official information from Philadelphia, that the Preſident of the United States has affixed his ſignature to the treaty of "Amity, Navigation, and Commerce," concluded at London in November laſt, between John Jay, our Ambaſſador Extraordinary, and the Miniſtry of Great Britain.

From a calm review of the great national events, and the more particular and leſs intereſting political circumſtances, that have for ſome years preceded the concluſion of this treaty, as well as from an attentive examination of the treaty itſelf, I am induced to conſider the Preſident's ultimate ſanction of that infamous compact between republicaniſm and royalty, between liberty and ſlavery, between public virtue and political corruption, as an event not only extremely important and momentous, but calamitous, in the higheſt degree, to the country which gave me birth, and ominous to the ſacred cauſe of univerſal liberty.

Sept. 9.

About 70 Indians and Squaws, of the Shawaneſe nation, came into camp this day. This party brought in four priſoners, two of whom, a woman and her ſon, were taken from Randolph county, Virginia, about the 13th of July laſt, while the treaty was negociating at this place, and before the Shawaneſe in general had acceded

ceded to it. Two young girls, children of this woman, were killed at the ſame time. Her huſband was not taken, being abſent at work. The Indians plundered and deſtroyed the houſe.

The ſurrender of theſe priſoners may be conſidered as a freſh proof of the ſincerity of the Shawaneſe. Indeed there is not the leaſt doubt but that the preſent peace will be permanent. The third of Auguſt 1795, will be remembered as an auſpicious day in the hiſtory of Weſtern America.

The depredations of the Senecas, on the frontiers of Pennſylvania, ſeem to have ſubſided. The eſtabliſhment of a poſt at Preſqu'Iſle, on Lake Erie, has probably ſettled that buſineſs.

Sept. 10.

A command of 17 men, under Lieut. Clark, marched this evening, for Cincinnati, from which place they will immediately deſcend the Ohio. It is underſtood that Lieut. Clark is ordered to proceed to the Spaniſh garriſon near Fort Maſſac, and demand of the commandant the reaſons of the eſtabliſhment of that poſt, and by what authority it was eſtabliſhed. It is alſo ſuppoſed that General Wayne has ſent a poſitive order, to the Spaniards to abandon it, and withdraw from the territories of the United States. The reſult of this buſineſs will be intereſting.

Sept. 11.

The Commander in Chief is already making, or at leaſt planning, the neceſſary arrangements to enable the troops of the United States to take poſſeſſion of the ports of Detroit, Michillimackinac, &c. on the 1ſt of June next, agreeably to the terms of the treaty with Great Britain. Large quantities of proviſions are ordered to be contracted for, and will be procured in the courſe of the autumn and enſuing winter, in order to be tranſported up the Miami of the Ohio, and down the Miami of the Lakes, as ſoon as theſe rivers open in the ſpring.

From

From *Sept.* 11. to *Oct.* 4.

Notwithſtanding all my precautions, I was ſeized with a moſt violent intermitting fever, on the 12th of September. On the 15th I was removed to the HOSPITAL IN THE WILDERNESS, *on the margin of a* PRAIRIE, *through which flows a branch of the* MIAMI. For ſeveral ſucceeding days the fever continued to afflict me ſeverely, and four or five days it was attended with ſhort paroxyſms of the ague. According to my invariable practice, I abſtained from ardent ſpirits, but drank freely of wine, which greatly facilitated my recovery. On the 3d of October I was ſo far recovered as to be able to return to camp.

Nearly two thirds of the troops (700 men) have been ſick at one time. General complaint ague and fever. The number of thoſe who have died in the hoſpital, does not exceed twelve or fifteen. Nearly all are now in a convaleſcent ſtate.

Oct. 6.

Information is received that the Spaniards continue their fortifications near the mouth of the Ohio. The inhabitants of Kentucky and this Territory appear to be ſeriouſly affected by this proceeding, which they conſider as an additional obſtruction to the navigation of the Miſſiſſippi.

Accounts from the Southern Territory, ſtate that the inhabitants of that country at length enjoy peace with the Creeks and Cherokees. They do not, however, repoſe in perfect ſecurity, for the Creeks acknowledge their fears that ſome of their "*bad young men*" will yet commit caſual depredations.

A party is to ſet out from Cincinnati, on the 15th inſt. for Pittſburgh, by the way of Chelacothe, on the Little Miami—they will croſs the Scioto at Darby's Town, and the Muſkingum at White Woman's Creek, or Fort Lawrence. The diſtance of that route is computed at about 300 miles, and it is expected a level and pleaſant road may be opened. The reader will recollect that the diſtance between Cincinnati and Pittſburgh, by water, is 500 miles.

October

Oct. 20.

An enumeration of the inhabitants of the Southern Territory is now taking place. Should the number amount to 60,000, and it is thought it will conſiderably exceed it, they will immediately petition Congreſs to be admitted into the union as an independent ſtate.

The population of Kentucky increaſes in a ratio proportionate to that of Tenneſſee. In 1791 the number of inhabitants in that ſtate was about 73,000; it is calculated now at 120,000, at leaſt. 20,000 are ſaid to have emigrated there in 1794.

On this ſide the Ohio, the progreſs of population has been paralized for ſeveral years, by the ſucceſſes and depredations of the Indians, which have been experienced here more ſeverely than in any other quarter. It is ſuppoſed that the number of inhabitants in the North Weſtern Territory, does not, at the preſent period, exceed 8 or 10,000 excluſive of the troops of the United States, and the Indians reſident within its limits. The treaty, however, which has hitherto been ſcrupulouſly obſerved by both parties, will undoubtedly encourage and facilitate emigration to this part of the weſtern country.

Cantonment of GREENVILLE, Friday, *January* 1, 1796.

Reflections on the concluſion of the OLD *and commencement of the* NEW *Year.*

The annual revolution of our mundane ſyſtem around the brilliant orbit of the Sun, has added another year to the annals of time: And the appearance, this morning, of the refulgent orb of day, emerging in radiant glory from the gloomy ſhades of night, announces the commencement of 1796, which will, in all probability, be as eventful an era as the world has witneſſed, ſince the death of the Redeemer of Mankind, and the conſequent promulgation and eſtabliſhment of the divine doctrine of Chriſtianity. The philoſophic obſerver experiences a melancholy kind of ſatisfaction in reviewing the events of the paſt year; and bids adieu to it with

feelings

feelings of regret somewhat similar to those which result from the separation of friends, who have long lived together in habits of the strictest intimacy, and whom the unpropitious and irrevocable laws of fate have doomed to an eternal seclusion from each other. However eccentric an idea of this nature may appear to those who look with perfect indifference on the great events which successively take place on the changing theatre of human affairs, yet I am at this moment conscious of the justice of it, as applicable to myself, notwithstanding the extreme anxiety I feel for the arrival of the happy period which will relieve me from my present disagreeable situation. During the whole of the last year, contentment has been a stranger to my breast. Fortune, that fickle goddess who receives the vows of all mankind, and who successively deceives every individual of the human race, has redoubled her frowns; and every thing has tended to perpetuate that state of infelicity and depression, which seems to have been assigned as my particular lot in life. I have, however, derived considerable consolation from HOPE, from study, and a constant and successful epistolary correspondence with an affectionate brother in Vermont. Those only, who have been at a great distance from their native country, and have been at the same time depressed by the frowns of fortune, and secluded from agreeable society, are capable of justly appreciating the exquisite pleasure and satisfaction, resulting from the perusal of letters from the companions of their infantile years. With what transport, mingled with a degree of fear, lest it should prove the harbinger of unfortunate tidings, do I receive the precious gift! With what anxious emotions, and pleasing anticipations, do I break the seal! With what animating sentiments does the feeling heart dilate, with what exquisite and rapturous sensations does the soul of sensibility expand, when it is informed of the health, welfare, and happiness, of distant friends!

In a political point of view, the past year has been extremely important. In Europe, the arms of liberty have continued triumphant. The conquest of the United

Netherlands by the French, has added a brilliant column to the riſing edifice of Freedom. The treaties between the French Republic, and the monarchies of Pruſſia and Spain, concluded in the intoxicating moment of victory, have evinced to the world that the Gallic Republicans, even amidſt the ſplendor of the moſt brilliant ſucceſſes, are averſe to the horrors of war, and generous, in an unparalleled degree, to conquered enemies. The eſtabliſhment of their new conſtitution, an illuſtrious monument of human wiſdom, completes the glory of their character, as ſoldiers, as citizens, and enlightened legiſlators. The prevalence of moderate counſels conſolidates the republic, and renders it equally ſuperior to the arms of deſpotiſm, the oblique ſhafts of national calumny, and the impious intrigues of inteſtine traitors. The increaſing diſaffection of the people of Great Britain, and Ireland, to their infernal government, whilſt it is productive of ſcenes which affect, in a very ſenſible manner, the philanthropic heart, and from the contemplation of which humanity recedes with horror, yet affords a well grounded hope, that the Supreme Arbiter of the Univerſe, in the order of his divine providence, will ſhortly extend the ineſtimable bleſſings of peace and freedom to that afflicted and oppreſſed people. In fine, the preſent ſtate of European politics appears highly favorable to the progreſs of the eternal principles of republicaniſm and true religion, although we do not behold a proſpect of the immediate conſummation of a general peace.

An unfortunate alliance with the haughty tyrant and venal miniſtry of Great Britain, has diſgraced the annals of our own country, and deſervedly excited the indignation of the republican citizens of the United States. The repreſentatives of the people are now in ſeſſion, and there is every reaſon to expect from them a diſplay of that firmneſs, wiſdom, and reſiſtance to oppreſſive and unconſtitutional meaſures, which ought diſtinguiſhingly to characterize the American councils. The concluſion of an advantageous, and in all probability a permanent peace, with all the Indian nations

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from north to ſouth, an event to which I have been a witneſs, has already been, and will undoubtedly continue to be, productive of the happieſt conſequences to the preſent generation and to poſterity.

In fine, the preſent proſpect of affairs, both foreign and domeſtic, authorizes the pleaſing anticipation of events highly favorable to the progreſs of liberty, univerſal peace, and the genuine principles of Chriſtianity. That this may be the happy effect of the political convulſions which now agitate the various nations of the earth;—that the empire of reaſon, philoſophy, religion, and liberty, may ſpeedily pervade the whole univerſe—is the firſt wiſh of my heart.

March 12.

Although it is impoſſible for me to indulge the moſt diſtant idea of approving the late and preſent politics of HAMILTON and JAY,—and though I am infinitely more attached to the republican ſimplicity, and patriotic dignity of ſentiment, which diſtinguiſhes the political characters of JEFFERSON and MADISON: Yet I cannot forget that the former, as well as the latter, in thoſe glorious times which have been emphatically celebrated as "*trying the ſouls of men*," were diſtinguiſhed for their patriotiſm, their apparently diſintereſted attachment, to the cauſe of liberty, and their intrepid and arduous exertions to promote the ultimate accompliſhment of the important object for which America ſo glorioufly contended. The love of power, and a natural inclination to ariſtocracy, ſeems to be, in ſome degree, inherent in the human mind; and thoſe whoſe ſuperior attainments induce them to exaggerate their own merits, and conſequently to look down upon the more ignorant and leſs favored part of mankind with unmerited contempt, are the moſt eaſily corrupted by its faſcinating influence. To cauſes and effects of this nature, and not an uncommon depravity of heart, far leſs the allurements of Britiſh bribery, I am inclined to attribute that apparent apoſtacy in political ſentiments, which is ſo conſpicuouſly obſervable in two, among others, of our greateſt citizens, whoſe abilities are really ſplendid, and whoſe ſervices have been highly meritorious. And

And although ſome of the moſt important tranſactions in the late adminiſtration of WASHINGTON, are far from being congenial with my wiſhes, or agreeable to my political opinions; yet I cordially deteſt that ungenerous and prejudicial ſpirit, which would repreſent the motives that have influenced this illuſtrious republican to the adoption of ſome late unpopular meaſures, to flow from the ſame ſource, or partake of the ſame nature, with thoſe which produced the infamous prodigality of *Sardanapulus*, the lawleſs and guilty ambition of *Alexander*, and the barbarous pride, unfeeling cruelty, and infernal deſpotiſm, of *Nero!*

April 4.

Recent accounts from the ſeat of government announce that the treaty with Great Britain is under conſideration in the Houſe of Repreſentatives.

A treaty has been concluded with Spain, and has received the ſanction of the Senate, which ſecures to the United States thoſe important and long deſired commercial advantages, the unreſtrained navigation of the river Miſſiſſippi, and the uſe of New Orleans as a free port to our citizens.

April 8.

On the firſt of March the Preſident iſſued a proclamation, announcing the conſummation of the treaty with Great Britain. It has become, of conſequence, the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND.

The debates in Congreſs from the 1ſt to the 16th of March have been received at this place. They are extremely intereſting. A reſolution for calling on the Preſident for Mr. Jay's inſtructions &c. is under conſideration, and is ſupported by the eloquent Madiſon and other able ſpeakers, and oppoſed by Mr. Smith, (S. C.) and other members of great knowledge and abilities.

April 19.

If the late movements on our political theatre do not ultimately derange the preſent ſyſtem of military operations, the Legion will probably commence its march towards Detroit ſoon.

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The moſt ſtriking and pleaſing conſequence of the *Indian Treaty*, is the rapid progreſſion towards an important ſtate of population, and, conſequently, agricultural and commercial improvement, which this territory has lately exhibited. Settlements are forming at different places on the Great Miami river, to the diſtance of 100 miles from its mouth. At the entrance of *Mad River*, 50 or 60 miles above Fort Hamilton, a town has been incorporated, by the name of DAYTON, in honor of the preſent Speaker of the Houſe of Repreſentatives of the U. States.

As the late *congreſſional* regulations for the ſale of the public lands, are not yet in full operation, no ſettlements, except military ones, have yet been enterprized on this ſide of the Miami. It is probable, however, that in the courſe of two or three years, the road from the Great Miami to Detroit, *via* Forts St. Clair, Jefferſon, Greenville, Recovery, Adams, Wayne, Defiance, and Miami, will be *lined* with inhabitants.

On the 24th of March, the queſtion on Mr. Livingſton's Reſolution for requeſting the Preſident to lay before the Houſe of Repreſentatives, the inſtructions of Mr. Jay, and the other documents relative to the Britiſh Treaty, was ultimately decided, after an animated debate of 17 days duration. Yeas, 62, Noes 37, of whom 22 were from the New England States. Only five members from the ſtates eaſtward of New York, appear in the liſt of *yeas*; and theſe are men who have long been celebrated for the purity and patriotiſm of their political principles. Their names follow—*Mr. Sherburne*, of N. H. *Meſſrs. W. Lyman, Varnum*, and *Dearborn*, of Maſſachuſetts, and *Mr. I Smith*, of Vermont. The repreſentation from New York, on this important queſtion, was equally divided. The States of New Jerſey, Pennſylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina, collectively, exhibited a large majority, and Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, N. Carolina, and Georgia, a unanimous vote, in favor of the reſolution.

A committee was appointed to announce the request of the House to the President. On the 30th the House received his answer, which, after a concise *epitome* of the arguments of the minority in the House, whose sentiments appear to harmonize exactly with his own, and an ingenious display of that accuracy and elegance in composition, which have ever marked his productions, concludes with a declaration that the constitutional duties of his office forbid a compliance with the request of the REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PEOPLE.

May 12.

A convention has been assembled, and a constitution of government adopted, in the S. W. Territory. The inhabitants of that territory, amounting to the number requisite to form a state, have applied to Congress to be admitted into the union, as a constituent member of the federal government, under the denomination of the State of TENNESSEE.

Population continues to advance with surprising celerity in this territory. Probably, in the course of two or three years, the flag of the United States will display *seventeen* stripes and stars in the room of *fifteen*.

May 17.

I have just perused a speech, delivered in the House of Representatives of the U. S. on the 16th of March, by Mr. W. LYMAN, of Massachusetts, which, as a specimen both of *real* eloquence and patriotism, would have done honor to a Cicero. It does not exhibit, like the elaborate orations of a Sedgwick, an Ames, a Buck, a W. Smith, &c. that disgusting volubility of expression which forms an intolerable blemish in the most elegant composition; that haughty, dogmatic, dictatorial style, which those who arrogate to themselves the unmerited appellation of *Federalists*, appear to pride themselves in displaying; that affected attachment to the constitution, to peace and good order, which they are so fond of appropriating to themselves and their party exclusively; and that obvious bias to aristocracy, for which they are so conspicously distinguished. On the contrary, it displays enlightened patriotism, enlarged

ed and elevated political ideas, concise, comprehensive, and energetic reflections, and the most cogent arguments, founded on natural reason, indisputable political facts, and a just construction of the constitution."*

May 18.

The latest papers which have been received are dated April 30. It appears that the resolution moved by Mr. Harper, for carrying into effect the British treaty, was ultimately decided in the committee of the whole of the House of Representatives, on the 29th of April. The committee was equally divided on this momentous question, 49 voting for, and 49 against, the resolution. It consequently devolved upon the chairman to preponderate the scale; which he did in its favor.

The British treaty has agitated the public mind infinitely more than any other political event that has occurred since the organization of the present government; and its progress has been attended with some unprecedented, curious, and singular circumstances. In the Senate it was sanctioned only by the exact number of votes which the constitution required to establish its validity. The President vibrated, for a considerable time, on the propriety of signing it; and was induced to precipitate his decision, according to the statement of Mr. Randolph, at that time Secretary of State, by the intrigues and misrepresentations of Secretaries Pickering and Wolcott, whom Mr. Randolph supposes to have acted in concert with the British Minister. Should it eventually receive the sanction of the House of Representatives, it will only be by a majority of one, or at most two voices. The

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* *Extract of a letter from Mr.* E. THATCHER, *to the author, dated Greenville, Dec.* 10, 1796.

I regret the probability of losing, from our national councils, the meritorious WILLIAM LYMAN. I hope the good citizens of Hampshire district will not be so insensible to their real interests, as to permit that luminous STAR OF PATRIOTISM to retire, at this momentous crisis, from that public station which he has filled with so much dignity and brilliancy.

The foregoing facts, and the extremely critical situation of my country at this eventful period, lead me to some desultory observations and reflections, in stating which I shall endeavour to divest myself of passion and prejudice, and to be influenced only by reason and candour.

That the majority of the Senate eternally disgraced themselves by an attempt to conceal the treaty in question, from the people, untill the President should have decided upon it, is an absolute truth. That a large majority of the people of the United States entertained extremely unfavorable ideas of the treaty, and were warmly opposed to its ratification, at the period of its first promulgation, will hardly be disputed by any intelligent and unprejudiced person. That the largest cities, and many of the largest and most respectable towns, petitioned the President to withhold his signature from it, is certain. That the President, by listening with too much attention to men who were undeserving of his confidence or that of the people, was improperly influenced to hasten its consummation, there is great reason to believe. That a considerable majority of the House of Representatives detest the treaty, and that a majority, perhaps a small one, were once determined to prevent its being carried into effect, the debates and proceedings of that body during the present session, impartially considered in the aggregate, and other circumstances, evidently demonstrate. That a late combination of the merchants in the principal commercial towns of the Union, from New Hampshire to Georgia, has been formed, for the purpose of obtaining, by unjustifiable means, an improper influence in that house, I firmly believe for the following reasons: —About the 20th ult. reports were spread abroad with incredible assiduity, that all the complicated miseries of war, and the total annihilation of our commerce, must be the inevitable consequences of a refusal to carry the treaty into effect—the merchants in Philadelphia assembled, petitioned Congress on the subject, established committees of correspondence—the price of produce

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fell with rapidity—buſineſs ſtagnated—the example was followed in the other commercial places—the dreadful alarm of WAR, THE DESTRUCTION OF COMMERCE, ANARCHY, &c. ſpread, with the rapidity of a comet, and the fury of a devouring torrent, into the country. The favorable moment was ſeized for the exertion of uncommon efforts to procure petitions from various quarters in favor of the treaty. A conſiderable number of petitions, ſigned, by from 100 to 800 names, were accordingly preſented between the 20th and 29th of April, praying that the treaty might be carried into effect without delay. Even the miniſters of the Goſpel lent their aid to the cauſe of Ariſtocracy, and the judgments of heaven were denounced, from the ſacred deſk, againſt the wicked oppoſers of a treaty, the conſummation of which, it was devoutly ſaid, could *alone* enſure the political ſalvation of our country. I reverence the clergy, and their motives, in this inſtance, *have* doubtleſs been juſt.

God grant that the conſequences may not be ſo dreadful as many of our wiſeſt citizens predict. May Divine Providence avert the miſeries of inteſtine war, or of a diſſolution of the union; and realize our moſt ſanguine expectations of future national unanimity, proſperity, and glory.

May 26.

Information is received that the reſolution for carrying into effect the Britiſh treaty, paſſed the Houſe of Repreſentatives on the 30th of April, by a majority of THREE.

May 30.

A ſelect detachment, deſtined, it is underſtood, to proceed immediately to take poſſeſſion of *Detroit*, marched this morning.

June 7.

Major Burbeck, with a company of artillery, and a detachment of 180 infantry, marched this day for Fort Deſiance, at which place this and the other detachments that have already marched are to rendezvous, previouſly to

to taking poſſeſſion of the northern poſts. Col. Hamtramck is to command the whole. But Gen. Wilkinſon will go forward to take poſſeſſion of Detroit in perſon, and afterwards return to this place, which will continue to be the headquarters of the army during ſummer.

It is ſaid that the poſts, of Detroit, Niagara, Oſwego, and Michillimackinac, are ſeverally to be taken poſſeſſion of by our troops, on the 2d of July.

FORT JEFFERSON, *July* 1.

There is only a ſergeant's command now at this poſt. One family reſides within the garriſon, and another without. Conſiderable corn is growing around the fort. An Indian chief, called *Captain Crow*, diſtinguiſhed for his honeſty and ſobriety, has planted, and lives near this place. The ſituation of Fort Jefferſon and its vicinity is very pleaſant.

Evening—FORT ST. CLAIR.

Having obtained my diſcharge from the army, and been favored with a horſe to ride to Fort Waſhington, I left Greenville this morning, and have juſt arrived here, after an indeſcribably diſagreeable and toilſome afternoon, occaſioned by the badneſs of the road, the late rains having rendered the low grounds between Jefferſon and this place one continued ſlough. Was it not for this circumſtance, my journey, though ſolitary, would be far from being diſagreeable. The muſic of the groves is not inharmonious; and the umbrage of the ſtately trees of the foreſt, which overſhadow the road, is at this hot ſeaſon truly delectable. The vaſt number of turkies, ſquirrels, and occaſionally deer and other animals, which appear in every direction, and frequently croſs the road immediately before the traveller, has a very agreeable effect.

FORT HAMILTON, *July* 2.

The vicinity of this place is advancing in population with celerity. The town is named Fairfield. Its ſituation, on the eaſtern bank of the romantic Great Miami river, is exceedingly delightful.

CINCINNATI,

CINCINNATI, Sunday, *July* 3.

The population of this town, the number and elegance of its houſes, the extent and variety of its trade, &c. have greatly increaſed ſince my firſt arrival in this country. It is to be lamented that idleneſs and diſſipation are almoſt univerſal. It is the Sodom of the weſtern country. Divine ſervice is now performing, but the church is but thinly attended, while the taverns are thronged, and exhibit deteſtable ſcenes of riot and drunkenneſs. A man poſſeſſed of the leaſt tincture of morality, muſt wiſh his ſtay here as ſhort as poſſible.

Newport, on the Kentucky ſide, is alſo flouriſhing.

WASHINGTON, (Kentucky,) *July* 5.

I croſſed the Ohio, at Cincinnati, in the afternoon of the day before yeſterday, and took the road, or rather path, along the ridge dividing the waters of Ohio and Licking, and generally from 5 to 10 miles diſtant from the former river. I have travelled on foot through the counties of Campbell and Maſon, about 70 miles, 38 of which is a wilderneſs without a ſingle inhabitant, 18 miles entirely deſtitute of water, and none ſcarcely drinkable for 26. I was not able to reach the ſettlements laſt night, and was conſequently obliged to repoſe on *nature's bed*, almoſt worn out with thirſt and fatigue, and afflicted, beyond expreſſion, by innumerable *gnats*, or muſketoes. After I left the *Flag Springs*, 12 miles from where I entered the wilderneſs, I paſſed ſixteen hours without any thing to drink. It was very hot, and the fatigue of travelling increaſed my thirſt. At night, I ſearched the leaves of the trees and plants, *for a drop of dew to cool my tongue.* But ſcarcely any dew deſcended. "A draught of water would have been nectar to me."*

In ſuch a ſituation, to behold the return of morning, and, from the neighbouring prairies,

"To

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* *Hauſtus aquæ mihi nectar erit.*

OVID, Met. B. VI.

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,"

Was inexpreſſibly delightful. The morn was pleaſant, and about 8 o'clock the *matins* of *briſk chanticleer* announced the vicinity of ſome ſettlement. Soon after I arrived at a beautiful plantation, and after procuring the neceſſary refreſhment of *breakfaſt*, continued my journey 22 miles farther, to this place, through a new but flouriſhing country.

Waſhington is the ſhire of Maſon county, and is one of the moſt pleaſant and pictureſque ſituations I have ſeen in the weſtern country. The adjacent lands are fertile beyond deſcription. Extenſive fields appear in every direction, riſing above each other in amphitheatrical pride and cultivated beauty. I am informed that this beautiful ſpot was, only nine years ago, an impenetrable canebrake. It is now a populous town, and a place of conſiderable buſineſs, while Limeſtone, ſituated four miles diſtant, on the bank of the Ohio, and the moſt ancient ſettlement in this country, has a decaying and ſolitary aſpect.

Weather very dry and hot.—It is now almoſt ſunſet, and Fahrenheit's thermometer ſtands at 86 degrees in the ſhade.

General Wayne paſſed Limeſtone laſt evening, on his way to Greenville.

PRESTON, (Graham's Station,) *July* 7.

This place is ſituated 22 miles above Limeſtone, on the ſame bank of the Ohio, and is a flouriſhing village. The inhabitants lead the rural life in almoſt Arcadian innocence and happineſs. The judge, the ſheriff, and the lawyer, are characters as yet unknown amongſt them. They are induſtrious, peaceable, and contented. After the labours of the day are over, the young people frequently reſort to the village inn, to regale themſelves with the healthy and delightful exerciſe of dancing. On theſe occaſions nothing indecent or pro-

fane

ſane is ſeen or heard amongſt them. The *blacks* are not treated here as ſlaves, but as human beings.

What a theme for the genius of a Virgil, a Milton, a Thomſon, or a Shenſtone! Yet theſe people are KENTUCKIANS!

SKETCH OF A SUMMER PASSAGE UP THE OHIO.

The extremely irregular courſe of the river, and the numerous points and promontories formed thereby, in conſequence of which the aſcending and deſcending boats frequently appear to be plying in the centre of a *large* bay or *ſmall* lake; the number of rivers, creeks, and rivulets, which fall into the Ohio, the great number of pictureſque iſlands, ſome of which are cultivated, others in a ſtate of nature, adorned, on their margins, with beautiful groves of ſmall willows, above which appear majeſtic clumps of ſtately trees, in ſome inſtances riſing almoſt amphitheatrically above each other to the centre; the *azure green* foliage of the willows, forming an agreeable contraſt to, and beautiful ſhade in, the dark verdure of the oaks, ſycamores, &c. which grow upon the banks; the refreſhing breezes which almoſt conſtantly blow, and the cooling umbrage of the trees which overhang the borders of the river, and protect the boats from the ſcorching beams of the Sun; the number of deer and other animals which occaſionally appear along the beaches; the number of fowls, particularly ducks, which are frequently ſeen flying acroſs or ſwimming in the ſtream; and the innumerable ſprings of cool water which iſſue in beautiful little cataracts from the banks of the river—collectively form an indeſcribably beautiful and romantically pictureſque ſcene. Some of theſe ſprings are ſtrongly impregnated with chalybeate and ſulphurous ſubſtances.

In

In ſome of the ſettlements on the banks of the Ohio, the laudable practice prevails, of leaving a row of lofty trees ſtanding near the water, the umbrage of which has a delectable effect, and is extremely refreſhing to paſſengers in this hot ſeaſon. This practice ought to be univerſal. But in ſome places it is not only diſregarded, but the trees are fallen into the ſtream, in conſequence of which, it is obvious, the navigation of the river is greatly obſtructed. This ought to be prohibited by law.

All is ſerene and cloudleſs. Suddenly ſome fleeting clouds caſt a gloomy ſhade over the azure mantle of the ſky. The rumbling thunder is heard at a diſtance. The livid lightning gleam through the circumambient air. The wind riſes. The ſhower deſcends. The gale is in our fayour, the oarſmen exert all their ſtrength, and we aſcend with velocity. We turn a point of land, and it immediately recedes from our view, enveloped in an impenetrable veil of miſt and vapour. Our canvas canopy but feebly reſiſts the fury of the torrent, which threatens our fragile veſſel with a deſtructive inundation.

At length the ſtorm ſubſides. Sheets of miſt ariſe on each ſide from the borders of the river. The clouds diſſipate. Again we behold the cheering rays of Phœbus. Again the ſkies are ſerene, and the air cool and fragrant. Again the feathered warblers chant their melodious notes on every ſpray. Nature appears to have derived new beauty and grandeur from the ſcene of deformity and horror which ſhe lately exhibited.

At night the traveller, retiring to repoſe on the flowery couch of nature, on the bank of this delightful river, enjoys the proſpect of a ſcene which naturally recalls to his mind the following inimitable night piece of Homer, with the addition of the exquiſite effect produced

duced by an innumerable multitude of *fire flies*, ſparkling even to the tops of the trees :

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light;
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumbered gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tip with ſilver every mountain's head;
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe;
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies:
The conſcious ſwains, rejoicing in the ſight,
Eye the blue vault, and bleſs the uſeful light.

ILIAD, B. 8.—POPE'S *Traſlation.*

Arrived at Philadelphia, Auguſt 10, and at Guilford, Auguſt 23, 1796.

APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

General observations on the Soil, Situation, Climate, Natural Productions, Remains of Antiquity, Aboriginal Inhabitants, Progressive Settlement, Present Population, and Future Prospects, of the Extensive Country Westward of the Apalachian Mountains.

I HAVE, in the preceding Journal, imperceptibly anticipated great part of what I had originally designed for this Appendix. Hitherto I can claim, at leaſt, the merit of originality. But, ſince I wrote my journal, I have met with ſome publications which are not generally read in the northern ſtates, and, intermingling with my own obſervations on the weſtern country, ſome from thoſe publications, I have thought it would not be entirely uſeleſs to epitomize the whole in this place.

Situation, Soil, and Climate.] The country weſtward of the Allegany or Apalachian Mountains, belonging to the United States, comprehends—The weſtern counties of New York, Pennſylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia—the ſtates of Kentucky and Tenneſſee—and the Territory N. W. of the Ohio. This extenſive region is bounded, nearly, as follows—North, by the northern boundary line of the United States—Weſt, by the Miſſiſſippi—South, by the ſame river, and the ſouthern part of Georgia*—Eaſt, by the Allegany Mountains. I have travelled in the weſtern parts of Pennſylvania and Virginia, in Kentucky, and

* *The Allegany or Apalachian Mountains terminate in Georgia, about 60 miles ſouth of its northern boundary.* Morse.

and the Weſtern Territory. To theſe parts the following obſervations are to be conſidered as particularly applicable, though they will in general equally apply to Tenneſſee. The N. W. Territory is ſituated between 37 and 50 degrees of north latitude. The State of Kentucky between 36 degrees 30 minutes, and 39 degrees 30 min. N. lat. Tenneſſee is bounded on the ſouth, by the northern boundary of Georgia, which is in N. lat. 35.

The following general remark of an anonymous writer, may ſerve to give an accurate idea of the ſoil of this country. "It has all the variety of ſoil which conduces to pleaſantneſs of ſituation, and lays the foundation for the wealth of an agricultural and manufacturing people." The weſtern counties of Pennſylvania, and Virginia are, generally ſpeaking, very hilly. In Ohio county, Virginia, in July 1796, I paſſed a range of hills which appeared to me to be nearly as high from their baſes, as any of the ridges of the Allegany Mountains. When at the ſummit of theſe hills the traveller beholds, between the different ridges, fertile bottoms of no great extent, watered by creeks, which wind along in beautiful irregular meanders. The extremely crooked courſes of the rivulets, creeks, and larger ſtreams, throughout the weſtern country, have frequently reminded me of that paſſage in Goldſmith's comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," where TONY LUMPKIN invents the word *circumbendibus*, to convey an idea of the extraordinary circuity of his journey. The great road in Ohio county, leading from Wheelen to Philadelphia, croſſes a conſiderable creek thirteen times in the courſe of three miles.

As you deſcend the Ohio from Pittſburgh to Marietta, the country at a ſhort diſtance from the river ſtill appears extremely hilly, with few exceptions. Beyond the hills which appear on the northweſtern ſide, it is ſaid there are extenſive fertile plains. In the Muſkingum country, though the bottoms on the rivers and creeks are fertile beyond deſcription, yet there is a very great proportion of high, barren, broken land. Below the Muſkingum the hills gradually ſubſide into level

bottoms

bottoms of a much greater extent than thoſe above that river. To this general idea of that part of the weſtern country there are, however, numerous exceptions.

Some obſervations on the country between the Great and Little Miami rivers, were publiſhed by JOHN C. SYMMES, Eſq. of New Jerſey (now a Judge in the Weſtern Territory) the primitive purchaſer of that tract, in the autumn of 1787. As I have travelled over the whole tract, I am able to pronounce his account of it ſtrictly accurate. The ſettlement of this purchaſe commenced in 1788, and is now by far the moſt populous part of the North Weſtern Territory. It includes the flouriſhing towns of Cincinnati and Columbia.

Several tracts in the late Territory, now State of *Tenneſſee*, have been particularly noted by travellers, for ſalubrity of climate, excellence of ſoil, beauty of ſituation, and other natural advantages.

The almoſt incredible fertility of the ſoil; the ſalubrious and healthful air which renders the climate ſo temperate and agreeable; the great number of ſalt, medicinal, and limeſtone ſprings; the numerous navigable ſtreams, which, in their courſes to the Ohio and Miſſiſſippi, thoſe ſtupendous receptacles and reſervoirs of aſtoniſhing floods and inexhauſtible fountains, purſue their long and winding courſes through immenſe extents of country, inſulating and peninſulating, as it were, the whole territory; and above all, the exceedingly rapid advancement in population which this country exhibits, occaſioned by the incalculable influx of emigrants from the middle and ſouthern ſtates, and from foreign countries, as well as by natural population; cannot fail to enſure the future fame, grandeur, and conſequence, of this delightful region, and thoſe favored beings whom chance, fortune, inclination, enterpriſe, or neceſſity, may eventually rank amongſt the number of its happy inhabitants.

The weſtern part of America abounds in picturesque ſituations, and beautiful landſcapes. A peruſal of Carver, Imlay, and every other geographer and traveller that

that has written on the ſubject, will abundantly illuſtrate this obſervation.* I ſubjoin a deſcription of my own, which, I think, alſo verifies the aſſertion.

Deſcription of the cantonment of GREENVILLE, *in the Weſtern Territory of the United States, in a letter from the author to a friend in Vermont, dated,*

GREENVILLE, *May* 11, 1796.

YOU have read and heard much, I ſuppoſe, of this weſtern country; and have imagined, perhaps, that the accounts of it which have appeared in New England have been exaggerated. But I aſſure you it is not the caſe, and the country is ſuperior, in moſt points of view, to any written or oral deſcriptions that have been given of it. Nature here appears in pleaſing, not awful, magnitude. Her appearance enraptures, ſoothes, and occaſionally amazes the ſenſes, but does not aſtoniſh and confound them. She is, at this moment, arrayed in an indeſcribably beautiful, and inexpreſſibly variegated garb of verdant beauty. Let me attempt to delineate a rude ſketch of the magnificent ſcenery and charming proſpects which ſurround me.

The cantonment of Greenville is ſituated on a ſmall eminence, approachable on every ſide, by almoſt imperceptible aſcents—80 miles northweſt of Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio, the metropolis of this Territory. To the ſouthward ſpreads a large, extenſive, verdant *prairie*, or natural meadow, covered with graſs and innumerable flowers, without a tree or buſh, as far as the eye can reach, except an occaſional ſmall grove or thicket, which may be compared to a ſmall *iſland* in the midſt of an immenſe *ocean*. The jonquille, the primroſe, the cowſlip, the daiſy, the violet, the hyacinth, and other aromatics, conſpire to beautify the proſpect, and enhance the fragrance of the breezes which

* *See, in particular,* IMLAY'S *deſcription of the Rapids of the Ohio.*

which conſtantly blow on the meadow. A ſpecies of wild onions grow ſpontaneouſly here in incalculable quantities, equally good, though not quite ſo rancid, as the onion of New England; and as palatable ſallads as were ever taſted.

On the weſtern margin of the prairie, under the umbrageous ſhade of ſycamores and other ſtately trees which grow upon its border, gently glides the ſouth-weſt branch of the Miami, a beautiful and placid ſtream, with romantic flowery banks. Boats, laden with proviſions, &c. for the army, frequently aſcend and deſcend it. The wilderneſs, to the weſt, north, and eaſt, is in bloſſom. The magnolia, innumerable wild plumb trees, cherry trees, hawthorns, &c. delight the eye, and regale the olfactory ſenſe with their fragrant odours. In Auguſt the groves will be almoſt of a crimſon colour, with plumbs, cherries, &c. many of which are delicious. Such is the ſcene the weſtern wilderneſs diſplays to the eye of the traveller. Murmuring rills, gentle caſcades, ſtupendous trees, eaſy natural aſcents and declivities, verdant, flowery meadows, where myriads of cattle might be fattened on the bounties of nature—the melodious notes of innumerable feathered warblers—the ſportive gambols of deer and other animals—the frequent echoes of the ſportſman's gun and hounds;—every thing pleaſing, delightful, animating. Was Ovid here, he might almoſt realize that golden age which he has ſo enchantingly ſung.

Climate. As to the climate of the weſtern country, it is temperate, and in general healthy. It would, however, be a contradiction to common ſenſe and univerſal experience, to aſſert that it is equally healthful with more northern climes. The weſtern counties of Pennſylvania, the Muſkingum country, and the hilly parts of Kentucky and Tenneſſee, are probably the moſt healthy regions beyond the mountains. The Miami country is peculiarly ſubject to agues and fevers. As a proof of this, it need only be obſerved that 700 out of 1000 of the troops under Gen. Wayne, were ſick at one

one time in the autumn of 1795. And a friend of mine wrote me from Greenville, Sept. 27, 1796, that the ſickneſs amongſt the troops ſurpaſſed, at that time, that of the former year; inſomuch that, of 350 men, it was with difficulty a guard of 14 only could be relieved. Mr. Morſe's obſervation is ſtrictly true, that "there is but one *ſteady* trait in the character of this climate, and that is, it is *uniformly variable.*" The ſpring of 1796 was later at Greenville than I ever knew that ſeaſon in New England. There is, however, an aſtoniſhing difference between the *climate* on the Ohio, and the *climate* at a diſtance only of 80 or 100 miles from that river, towards the Lakes. As I am no *meteorologiſt*, I preſume not to inveſtigate this ſubject. Extremely hot days, ſucceeded by very cool nights, are common in that quarter. This circumſtance—the great quantities of ſtagnant waters, and the exhalations from them, evils which will be in a great meaſure remedied by population and cultivation, produce annually agues and intermitting fevers. Natives are not ſo ſubject to thoſe diſeaſes as emigrants are. Emigrants from New England are ſure of being attacked by them the firſt autumn of their reſidence there. It will be obſerved that I do not extend this obſervation to the country on the Muſkingum. Of the climate of Tenneſſee, I can ſay nothing from perſonal obſervation; but it is generally ſaid to be healthy.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.] I am incompetent to a diſſertation on this ſubject. I am neither floriſt, botaniſt, ornithologiſt, nor zoologiſt. Suffice it to ſay that the weſtern country may with propriety be ſtyled, in this reſpect, the Garden of North America.

It has been obſerved by every traveller through the weſtern regions, that, in the ſpring and ſummer ſeaſons, "*the wilderneſs buds and bloſſoms as the roſe.*" Filſon takes notice of the beautiful variety of flowers which adorn the valleys and plains, during the greateſt part of the year; and mentions, particularly, the cardinal flower, celebrated for its ſcarlet colour, which he calls the fineſt *crown imperial* in the world. I had noticed the

the abundance and variety of flowers in this country, before I saw Mr. Filson's work. "Here," says that writer, "is also found the tulip bearing laurel tree, or magnolia, which has an extensive smell, and continues to blossom and seed for several months together." Morse says—"The magnolia bears a beautiful blossom of a rich and exquisite fragrance. Such is the variety and beauty of the flowering shrubs and plants which grow spontaneously in this country, that, in the proper season, the wilderness appears in blossom."

Although I pretend not to encroach upon the department of the botanist, yet I cannot omit mentioning a kind of wild onion, for which I have no specific denomination, which grows spontaneously and exuberantly on the banks of some of the branches of the Great Miami. I could discern no material difference in the taste of this and the common onion, except that it is not near so rancid. It makes an exquisite sallad. Indeed there is a great variety of wild sallads, several of which are excellent, even in the uncultivated parts of the western country. Filson mentions, in Kentucky, the Shawanese sallad, wild lettuce, wild peppergrass, &c. While I was at Greenville, deprived, for the greatest part of the time, of the common esculent vegetables, I used to consider these herbs of nature as an inestimable acquisition.

An anonymous writer, quoted by Dr. Morse, has given the following catalogue of the most common and useful trees in the western country—maple, sycamore, black and white mulberry, black and white walnut, butternut, chesnut, white, black, Spanish, and chesnut oaks, hicory, cherry, buckwood or horse chesnut, honey locust, elm, cucumber tree, lynn tree, gum tree, ironwood, ask, aspin, sassafras, crab apple tree, papaw or custard apple, a variety of plumb trees, &c. The papaw is a delicious fruit. A gentleman, who, attempting to cross the wilderness from the Scioto to the Muskingum, was bewildered, and lay out seventeen nights, informed me that he saw extensive and extremely fertile plains, where the prevailing growth was black walnut,

Beach

Beach is plenty in the low lands, back from the rivers. Natural grapes, natural hops, &c. abound in various parts.

I have already had frequent occaſion to mention the abundance of wild game in this country. The herds of deer, and buffalo, are literally innumerable. Filſon ſays he heard a hunter aſſert that he had ſeen above 1000 baffaloes, at one time, at the Blue Licks on Licking river. Although the troops at Greenville hunted daily in the vicinity of that place, yet I have frequently ſtarted deer within half a mile of camp. Wolves are numerous, as are foxes, opoſſums, rabbits, racoons, polecats, ſquirrels, &c. and the waters abound with beavers, minks, otters, and other amphibious animals. We had two tame otters at Greenville; the only domeſticated animals of that kind which I ever ſaw. They were as tame as cats or any other domeſtic creatures; and would roam round the camp in the ſame manner.

Opoſſum. I have frequently eat of the Opoſſum. It is an excellent food. Its fleſh, even when very old, reſembles that of a ſucking pig. Its hair is ſometimes dyed and wove into girdles by the Indian women. This animal is moſt ſingularly diſtinguiſhed from every other part of the creation, by a large pouch in the lower part of the *abdomen* or belly of the female, where her teats are placed, and into which the young, naked, blind, and imperfect, enter as ſoon as they are born; and are there ſheltered and cheriſhed till they are capable of taking care of themſelves. Some conſider this circumſtance as fabulous; but I have been an eye witneſs to the truth of it. The reader will find an accurate deſcription of the *opoſſum* in the Beauties of Creation, p. 72. and in Morſe's American Geography.

Geeſe, turkies, ducks, pheaſants, partridges,* parroquets, woodcocks, owls, hawks, eagles, cranes, and a variety of ſinging birds, abound almoſt univerſally.

Fiſh

* *What is called a partridge by moſt people in America, is a quail; and what is called a pheaſant is a ſpecies of grouſe.* FILSON.

Fiſh of various kinds, of aſtoniſhing bulk, and in incredible quantities, are taken in the Ohio and its numerous branches. Some ſoldiers of the garriſon of Fort Hamilton informed me that catfiſh, weighing ninety pounds, had been caught in the Great Miami. Several ſizeable fiſh, of this kind, jumped into the boat in which I aſcended the Ohio. There are no ſhad or herrings in the weſtern waters.

Many frightful ſtories have been told of ſerpents in the weſtern country; and it is true that rattleſnakes and *copperheads* abound in many places. The inhabitants, however, as well as the Indians, poſſeſs a ſpecific antidote for the bite of thoſe reptiles; but they have not, very frequently, occaſion to make uſe of it.

REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY.] Here too I muſt avail myſelf of the labours of others.

I have juſt mentioned the ruins at Marietta, in my journal. I was inclined, before I ſaw them, to believe that the accounts which had been given of them were exaggerated, and that the artificial mounds of earth, of which ſo much was told, were really natural eminences. But a view of the remains at Marietta, muſt force conviction upon the moſt incredulous mind. I cannot do juſtice to the ſubject, whithout plagiarizing from Dr. Barton's account of thoſe ruins, which I have met with in "The Hiſtory of America, extracted from the American edition of the Encyclopedia," and ſhall therefore refer the reader to that publication.

Many curious attempts have been made to account for the origin of theſe ſtupendous ruins. Speculations of this kind are not only more curious than uſeful, but can never amount to demonſtration. It is ſufficient to know, and that is indiſputable, that the Indians, in their preſent ſtate of ſociety, and with that averſion to labor which at preſent ſeems natural to them, could never have been the authors of works of ſuch magnitude. And an irreſiſtible argument in favor of their great antiquity, is, that the Indians have no kind of tradition reſpecting their origin.

The

The large bones, ſuppoſed to be thoſe of the *Mammoth*, which have been frequently found in the weſtern country, have been mentioned by Jefferſon, Morſe, Filſon, and others. The curious ſepulchres, particularly thoſe near Lexington, have alſo been frequently noticed. The large piles of ſtones which are found in the ſtony parts of the country, alſo deſerve to be mentioned. I ſhall conclude this article with a ſhort deſcription of one of them.

About 18 miles below Greenville, on the point of land where the Stillwater and Southweſt branches of the Great Miami unite their waters, and about 50 miles above the entrance of this confluent branch into the Miami, on a conſiderable eminence, about 12 rods from the bank, at the head of Stillwater falls, is a very large pile of ſtones, about ſix rods in circumference, and ten feet or more, in height. It is grown over with graſs, vegetables, &c. and there are ſome trees almoſt on the very edges. The ſtones are all ſmall, of the ſame kind which are found at the bottom of the adjacent ſtream. It has a very antique appearance, and ſeems to be a uſeleſs monument of uſeleſs labor, as we cannot determine for what purpoſe it was erected. It may poſſibly have been an altar, or a ſepulchral pile; and the era of its erection, from appearances, muſt have been very ancient. Perhaps it has been more than a thouſand years ſtanding.

Aboriginal Inhabitants.] This ſubject has been treated upon by ſo many writers, that it is, indeed, almoſt exhauſted. Some writers, though for the honor of human nature the number of this claſs is ſmall, have degraded the Aborigines below the brutal creation. Others have erred on the other hand. But the majority of the moſt eminent and beſt informed authors, have preſerved a due medium between thoſe extremes, and whilſt they have endeavoured to obviate the unreaſonable prejudices which too generally exiſt againſt the Indians, have alſo exhibited, in their genuine colours, the darker traits in their character.

I have been much pleaſed with a pamphlet now out of print, entitled "Obſervations on the ſituation, diſpoſition, and character, of the Indian natives of this Continent"† publiſhed in Pennſylvania, in 1784. The author ably vindicates the Indian character from that unmerited obloquy and odium which is generally annexed to it. The account which he gives of the unprovoked, preſidious, and cruel maſſacre of the Moravian Indians ſettled on the Muſkingum, by ſome frontier inhabitants of Pennſylvania and Virginia, in 1782, is ſtrikingly intereſting. I have myſelf ſeen an aged Indian matron who was amongſt the few who had the good fortune to ſurvive the horrors of that dreadful cataſtrophe. But I have not room to detail the particulars. Suffice it to ſay, that it will remain an eternal monument of infamy to the perpetrators, whoſe names will be execrated by poſterity, while the fate of the innocent ſufferers will be lamented. Thoſe Indians lived in a truly Chriſtian ſtate of ſociety; they were particularly peaceable and induſtrious; and the maſſacre was univerſal and undiſtinguiſhing.

The anonymous author of the pamphlet I allude to, refers to the following authors and works in favor of the Indians. Neal's Hiſtory of New England—Charlevoix—De las Caſas—Delapoterie—Duprat's Hiſtory of Louiſiana—Hiſtory of the Britiſh dominions in North America—Carver's Travels—Hutchinſon's Hiſtory of Maſſachuſetts—Abbe Clavigero's Hiſtory of Mexico. To theſe we may add—Governor Winthrop's Journal—The authors of the *Mirror* (a periodical paper publiſhed ſeveral years ago at Edinburgh, and lately republiſhed in this country in two duodecimo volumes)—Jefferſon, Franklin, Morſe, Imlay, Filſon,* Belknap, and others. From

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* *As I have frequently quoted* IMLAY *and* FILSON, *and as ſome of my readers perhaps have, or hereafter may peruſe their writings, I think proper to caution them againſt ſeveral geographical errors into which thoſe authors have fallen, I ſhall only notice the following.* FILSON *ſays the Ohio falls into the Miſſiſippi,*

† The author refers to a little work which is now known to have been written by Anthony Benezet.

From an attention to the remarks of ſeveral of the above authors, and from my own obſervations, I have deduced the following epitome of the Indian character.

I ſhall paſs over their dreſs, and warlike equipments, with this obſervation, that they are the beſt markſmen in the world, not only with their peculiar and favorite weapons, the bow and arrow,† but with fire arms. Witneſs the deadly fire upon Gen. St. Clair's army, on the fatal 4th of Nov. 1791.

They are not inferior, perhaps generally ſuperior, to more civilized nations, in point of natural genius. Education only is wanting to produce, amongſt the aborigines of America, painters, poets, mathematicians, philoſophers, &c. to rival thoſe of antiquity. They have a high ſenſe of religion. An Indian, at Greenville, obſerving ſome ſoldiers earneſtly engaged in converſation, and not being able to underſtand them, found means to enquire the ſubject, and on being informed that

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1074 *miles below Pittſburgh:* MORSE, *from undoubted authority, ſays* 1188. FILSON *ſtates the diſtance from Muſkingum to Great Kanahwa to be* 36 *miles; the reader will obſerve, by my journal, that it is* 90 *or* 100. IMLAY, *or his editor, places Fort Waſhington at the mouth of the Muſkingum,* 300 *miles above its real ſituation between the Miamis.*

† *The figure of the bow and arrow is one of their moſt diſtinguiſhed ſignatures to treaties.* "The agreement they (the Naraganſetts) made with us, was put in writing, and the two ambaſſadors ſet their marks, one a bow with an arrow in it, and the other a hand."

Gov. WINTHROP's Journal, P. 75.

A bow and arrow in one hand, and a pipe in the other, is ſaid to intimate to ſtrangers that they have their choice of peace or war. "The Indian chief, Apomatica, holding in one hand a bow and arrow, and in the other a pipe of tobacco, demanded the cauſe of their coming; they made ſigns of peace, and were hoſpitably received."

BELKNAP's *Amer. Biog.* vol. 1. p. 255.

that their converſe had reference to the Supreme Being, he expreſſed the utmoſt degree of reverence, and appeared to be at once engaged in the moſt profound contemplation. The Indians who I have mentioned were ſo wantonly maſſacred at the Muſkingum, lived, not only in the profeſſion, but in the conſtant practice, of all the Chriſtian duties; and exhibited an example, in regard to religion, which is but rarely followed by thoſe who excluſively diſtinguiſh themſelves by the epithet of *civilized*. They believe in the immortality of the ſoul, and carry their belief in this doctrine to a ridiculous though laudable abſurdity, as they aſcribe immortality to animals, birds, and perhaps inanimate things. Addiſon, in one of his Spectators, gives us a beautiful allegory, founded on this tenet of the Indians. And one of the firſt poets* of our own country alludes to it in the following elegant verſe:

By midnight moons, o'er moiſt'ning dews,
In veſtments for the chaſe array'd,
The hunter ſtill the deer purſues,
The hunter and the deer—A SHADE!

Their government, though in ſome inſtances nominally regal, is really republican, and they are extremely tenacious of liberty. Age, and its general concomitants, experience and wiſdom, are their moſt honorable diſtinctions. Order reigns in all their councils. Probity, without ceremony, and hoſpitality, devoid of intereſt, ſtrongly mark their character. They are much more faithful to their engagements than white men in general. Yet how many of our *Chriſtian* neighbours do we daily hear expreſs themſelves in this manner—"There is no dependence to be placed, no confidence repoſed, in the Indians. Treaties with them are uſeleſs and ridiculous. They muſt be extirpated. I ſwear eternal

* Capt. P. FRENEAU. *See his "Lines on viſiting an old Indian Burying Ground."*

eternal enmity to them; and ſhould fortune ever place one of them in my power, *peace* or *war*, death is his doom." Frequently have I heard theſe exclamations from men who would be offended at the aſcription of any other title to themſelves than that of *gentlemen*. Mean, pitiful, contemptible beings! Could your ſelfiſh ſouls be dilated, your narrow minds enlarged, to that exalted degree of benevolence and beneficence which diſtinguiſhes the Indian character, inſtead of being objects of my pity and contempt, you would be entitled to my eſteem and reſpect. But it is not in religion and politics only, that prejudice exerciſes abſolute dominion. Its empire is univerſal, in the human mind.

The unreſtrained indulgence of the moſt violent appetite of nature, is tolerated, amongſt the Indians, in youth of both ſexes. But their chaſtity after marriage is remarkable, except when they are in a ſtate of intoxication. Drunkenneſs uniformly and univerſally transforms the man into the brute; of which its effect upon theſe people, who are violently addicted to it, is a diſtinguiſhed proof. One of the faireſt and moſt univerſal traits in their character, is their abſtinence, not only from violence, but from the leaſt indecency, to the perſons of thoſe white women whom the fortune of war places in their poſſeſſion.

Their cruel, undiſtinguiſhing manner of warfare, cannot be juſtified. But we ſhould allow a great deal for the influence of education and habit. This circumſtance, their tenderneſs and hoſpitality to thoſe whom they conſider as their friends, and their numerous virtues, may fairly balance the account in their favor. In a word (and the obſervation is not a novel one) they are the beſt friends, and the worſt enemies, in the world.

I have heard the following anecdote recited. An Indian chief, in the weſtern country, was preſented, by one of our commanders, with a medal, on which was repreſented the figure of the Preſident of the United States, armed with a ſword, and an Indian, ſtooping down to bury the war hatchet. The Indian appeared to be diſſatisfied. "*Why*," ſaid he, "*does not the Preſident bury his ſword alſo?*"

Eloquence

Eloquence is one of their moſt peculiar characteriſtics. I ſhall conclude with one or two literal *tranſlations*, or rather *interpretations*, of ſome paſſages in their public ſpeeches, which have never heretofore, to my knowledge, appeared in print.*

Extract from the ſpeech of an Indian Chief, called THE SUN, *in council at* Vincennes, *on the* Wabaſh, *April*, 1795—*addreſſed to Capt.* PRIOR.

MY BROTHER!

The day is clear; I have ſhook hands with you, and I expect it will laſt forever: The Maſter of Life helps me. I have come on good buſineſs: I will hide nothing from you, no more than you would from me. It is true the people that wear hats are ſenſible, and we are fools; it is becauſe the Britiſh gave us bad advice. —I hope we ſhall be forgiven. We cover all paſt injuries: Let us forgive and forget. I will not let go your hand. You know the Indians like the ground. Hide nothing; our hearts ſhall be one. *(Delivers a ſtring of wampum.)* I dont ſpeak for myſelf alone; this ſpeech comes from Michillimackinac, and from the Chipaways and Tawways; they are all working for good buſineſs. I ſee no ſtrangers among us; we are all one. We have all agreed to liſten no more to the Britiſh; they lead us to harm. We will now liſten to the Americans; they talk well, and take pity on our women and children.

Extract

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* *This is the character of the Indian languages; bold, picturesque, and metaphorical. An Indian chief makes a harangue to his tribe, in a ſtyle full of ſtronger metaphors than an European would uſe in an epic poem.*

Dr. BLAIR *on* RHET. *and* BELL. LETT.—*Lect.* XIV.

Extract from the ſpeech of DUCOIN, *Head of the* KASKASKIAS, *and Great Chief of the* MISSISSIPPI, *in council at* Vincennes, *June*, 1794.

At the cloſe of his ſpeech, addreſſing himſelf to his own people, he ſays:

BROTHERS!

I beſeech you to behave well. Build up your towns, and live peaceably together. Bring up your children in a good way. Suffer them not to ſteal horſes, nor drink whiſky. Whiſky is an enemy to their happineſs; it excites them to quarrel and ſpill one another's blood. Aged Chiefs! Remember the good conduct of your fathers now ſleeping in their graves! I exhort you to follow the example they have left you.

PROGRESSIVE SETTLEMENT AND PRESENT POPULATION.] As I am not poſſeſſed of any data to authoriſe preciſe calculations on this ſubject, I ſhall, as I have hitherto done, confine myſelf to ſuch general obſervations as have occurred to me, in the courſe of this compilation.

According to the cenſus of 1790, the weſtern counties of Virginia contained, at that time, upwards of 150,000 inhabitants, of which number about 18,000 were ſlaves. Weſtern counties of Pennſylvania upwards of 90,000. State of Kentucky 73,677—12,430 ſlaves. Territory of Tenneſſee 36,000. Weſtern Territory, probably, 8 or 10,000. Admitting the total number of inhabitants weſt of the mountains, within the territory of the United States, to have been, in 1790, 400,000, it is not extravagant to ſuppoſe that that number has doubled ſince that time. It has been calculated that 15 or 20,000 have annually emigrated to Kentucky only. I have no doubt that the next cenſus, which is to be taken in 1800, will return one million of American citizens, weſt of the Apalachian Mountains.

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The number of inhabitants in Tenneſſee, according to a late enumeration, taken under the authority of that ſtate, preparatory to its admiſſion into the federal union, was 77,262, of which 10,613 were ſlaves.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.] It is generally thought to require no ſpirit of prophecy, to predict a degree of glory to thoſe weſtern regions, and their inhabitants, which has never yet been equalled by any nation upon earth. As an agricultural people, ſhould their induſtry be commenſurate with the fertility of the ſoil, the world will exhibit no parallel to them. Their remote ſituation, however, muſt ſubject them to commercial diſadvantages; but theſe will in time be greatly remedied by interior navigation. Morſe, Filſon, and others, have indulged themſelves in the moſt flattering ſpeculations, reſpecting the future commerce of the weſtern country, by means of water communications. But many years muſt certainly elapſe before any communication can take place, by means of canals, between the waters of the Potomac and thoſe of the Ohio, which Morſe ſeems to think the moſt eligible route. The late treaty with Spain, by which the navigation of the Miſſiſſippi is opened to the United States, is peculiarly intereſting to the inhabitants of the weſtern country. Their heavy commodities will certainly paſs down that river. But their goods muſt at preſent be procured at Philadelphia, or Baltimore, and, as they are tranſported by land 300 miles, they muſt evidently come at high prices. It requires a degree of information which I do not poſſeſs, to be able to make any ſatisfactory calculations on the advantages of the navigation of the Miſſiſſippi to the citizens of the weſtern country. Veſſels of any burden may probably deſcend the Ohio and Miſſiſſippi from Louiſville; and a ſloop of 60 or 70 tons, built on the Monongahela, above Pittſburgh, deſcended thoſe rivers, and came round to Philadelphia, in 1792. How far ſhipping can ever aſcend the Miſſiſſippi, is not probably known. Boating up the Ohio is difficult and laborious at any ſeaſon. And to convey an idea of the labour and expenſe of aſcending the

weſtern waters, in ſmall craft, it is only neceſſary to obſerve that the diſtance from Louiſville (Rapids of Ohio) to New Orleans, by the courſes of the rivers, is upwards of 1300 miles, and the current generally very rapid.

But, quitting a ſubject to which I am ſo unequal, it may be permitted me to indulge myſelf in ſome concluding obſervations, merely of a political nature.

The pernicious influence of negro ſlavery is experienced here, but not to that degree as in Virginia and the Carolinas. The era of the extirpation of ſlavery from our country is probably diſtant; but no one more ſincerely wiſhes, or would more ardently anticipate, its arrival than myſelf. It is at preſent an evil of ſuch magnitude, that, to uſe a common ſimile, an inſtantaneous and violent remedy would be worſe than the diſeaſe.

The unity and indiviſibility of the American Republic is the firſt wiſh of every patriot; but Nature ſeems determined to oppoſe our wiſhes, and thwart our views, in this reſpect. The vaſt chain of Apalachian Mountains, and the majeſtic rivers Ohio and Miſſiſſippi, are probably deſtined to divide and bound extenſive and powerful empires. The government of our country is verging, with unexampled rapidity, towards monarchy. And it is not improbable that Liberty, hunted and exiled from the Eaſtern States, may ſeek and obtain a laſting aſylum beyond the Allegany.

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END OF BOOK THIRD.

THE

POETICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

WORKS

OF

JAMES ELLIOT.

BOOK IV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A DISQUISITION ON MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS, AND THEIR POLITICAL AND MORAL CONSEQUENCES, ILLUSTRATED BY HISTORICAL EXAMPLES.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

WHEN the author, in September, 1796, firſt iſſued his propoſals for the publication of his miſcellaneous works, he contemplated ſuch a compreſſion of his other eſſays, as would enable him to enter into an extenſive and minute diſcuſſion of the ſubject of the following diſquiſition. He, alſo, at that time, expected to be able to devote the winter of 1797 to ſtudy. But as no encouragement of conſequence was immediately afforded to his ſubſcription, partly on account of the prevalence of different political ſentiments from his [illegible], in the vicinity of his reſidence*—and as his finances were, to uſe a common expreſſion, *at a low ebb*—he found it abſolutely neceſſary to enter into buſineſs. By the aſſiſtance of ſome generous friends, he was enabled to open a retail ſtore, the profits of which are juſt ſufficient to produce a decent ſubſiſtence. Conſequently, he has ſince had neither money to purchaſe, nor leiſure to peruſe, any ſyſtematic body of hiſtory. Theſe circumſtances muſt apologize for the abandonment of his original plan. The little *illuſtration* this diſquiſition has received from hiſtory, has been derived from what his memory retained of Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory, which he read eight or ten years ago, and from ſome deſultory ſketches which have occaſionally met his eye. Such as it is, he ſends it into the world with his other works, as Horace did his Poems, uncertain of its fate, but conſcious it has "trouble to undergo." And although he is almoſt aſhamed to mention the importunity of ſome particular

* *There was not, finally, a ſufficient number of copies ſubſcribed for, to defray the expenſes of publication.*

particular friends, as an excuſe for the premature appearance of this publication, yet he hopes that circumſtance, and his peculiarly hard lot in life, will induce the candid obſerver to *draw a veil* over its numerous imperfections.

ESSAY I.

On Standing Armies, and their POLITICAL *conſequences.*

IN reviewing the annals of the ancient and modern world, and contemplating the various political revolutions; the bloody wars; the gradual aſcenſion of ſtates and empires to the height of fame, power, and national conſequence, and their equally gradual declenſion and final ruin, as we find them depicted in the faithful pages of hiſtory; the mind is naturally and irreſiſtibly led into a variety of uſeful and important reflections. The origin of the moſt celebrated republics and monarchies has always been obſcure, and the infancy of their exiſtence has not exhibited many preſages of future glory. Under the directing hand of Omnipotence, they have progreſſed from the depths of inſignificance and obſcurity, to the higheſt pitch of national honor and grandeur. Egypt, Aſſyria, Perſia, Greece, and Rome, ſucceſſively held the ſceptre of the greateſt part of the civilized world. Courage, induſtry, perſeverance, policy, and conqueſt, concurred to facilitate their advances. A rigid attention to the moſt obvious laws of nature and ſociety, the *local* practice of public virtue and private morality, and the prevailing influence of a ſpirit of inflexible and diſintereſted patriotiſm, generally marked their progreſs. Notwithſtanding the infamy, as well as inſignificance, which frequently

frequently diſtinguiſhed the commencement of their career, and the brilliant crimes which have eternized their founders, of which Nimrod and Romulus are examples; yet, in the early ſtages of their exiſtence, we find infinitely more to admire than to abhor, and our applauſe is more frequently excited than our deteſtation. The obſcurity of their origin reflected additional luſtre on the luminous period of their moſt elevated political altitude, and increaſed the effulgence of their meridian ſplendor.

Among the cauſes which contributed to the grandeur of the Grecian commonwealth, an invincible martial ſpirit, heightened by Stoiciſm, claims the primary rank. That contempt of life and all ſublunary enjoyments, when placed in competition with the public good, which appears to have been almoſt univerſally prevalent in the early ages of the republics of Athens and Lacedemon; the glorious diſtinctions, of every kind, which awaited and rewarded the diſplay of ſuperior merit, bravery, and ſkill in war; the unfading laurels, and ſplendid trophies, which decorated and dignified the triumphal chariots of illuſtrious conquerors; and the eminent civic diſtinctions which were generally conſequent upon ſucceſsful military command; were ſo many conſpiring cauſes to promote the cultivation of a martial ſpirit, and the practice of martial exerciſes. No idea, however, was more remote from the minds of thoſe illuſtrious republican warriors, while they continued uncontaminated by luxury, and uninfluenced by power, than that of forming a military eſtabliſhment and intereſt, diſtinct from, independent of, and hoſtile to, the civil authority and the general welfare of the nation. Their object rather appears to have been, to diſtinguiſh themſelves as intrepid ſoldiers, and defenders of their country, in order to acquire a more conſpicuous title to the character of uſeful citizens, and eſtimable members of the community.

Habituated to exerciſe, inured to hardſhip, familiarized with danger, actuated by patriotiſm, and animated by thoſe brilliant proſpects of glory which were held

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out as the ultimate objects of their arduous purſuit, nothing but prodigies of heroiſm could be expected from ſuch warriors, fitted for the field by ſuch an education, guided by ſuch principles, and incited by the expectation of ſuch rewards.

Notwithſtanding the darkneſs in which the early ages of the world are enveloped, and the fabulous abſurdities which diſgrace, and render doubtful the pages of ancient hiſtory, yet ſome reſplendent rays of light occaſionally dart through the chaotic gloom: And as we approach the glorious period when the arts and ſciences were firſt cultivated with ſucceſs in Greece, the clouds of error begin to diſſipate, the ſcene becomes more luminous, and truth becomes the polar ſtar of our inquiries. Guided by its ſacred torch, and the inextinguiſhable lamp of reaſon, we are enabled to explore the regions of apparent obſcurity, and to deduce moral truth, or at leaſt obvious probability, from fabulous narration, poetical alluſions, and mythological allegory. Contemplating the numerous imaginary deities of the Pagan world, as ſo many diſtinguiſhed characters, whoſe heroic exploits, eccentric lives, ſplendid vices, refined diſſimulation, or deteſtable hypocriſy, procured them the poſthumous honors of APOTHEOSIS, reſulting from the blind adoration of ignorance, and the irrational credulity of ſuperſtition; we become poſſeſſed of a clue to hiſtorical information, of which we ſhould otherwiſe be deprived, and which is of infinite importance in aſſiſting our reſearches into the gloomy labyrinths of antiquity. Inſtead of adoring Jupiter as the Sovereign of heaven and earth, we examine his political and moral character as a monarch of the iſle of Crete; which preſents to us an aſtoniſhing mixture of heroic qualities and ſhameful vices. Inſtead of beholding Hercules, ſupporting the heavens on his ſhoulders, or miraculouſly cleanſing the ſtable of Augeas, we are led to conſider him as an illuſtrious and diſintereſted hero, aiming at the acquirement of popularity and glory, by eccentric and dangerous diſplays of intrepidity and heroiſm.

To

To trace the progreſs of nations and empires, from the ſilent vale of obſcurity to the lofty pinnacle of glory, is truly a delightful taſk; but the contemplation of their declenſion and political diſſolution, inſpires the ſoul with far different ſenſations. The former ſcene is noble and intereſting, the latter awful and inſtructive. From the one, the mind that delights in the ſtudy of hiſtory will derive infinite gratification; from the other, important and uſeful inſtruction. The inveſtigation of the cauſes of both, will naturally invite and command the attention of the philoſophic politician.

I have already hinted at the cauſes of the proſperity and glory of Greece and Rome, anterior to the period when they arrived at the meridian of their exiſtence as nations. I ſhall now proceed to review, recapitulate, and illuſtrate thoſe cauſes, and their ſubſequent effects; and, conſequently, the influence of a *patriotic military ſpirit*, in promoting their advancement, and of *regular military eſtabliſhments*, in accelerating their deſtruction. Some deſultory obſervations will naturally occur, preparatory to, and in the purſuit of, a diſcuſſion of ſuch magnitude, which will involve many hiſtorical facts, and require illuſtration from a variety of hiſtorical examples. I am ſenſible that my abilities and information are infinitely unequal to a diſquiſition of a nature ſo important. But as the ſubject has never, to my knowledge, been attempted in America, and as it is obvious that the citizens of a republican government ought to be frequently engaged in the contemplation of thoſe inſtructive ſcenes with which hiſtory abounds, and in ſerious reflection on the cauſes of the riſe and fall of former republics, I feel an irreſiſtible inclination to undertake the taſk. And ſhould my feeble endeavors prompt ſome abler pen to a more extenſive diſcuſſion and accurate developement of the ſubject, I ſhall feel myſelf ſufficiently rewarded for the trouble of writing this diſquiſition.

I have obſerved that the applauſe which was laviſhly beſtowed upon conquerors, and the civic honors which were conferred as the meed of bravery and ſucceſsful

enterprize,

enterprize, were amongſt the moſt important links in the grand chain of cauſes which facilitated the progreſs of the Grecian and Roman republics to an unparalleled degree of national importance and proſperity. Such glorious rewards naturally operated as a ſtimulus to that ſpirit of ambition which is inherent in the human mind, and which, when rouzed to action, frequently knows no bounds, breaks through all the barriers which humanity, reaſon, and policy, oppoſe to its progreſs, deluges ſtates in blood, and enchains the human race in the galling fetters of ſlavery. Every page of hiſtory records its deſtructive effects, and warns mankind to beware of its faſcinating influence, and avoid the fatal rocks on which the ancient republics were loſt. Ambition was the Scylla, and Luxury the Charybdis, on which were wrecked the political barks of Greece, Carthage, Rome, and the other ancient republics and kingdoms.

Thomas Paine (whom I would mention with applauſe as a politician, not as a *divine*) has obſerved, with equal truth and ſpirit, that "War is the Pharo table of governments, and nations the dupes of the game." In the firſt ages of the world, ſays the ſame writer, the chief of a banditti of ruffians loſt the name of robber in that of monarch; and hence he very naturally and juſtly deduces the origin of kingly governments. There is always a military force, of ſome kind or other, in a deſpotic government, devoted to the ſovereign and his minions. This force is deſigned to anſwer the double purpoſe of extending foreign conqueſts and enſlaving the people at home. I ſhall have occaſion to obſerve, however, in the courſe of the preſent eſſay, that this formidable engine of deſpotic power frequently recoils upon its authors and ſupporters with accumulated fury, and involves in undiſtinguiſhed deſtruction, tyrant after tyrant, while the people ſtill continue the miſerable victims of a tyranny, variable in its means and appearances, but uniform in its ſyſtem and conſequences. There is no fact better eſtabliſhed than that kings and their miniſters are always uſurpers and robbers. It is

equally

equally true that ſoldiers, even in a republic, in time of peace, are always the ſlaves and minions of an ariſtocratic faction.

But I am wandering in the bye ways of digreſſion, whilſt I ſhould be advancing in the high road of illuſtration.

Education, or rather diſcipline, combined and interwoven with that ardent *amor patria*, or love of their country, which the Spartans aſſiduouſly inculcated and cultivated, rendered that republic, for a time, the arbiter of Greece, and the admiration of the world. Yet, though their diſcipline was extremely rigid, and their notions of martial honor very elevated, they ſeem never to have forgotten that they were citizens, and that the exertion of their military talents was laudable only when directed to the welfare of the community. With all our admiration and reverence for the Lacedemonians, there was ſomething ſo unreaſonably ſevere in their manners, ſuch a kind of half ſavage ferocity in their mode of education, as we ought never to be diſpoſed to imitate. Indeed all nations ſeem to have been originally barbarians, and to have advanced to civilization by very ſlow degrees. Homer's Grecian heroes, at the ſiege of Troy, are all barbarous in their manners, and many of them cruel in their diſpoſitions. Achilles, the principal hero of the Iliad, is a monſter of revenge and inhumanity. Yet Homer has been very juſtly praiſed for peculiar refinement of delicacy and ſentiment, in an age ſo dark and ſavage as that in which he compoſed his unequalled poems. He paints rural ſcenes, rural perſonages, and rural manners, in colours equally vivid and delightful. On ſuch themes his heart appears to have been alive to every tender feeling, animated by every warm emotion. Some have been ſanguine enough to ſuppoſe that he was not an entire ſtranger to the books of Moſes. Several paſſages in the Iliad and Odyſſey, and the certainty that he was a great traveller, may perhaps be thought, without incurring

curring the imputation of exceſſive credulity, to favor ſuch a ſuppoſition.*

Standing armies are generally compoſed of men correſponding with Plutarch's deſcription of the Baſtarni, who were ignorant of agriculture, navigation, and the other uſeful arts, and whoſe ſole profeſſion and employment, ſays that eminent writer, was to fight and to conquer. But the republican ſoldier is a different character. The heroes of Thermopylae, Platea, Breed's Hill, Saratoga, Gemappe, and Fleurus, were at once citizens, ſoldiers, and patriots. I proceed to give ſome extracts, illuſtrative of the influence of a patriotic military ſpirit, in elevating the ancient republics to power and glory.

The author of the 354th *Spectator* ſtates, on the authority of Xenophon, that the Spartan youth were edueated

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* *The following paſſage from the ſixteenth book of the Iliad, diveſting it of any ſuppoſed alluſion to the ſcripture account of the deluge, appears to me corroborative of the opinion that the Pagans had at leaſt a confuſed idea of that dreadful event. It is true that Homer introduces it as a ſimile, and applies it to a particular ſeaſon of the year; but the parentheſis is evidently alluſive to the generally received opinion amongſt the ancients, that the world had once been depopulated by a deluge, as a puniſhment for the ſins of mankind.*

As when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaded with inceſſant ſhowers;
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, brib'd, betray the righteous cauſe;)
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the floodgates of the ſkies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains ſwept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man ſees all his labours vain.

POPE's *Tranſlation.*

educated to ſuch a peculiarly modeſt deportment, that its impreſſion was viſible on their countenances, and that the eyes of a marble ſtatue might as ſoon have been turned upon a ſtranger as theirs; and the ſame author compares their behaviour, in point of modeſty, to that of a bride when put to bed on her wedding night. "This virtue, which is always ſubjoined to magnanimity, had ſuch an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durſt not but die for their country." If modeſty and active patriotiſm are ſo intimately connected, ſurely the love of our country is productive of every virtue which adorns human nature!

"Among the Spartans," ſays that elegant writer, Mr. Budgell, in the 307th number of the work which I have juſt quoted, "It was not lawful for the father himſelf to bring up his children after his own fancy. As ſoon as they were ſeven years old, they were all liſted in ſeveral companies, and diſciplined by the public. The old men were ſpectators of their performances, who often raiſed quarrels among them, and ſet them at ſtrife with one another, that by thoſe early diſcoveries they might ſee how their ſeveral talents lay, and, without any regard to their quality, diſpoſe of them accordingly for the ſervice of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta ſoon became the miſtreſs of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military diſcipline."

Plutarch mentions a Spartan, who, happening to be bathing when an attack upon the city commenced, ſprang immediately into the thickeſt ranks of the enemy; and though he performed prodigies of valour, and was greatly inſtrumental in gaining the victory that enſued, yet he was fined by the civil authority, for going naked and unarmed to the battle.

The foregoing obſervations will apply, with ſome qualifications, to Athens, and ſeveral of the other Grecian ſtates.

We

We come now to the Roman Republic. "Rome," ſays the learned Dr. Gillies, "according to the only hiſtorian* who has circumſtantially and authentically deſcribed its early tranſactions, was an expanſion of Alba Longa, itſelf a Grecian colony, which, according to the immemorial and ſacred cuſtom of its mother country, diffuſed into new ſettlements the exuberance of a flouriſhing population, produced by the wiſeſt and moſt liberal inſtitutions. According to the ſame admirable hiſtorian, the manly diſcernment of Romulus offered an aſylum, not merely for robbers and murderers, but for thoſe who were threatened with murder or robbery, who ſpurned ſubjection, or fled from oppreſſion: For amidſt the lawleſs turbulence of ancient Italy, the weak needed protectors againſt the ſtrong, the few againſt the many. And Rome, at her earlieſt age, already ſyſtematically aſſiſted the weaker party; thus adopting in her infancy that politic heroiſm, that was deſtined, by firm and majeſtic ſteps, to conduct her manhood and maturity to the fair ſovereignty of conſenting nations."

Virgil, in his ſecond *Georgic*, gives a pleaſing picture of the rural life amongſt the Romans; and deduces the greatneſs of the commonwealth, at the time he wrote, from the practice of rural games and exerciſes.—

The ſwains, in ruſtic pomp, on holy days,
To rural powers a juſt oblation pays,
And on the green his careleſs limbs diſplays.
The hearth is in the midſt; the herdſmen, round
The cheerful fire, invoke his health in goblets crown'd.
He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize,
The groom his fellow groom at *butts* defies,
And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes;
Or, ſtript for wreſtling, ſmears his limbs with oil,
And watches with a trip his foe to foil.

Such

* DIONYSIUS *of Halicarnaſſus.*

Such was the life the frugal Sabines led :
So Remus and his brother god were bred :
From whom th' auſtere Etrurian virtue roſe :
And this rude life our homely fathers choſe ;
Old Rome from ſuch a race derived her birth,
The ſeat of empire, and the conquer'd earth.

DRYDEN'S *Tranſlation.*

"If I would here put on the ſcholar and politician, I might inform my readers how thoſe bodily exerciſes or games, were formerly encouraged in all the commonwealths of Greece. From whence the Romans afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlum*, which was compoſed of running, wreſtling, leaping, throwing, and boxing, though the prizes were nothing but a crown of cypreſs or parſley." *Spectator*, No. 161.

It cannot be thought foreign to the preſent ſubject, to mention a fact relating to the Perſian monarchy. In ancient Perſia, a ſacred regard to truth was inculcated, in uniſon with martial exerciſes. Herodotus, ſays Addiſon, tells us of the ancient Perſians, that from the age of five years to twenty, they inſtructed their ſons only in three things, to manage the horſe, to uſe the bow, and ſpeak truth.

Charidemus, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius Codomanus, on being aſked his opinion reſpecting the warlike preparations making by that prince againſt Alexander the Great, anſwered as follows. "Every ſoldier has a knowledge of war ſufficient for a general. And this diſcipline, by which the Macedonian army is become ſo formidable, was firſt eſtabliſhed, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your troops are ſo vain of ; I mean gold and ſilver. The bare earth ſerves them for beds. Whatever will ſatisfy nature is their luxury. Their repoſe is always ſhorter than the night, &c." No wonder that a ſmall body of Greeks, ſo completely trained to war, and led by an active and enterprizing general, ſhould have been able to defeat the effeminate and undiſciplined millions of Darius, and annihilate the Perſian monarchy. Lamenta-

ble

ble reflection that such troops were the minions of an enthusiastic conqueror, who delighted in the destruction of the human race, and aimed at universal empire!

Having attempted a cursory illustration of the position that a *patriotic military spirit* was the principal cause of the elevation and aggrandizement of the ancient republics, I proceed to take a rapid survey of the political consequences of *regular military establishments*; and shall close this essay with an address to my republican fellow citizens, on the important subject.

Patriotism, amongst the ancients, was little more than an exclusive prejudice of individuals in favor of their own country, and partook, in a great degree, of a spirit of hatred to the natives of other climes, and the subjects of other governments. But their *amor patria* was proportionably ardent, and has no parallel but in regenerated America and France. Hence the continual and bloody wars which desolated the old world. The Greeks and Romans, with all their devotion to liberty, were ignorant of the only principle which can ever support a republican government. They had no very clear ideas of that representative system, of which it has been the peculiar fortune of America to exhibit so illustrious an example; an example which will probably regenerate the world, if the continual factions in France, and the aspiring and intriguing spirit of aristocracy in America, do not unfortunately establish the deplorable position that a government, truly republican, cannot exist. The celebrated Amphictyonic council scarcely forms an exception to the truth of the remark I have just made. Hence the frequent revolutions which agitated the ancient republics. At length, from causes obvious to every one in the least degree acquainted with history, the military became a separate and independent interest in the state.* Aspiring demagogues

* *Sejanus condensed the Roman pretorian bands into one body, which were formerly scattered in different cantonments, in order to destroy their familiarity with the people, and render them the engines of despotism.*

gogues encouraged a ſpirit of independence and imaginary ſuperiority in the ſoldiery, in order to make them the inſtruments of their own ambition. When the republican ſyſtem becomes corrupted, when avarice and luxury become tutelar deities, it is not extremely difficult for a deſigning man, of talents and enterprize, to become at once the favorite of the populace, and the leader of the army. If riches be combined with genius and ambition, we may then bid adieu to public liberty. Then Ceſars, Syllas, Mariuſes, Anthonys, and Octaviuſes, ſpring up and fade away like muſhrooms, and though the reign of each ſingle tyrant may be tranſient; yet the empire of liberty is annihilated. Philip, uniting arms, intrigue, and corruption, became the ſovereign monarch of all Greece. In the ſame manner the firſt dictators of Rome elevated themſelves on the ruins of their country. Such was the fate of Greece and Rome, the native regions of liberty, genius, and ſcience. Such, we have reaſon to fear, from the exceſſive military ſpirit which the revolutionary war has engendered in France, and the intoxicating effect which their unexampled ſucceſſes muſt produce on a people naturally ardent and ambitious, may too ſoon be the fate of that aſtoniſhing Republic. And ſuch, dreadful idea, may one day be the fate of our beloved America!

Political evils, in many inſtances, work their own cures; but, unhappily, it is generally at a period very remote from their commencement, that a radical remedy is effected. An army is an engine, as dangerous to the prince, as deſtructive to the people. It can raiſe up and pull down at pleaſure. Hence, at an early period of the Roman empire, there were nearly fifty emperors in an equal number of years.

I regret that my almoſt abſolute ignorance of modern hiſtory precludes me from illuſtrating this ſubject by thoſe examples with which it muſt neceſſarily abound. As human nature, in all ages and countries, is eſſentially the ſame, ſimilar cauſes always produce ſimilar effects. England, after the depoſition of Charles I. was a nominal

nal republic or commonwealth. But the moment Cromwell became the director of the military force, he became, in effect, the tyrant of his country.

I ſubjoin two or three extracts, applicable to the preſent ſubject, from hiſtorical works of eminent merit.

"Luxurious and ſenſual men, who compoſed the Roman Senate, could not maintain their authority over generals who commanded great armies, and were illuſtrious by conqueſt."

"Conqueſt at a diſtance led them unwarily, in ſome inſtances, to ſuſpend that fundamental law, of which Ceſar availed himſelf in his Gallic war, by debauching from their duty the beſt diſciplined army of the republic: And it was that army, under a leader little inferior to Hannibal, which determined the fate of Rome."

"The Turkiſh monarch is ſunk in voluptuouſneſs; licentiouſneſs creeps in among the ſoldiery; and the government becomes entirely military."

KAIMES's *Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.*

"Here we find the origin of that practice of hiring troops, which has been faſhioned into ſo perfect an inſtrument of oppreſſion and uſurpation. Compoſed of the moſt worthleſs and abandoned of all nations, animated by no principle, attached to no cauſe, they were led, as well by their profligacy as the habits of a military life, to ſhake off every reſtraint, which various cauſes may impoſe, even on the ferocious paſſions of the occupation of the warrior. Princes found in them prompt and convenient agents for the execution of their will. Thus did they contribute to give a boldneſs and courage to the ambition of princes; while theſe were induced to regard ſuch mercenaries as the moſt firm pillars of their thrones, and were ſtimulated to exerciſe the powers of invention, to obtain the means of ſupporting an inſtitution that contained innumerable germs of revolutions, diſaſters, and calamities, to ſovereigns as well as ſubjects."

Political Hiſtory of EUROPE.

In

In 1486, Henry VII. of England, eſtabliſhed the firſt ſtanding military force of that kingſtom, which conſiſted of only fifty yeomen of the guards. Compare this with thoſe enormous armies which now render the government of Great Britain an almoſt abſolute deſpotiſm—which have ſtained with blood the plains of America, ſpread deſolation over many delightful countries in the Eaſt Indies, annihilated the liberties of Ireland, and been ſingularly, though unfortunately, diſtinguiſhed in the preſent cruſade againſt France.

My fellow citizens of the United States! May the feeble ſketch I have given you of the deplorable conſequences of ſtanding armies, warn you to avoid them. May our national character reſemble that of the *Chauci*, the moſt powerful nation of ancient Germany, who are repreſented by Tacitus as averſe to war, ſtrangers to rapine and plunder, and yet prompt to take the field in the cauſe of their country and liberty; brave in battle, and humane in victory. May we cultivate a martial ſpirit, but in the moſt rigid ſubſervience to the civil authority. May the attempts of the advocates of ariſtocracy, to introduce amongſt us a ſtanding military force, continue to meet that reception by which they have heretofore been diſtinguiſhed.* May we ever place

* *The following extract diſplays that truly republican jealouſy of ſtanding armies which our pious forefathers entertained.*

Divers gentlemen and others, being joined in a military company, deſired to be made a corporation; but the council, conſidering from the example of the Pretorian band among the Romans, and the templers in Europe, how dangerous it might be to erect a ſtanding authority of military men, which might eaſily in time overthrow the civil power, thought fit to ſtop it betimes.

Gov. WINTHROPS *Journal*, P. 147. A. D. 1637.

In Mr. RANDOLPH'S *Vindication of his conduct whilſt Secretary of State, the reader will find a particular ſtatement of various* SENATORIAL *propoſitions*

place our confidence in a well regulated and patriotic militia, as the ſureſt guard of our liberty and independence. May we ſhun foreign influence, and cultivate that internal union which the great Waſhington, in his invaluable addreſs to us on his reſignation, aſſures us will preclude "the neceſſity of thoſe overgrown military eſtabliſhments, which, under any form of government, are inauſpicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hoſtile to republican liberty." May the late rapid advances of avarice, luxury, and ariſtocracy, be ſpeedily checked. May a love of peace, combined with an inflexible ſpirit of national dignity, ever diſtinguiſh our character. May we ſteer our political bark clear of the rocks of ambition, and the deſtructive vortex of European politics. But whenever an unjuſt attack ſhall be commenced upon our rights and independence by any nation upon earth, may every heart beat high in his country's cauſe, every boſom glow with patriotic ardor; and may the ſcenes of Saratoga and Yorktown, in our revolutionary drama, be reacted to the diſgrace and confuſion of the ambitious invaders. Alas! It is impoſſible for me to diſſemble my fears that we are rapidly approaching to the zenith of our exiſtence as a free republic. Our growing connections with Great Britain are ominous of ſome dreadful event. Our fate is linked with that of France; and may the God of Armies continue to ſmile upon that heroic nation, till their arms ſhall be pointed againſt liberty. May their ſucceſſes be productive, not only

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for an augmentation of our military eſtabliſhment, and their fate in the HOUSE *of* REPRESENTATIVES. *See alſo the American Annual Regiſter for* 1796, *P.* 110.

The term of enliſtment for the troops employed on the weſtern and ſouthern frontiers, has lately been changed from three to five years. This alteration, though apparently of but little conſequence, appears to me a dangerous innovation.

only of the continuation of their own freedom, and that of America, but of the emancipation and regeneration of the world!

ESSAY II.

On the MORAL *conſequences of ſtanding armies.*

IN the preceding eſſay, I have confined my reflections to the influence of a martial ſpirit, and of military eſtabliſhments, on government. That the moral character of a nation has an important influence on its form of government; that virtue is congenial with republicaniſm, and that luxury and licentiouſneſs are hoſtile to liberty; cannot be doubted. That military eſtabliſhments, in any government, are repugnant to the principles and practice of genuine morality, is equally true. Conſequently they are at once deſtructive of freedom, and of moral and religious principles and habits. We can eaſiy conceive that a republican citizen ſoldier may be an amiable and virtuous character; but a *moral* ſoldier, who has forever detached himſelf from civilized ſociety, is an imaginary being. The ideas of war and morality do not eaſily aſſociate. To ſuppoſe a man whoſe occupation is war, or who has an intereſt ſeparate from that of his fellow citizens, and who exiſts upon the ſpoils of his country or ſome other nation—to ſuppoſe ſuch a man governed by the principles of juſtice, or under the influence of religion, is almoſt paradoxical. By thoſe who have a general and comprehenſive knowledge of human nature, or who have ſerved in any army, republican or monarchical, theſe reflections will not be thought too ſevere.

Lord Kaims, in a very philoſophical manner, attempts to demonſtrate that war calls into action many dormant

dormant virtues, ſuch as courage, fortitude, magnanimity, clemency, &c. the influence of which would be very faint and languid, or would perhaps be almoſt eradicated from the human mind, in a ſtate of univerſal peace. War has undoubtedly been permitted by Providence for wiſe purpoſes; yet I cannot believe that it will always be permitted, and am conſcious that a ſtate of uninterrupted peace would be the moſt conducive to human happineſs. The ſame writer propoſes a plan for regulating the Britiſh army, in ſuch a manner as to render it a ſchool of induſtry and virtue. This is perfectly viſionary. He aſcends the *Piſgah* of metaphyſical theory, and regales himſelf with the ideal proſpect of a ſcene which can never exiſt but in his own imagination. Kaims was a great genius, and a prodigy of literature; but there is great truth in the remark of a learned friend of mine, that he was often a very weak and ſuperficial writer.

In an army every thing invites and leads to diſſipation, debauchery, and indeed an almoſt total extinction of virtuous principles and habits. Honor, a pitiful ſubſtitute for virtue, is the tutelar deity of ſoldiers. Should I ever be a father, and have a ſon, whoſe principles I believed to be ſo firmly fixed as to render him capable of reſiſting every poſſible temptation, I ſhould be fond of his taking a ſhort tour in the army, whenever his country demanded his ſervices. It is the beſt ſchool in the world. More real knowledge of human nature may be acquired in ſix months, in an army, than in an equal number of years, ſpent at an univerſity. But it is a lottery, in which the diſproportion of the prizes to the blanks is immenſe. Where a ſingle youth has acquired a fund of uſeful knowledge, and improved it to advantage, by ſerving as a ſoldier, nine or ten, perhaps a much greater number, have been eternally ruined.

Military men conſider themſelves as a ſuperior order of beings to thoſe whoſe lot it is to cultivate the earth. They make uſe of *nicknames*, expreſſive of the moſt ſuperlative contempt for the peaceful occupations and honeſt characters

characters of farmers and mechanics. The idea of a chaſte and permanent connubial connection, is, to the immenſe majority of them, an object of ridicule. If I believed that there was but a ſingle divine inſtitution, I ſhould ſuppoſe it was that of marriage, which I conſider as the ſource and grand ſupport of virtue and happineſs on earth. In the vicinity of the reſidence of a military corps, adultery is always frequent. A ſoldier ever prides himſelf in ſeducing an innocent virgin, or a ſimple wife. Hundreds of once innocent and happy females are to be ſeem in every army, who have become, from neceſſity or deſpair, the moſt abandoned beings in exiſtence. How often have I been ſhocked by the reflection, that ſome of thoſe whom I have ſeen irrevocably immerſed in vice and miſery, were once the delights of aged parents and affectionate huſbands, who are now more unhappy than themſelves! How often, in making this reflection, have I curſed that defective ſyſtem of education, which renders female innocence an eaſy prey to the arts of ſeduction!

I ſubjoin an anecdote, illuſtrative of the obſervations I have juſt made. If it is not true, the *gentleman* who is the hero of it, is a liar, and poſſeſſes a heart capable of the crime which I aſcribe to him. The ſtory is from his own mouth, and was not communicated in confidence.

A captain of the firſt regiment of the United States, being ordered to attend ſome Indian chiefs who were viſiting the large cities of our country, was preſented, by a gentleman for whom be undertook to tranſact ſome buſineſs, with a letter of introduction to a friend of that gentleman in New York. In conſequence of this letter, he was made welcome, and treated with politeneſs, during a ſtay of ſome weeks in that city. His landlord had a wife and ſeveral children, and his houſe had hitherto been the reſidence of connubial and ſocial affection and happineſs. The captain ſoon formed a determination to ſeduce his hoſteſs. He poſſeſſed a good exterior, and probably an inſinuating addreſs. He ſucceeded too well, but could not elude ſuſpicion. When

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ſhe huſband was abſent on buſineſs, he frequently attended the wife to the theatre. One evening, ſoon after the play was over, the landlord caught the lovers in a ſituation which baniſhed incredulity from his mind. The hero immediately abſconded. The next morning he returned to his room, where he found a billet, informing that he might find his baggage at a certain inn. The conſequences were, a final ſeparation, and a reſpectable family diſgraced and rendered forever unhappy.

The captain told this ſtory with ſeeming exultation. May heaven blaſt the wretch, exclaimed I, when I firſt heard it, who can thus wantonly ſport with every thing dear to his fellow creatures, who can be thus guilty of treachery in private friendſhip, and violate the ſacred rites of hoſpitality! May the pangs of a guilty conſcience embitter every moment of his infamous exiſtence! Yet this captain had as good a character, and was apparently as amiable a man, as any officer in the regiment.

The conſequences which reſult from the crime of adultery are ſo dreadful, that the puniſhment for it, in every civilized community, ought to be very ſevere. Draco, and other ancient legiſlators, who puniſhed it with death, have been violently cenſured; but the principle on which they acted was laudable. It is frequently ſaid that the conſequences of infidelity in the huſband are not ſo injurious to ſociety, as the conſequences of the ſame conduct on the part of the wife. There is not even a ſhadow of foundation for the aſſertion. It is a part of that general ſyſtem of unjuſt and contemptuous treatment of women, to which our ſex in general are ſo obſtinately attached. In the fervor of youth, excuſes may be pleaded for indulgence in unlawful pleaſures. But the man who is not, after marriage, purely and ſcrupulouſly chaſte, I deteſt more than a robber. In this inſtance my ſentiments are perhaps rigid. But it is almoſt impoſſible to be too rigid in a matter ſo eſſentially intereſting to the welfare and happineſs of ſociety.

A general attachment to military habits and prejudices, completely changes, not only the political, but the moral character of a nation. The Abbe Millot, in the introduction to his *Elements of Modern Hiſtory*, after drawing a frightful picture of the licentiouſneſs which reigned in the Roman armies, under the emperors, concludes with this energetic obſervation—"Rome was no longer inhabited by Romans." I am but juſt commencing the ſtudy of modern hiſtory. As yet my principal guides are Millot, Robertſon, and Kaimes. Theſe writers will only make me acquainted with the *elements* of hiſtorical knowledge; and they were all attached to monarchy. Yet every page I read increaſes my averſion to that form of government, and its inſeparable concomitant, a STANDING ARMY.

There have been leaders of armies, who were as much diſtinguiſhed for morality, as for bravery. But they were chiefly republican leaders. Beliſarius, and a few others, are exceptions. Of all the great and glorious military characters of the ancient world, I aſſign the firſt place to Titus Flaminius, who, though a Roman, was the reſtorer of Grecian liberty. He is far from being entitled to this diſtinction, either by the number of his battles, the extent of his conqueſts, or the ſplendor of his ſucceſsful exploits; his juſtice, humanity, regard to liberty, and delight in peace, are infinitely more honorable claims to the admiration and gratitude of poſterity, and the applauſive voice of renown. His great and noble actions, delineated by the elegant pencil of Plutarch, that great painter of characters, irreſiſtibly excite our eſteem and reverence. Yet there are ſhades in this luminous portrait. Human nature is always imperfect.

In this place I cannot forbear to obſerve how elegantly applicable are the following lines of Euripides, an ancient Greek poet, to our immortal *Waſhington*, and the brave and virtuous *Dampierre*, the ſucceſſor of Dumourier in the command of the French army, who glorioufly fell in defence of the cauſe of liberty, and in the

the arms of victory, in a battle with the Auſtrians, in May, 1793. They were applied to Hannibal and Pelopidas, by the greateſt biographer of antiquity.

" The firſt of chiefs is he who laurels gains,
And buys them not with life: The next is he
Who dies, but dies in virtue's arms."

Plutarch, in his compariſon of the characters of Ariſtides and Cato, tranſcribes the following elegant paſſage from the Odyſſey of Homer, in which that contemptuous averſion to the tranquil enjoyments of a rural and virtuous life, which is generally prevalent among thoſe who devote themſelves entirely to the military profeſſion, is illuſtrated in a beautiful manner, and decked with all the vivid colouring and ſublime imagery of poetical painting.

" The culture of the field, which fills the ſtores
With happy harveſt; and domeſtic cares,
Which rear the ſmiling progeny, no charms
Could boaſt for me; 'twas mine, to ſail
The gallant ſhip, to ſound the trump of war,
*To point the poliſh'd ſpear, and hurl the quiv'ring lance."**

* The following is Pope's tranſlation of this paſſage:

The works of peace my ſoul diſdained to bear,
The rural labour, or domeſtic care.
To raiſe the maſt, the miſſil dart to wing,
And ſend ſwift arrows from the bounding ſtring,
Were arts the gods made grateful to my mind.

ODYSSEY, B. 14.

Knox ſays that Pope's verſion of the Odyſſey is a paraphraſe rather than a tranſlation. But, if the tranſ-

I ſhall conclude with an applicable extract from Cowper, one of the beſt informed and moſt virtuous, if not one of the moſt elegant of modern poets. His deſcription of "The recruit, and his transformation," is alſo worthy of peruſal.

MILITARY GLORY.

——The field of glory, as the world
Miſdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all the majeſty of thund'ring pomp,
Enchanting muſic, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a ſchool where thoughtleſsneſs is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

TASK—B. 4.

FUGITIVE

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lators of Plutarch tranſcribed the above paſſage with accuracy, it is certain that the verſion of Pope, in this inſtance, is more conciſe than the original. Mercier, a French critic, and author of the Night Cap, *a work of real merit, exalts Pope's tranſlation of Homer above the original. "He has made, as it were, a new poem of the Iliad, by the energy, liberty, and daring pliancy, of his language." A conſideration of the different opinions of men of genius and learning, may produce uſeful reflections.*

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FUGITIVE PIECES,

On Political Subjects.

The following, the first proſe *piece the author ever wrote for the preſs, appeared in the* Greenfield Gazette, *January* 17, 1793.

Mr. Dickman,

You are requeſted to inſert in your Gazette, the following ſtatement of the Votes for a Federal Repreſentative, in the town of Guilford, at the Freemen's meeting on Monday the 7th inſtant.

Hon. NATHANIEL NILES, Esq. 11.

"TELL it not in Gath! publiſh it not in the ſtreets of Aſkelon; leſt the Philiſtines rejoice, leſt the daughters of the uncircumciſed triumph!" Aſtoniſhing! Ridiculous and Scandalous, that the largeſt town in the State of Vermont, which boaſts of having four hundred Electors, ſhould have only eleven voices in the choice of a Congreſſional Repreſentative.

Freemen! how long will ye continue in your preſent deplorable lethargy and ſtupidity? How long will ye be ignorant that it is not only your ineſtimable right and privilege to elect your own rulers, but your indiſpenſible duty to exerciſe thoſe rights!

Does not the experience of former ages proclaim, that republican governments, in conſequence of the inattention

attention of the people to the exercise of their rights and privileges, have universally degenerated into aristocracy, if not absolute despotism?

REPUBLICUS.*

January 14, 1793.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SPECULATOR.

Extracted from a publication of the author, in defence of the Democratic Societies, in August, 1794.

THAT any of our rulers have been bribed by British money, I cannot believe. But we have seen immense fortunes acquired by members of Congress, in consequence of a detestable FUNDING SYSTEM, and the scandalous business of speculation, and I think we are justified in *believing*, that they were influenced more by GOLD, than the love of their country. The honour and happiness those gentlemen experience in consequence of a fraudulent acquirement of the honest earnings of the brave and virtuous soldiery to whom they are indebted for the preservation of their property, liberty, and even life itself, I am willing they should enjoy. And I derive great consolation from the reflection that there exists a Supreme Eternal Judge, who will

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* *The citizens of Guilford have awoke from their political lethargy. At the election in May, 1797 (the first at which the author voted) the number of votes was about 100, and the republican candidate, Mr.* NILES, *had a large majority. In the western district of Vermont, at the last election, the republican candidates had nearly three quarters of the votes. The one chosen,* MATTHEW LYON, *Esq. had above 2000.*

May 1, 1798.

will finally reward every man according to his works, although the moſt atrocious crimes often paſs unpuniſhed in this world.

Hide your heads ye infamous calumniators! Bluſh ye ſcandalous defamers! Ye who inſult the aſhes of HANCOCK, and calumniate the immortal names of SAMUEL ADAMS, CLINTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, and a long liſt of venerable patriots, who are influenced by the pure principles of patriotiſm and diſintereſtedneſs, and the polar ſtar of whoſe conduct is the public good! Ye who can ſee, admire and applaud the congreſſional ſpeculator, exultingly riding in his triumphal chariot, and looking down with inſolent diſdain upon the war exhauſted veteran, who ſtill groaning under thoſe acute pains which are the conſequences of the fatigues he endured, and the wounds he received, in defending the cauſe of his country, ſupports, by the hard hand of laborious induſtry, an affectionate conſort, and ſeveral innocent children, who, ſhould the venerable father be removed by the diſpenſations of an afflictive providence, muſt depend on the precarious cruſt of charity, beſtowed by the feeling boſom of benevolence, and moiſtened with their tears; while the *ſoldier* is in reality as much ſuperior to the *legiſlator*, as the exalted ſoul of BELISARIUS, to the weak and treacherous mind of NERO!

MADISON.

THE witticiſm* on Mr. Madiſon's reſignation, in the laſt paper, whatever humour it may diſplay, is far from being applicable; and, to ſay nothing of the perverſion of ſcripture language when applied to the

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* *The witticiſm here alluded to, was an application of the 23d verſe of the 17th chap. of 2d Samuel, to the retirement of Mr. Madiſon.*

the purpoſes of ridicule, will certainly be harmleſs in its effect. The retirement of that gentleman will be regretted by all his fellow citizens of the ſame deſcription with himſelf—candid, moderate, diſpaſſionate, yet determined, republicans. His enemies muſt allow him the applauſe which is due to genius, eloquence, and erudition; and he is equally entitled to the meed of patriotiſm. His exertions in favour of the federal conſtitution were unequalled; certainly, never ſurpaſſed. Recollect this, and bluſh, ye who excluſively arrogate to yourſelves the invidious appellation of Federaliſts! Ye whoſe political principles change from *federal* to *antifederal*, and *vice verſa*, as often as the wind or weather varies! Ye "political weathercocks, who are continually pointing to the fluttering gale of popularity!"† Ye *muſhroom politicians*, whoſe popularity will be as tranſient as it is undeſerved!

The name of MADISON will be reverenced by grateful poſterity, and will ſhine with luſtre in the pages of hiſtory, while thoſe of many *northern* ſtateſmen, which at preſent adorn the annals of Ariſtocracy, will be conſigned to eternal oblivion.

ON GOV. ADAMS'S RESIGNATION.

CITIZEN SAMUEL ADAMS has declined a reelection to the chief magiſtracy of Maſſachuſetts: With him the Sun of Liberty, in the northern ſtates, ſets, perhaps forever! Hancock and Adams were the firſt who ſtepped forward in the cauſe of American freedom. Hancock, during his life, and Adams, to the

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† *This paſſage is from a charge of Judge Addiſon, to a jury in Pennſylvania.*

the preſent time, have remained invariably faithful to their country and to liberty. The ſhafts which envy and malice have aimed at their characters, have been "harmleſs as pointleſs arrows ſhot from broken bows." While all was gloom around, S. Adams has continued to ſhine, as one of the brighteſt luminaries in the political hemiſphere. The inſignificant and obſcene *blackguardiſms* of the "wits of Harttord," have received, from him, the contempt which they deſerved!

"I can ſay, with truth, that I have not enriched myſelf in the ſervice of my country," ſays the venerable patriot, in his late addreſs to the legiſlature. True. Gov. Adams has been one of the greateſt ſufferers in his country's cauſe; and a numerous and influential party are attempting to repay him with the blackeſt ingratitude! Let us repeat his aſſertion, that he has not enriched himſelf on the ſpoils of the public, and engrave it deeply on our hearts! Can a ——, and many others, ſay the ſame? * * * * * * *

FUGITIVE

FUGITIVE PIECES,

MORAL *and* CRITICAL.

In January, 1797, a periodical publication, entitled The Rural Moraliſt, *commenced in the Galaxy. It was written by the author, a younger brother of his, and* JOHN H. PALMER, *a young man of ſeventeen or eighteen years of age. The following Numbers were furniſhed by the author.*

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER II.

———Nec, ſi miſerum fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba ſinget.

VIRGIL, En. 2.

If cruel fortune hath made Sinon wretched, ſhe
Shall not make him falſe and deceitful.

ALEXANDER'S *Tranſ.*

AMONGST the gloomy group of vices, which ſtain the page of hiſtory, and diſhonor human nature; which wound the feelings of the philanthropiſt, and provoke the ſcourge of the ſatiriſt; which excite the frown of diſguſt, kindle the bluſh of pity, and draw forth the tear of regret—hypocriſy is undoubtedly the moſt lamentable and the moſt deteſtable. The term HYPOCRISY, though its ſignification is commonly limited to religious diſſimulation, I conceive to be ſynonymous, in a certain ſenſe, with *falſhood* and *deceit*. The inſincere profeſſor of religion, the timeſerving politician, the jockey, the gambler, the man who incurs debts

debts without an expectation or an intention of payment, the treacherous friend, the seducer, and the adulterer—all belong to the same class. And the characters of these descriptions constitute such an immense proportion, if not an absolute majority, of the human race, that a native of a foreign planet, suddenly arriving in our world, and surveying with attention the manners of its inhabitants, would naturally be led to conclude that falsehood is "our being's end and aim."

The delightful shades of the country, and the peaceful scenes of rural life, have often been contrasted with the tumult and bustle of the populous city, and the irregular and extravagant manners of opulent and luxurious society; and the contrast, heightened by the glowing colours of poetry, an art which has ever been peculiarly devoted to the service of Ceres and Sylvanus, has generally exhibited the former in much too favourable a point of view. Poets, in all ages and countries, have delighted in the delineation of scenes which might vie with Ovid's fabulous and picturesque description of the golden age; scenes,

"*Such as Arcadian song*
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times."

But, however just may have been the descriptions of the purity of rural manners, which have descended to us from antiquity, immorality has now extended its baneful influence into the most sequestered corners, the most distant habitations, of civilized society.

The limits which the author of these humble essays is unavoidably obliged to assign himself, will not admit of his dilating on a theme so copious and interesting, as that which he has selected on the present occasion. A single *political* remark, and some desultory reflections on *false* friendship and *false* love, shall close the present number.

When we see a man suddenly start from the depths of obscurity and insignificance, to the most exalted pinnacle of popularity, without displaying any eminent indications of genius or patriotism; when we see him,

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after long and loudly declaiming in favour of democratic liberty, become, immediately on his elevation to office and influence, so violent a votary of aristocracy, as to anathematize, as traitors and rebels, men of infinitely superior abilities and merit to himself, who *dare* to differ from him in opinion; when we hear him compare the proclamation of a President, who, however illustrious and meritorious, is only a man and a public servant, to the "*majesty of Heaven*," and affirm that it "*strikes him with a voice like thunder*;"—when we hear him boast of the wounds he has received in defence of the liberties of his country, merely for the purpose of giving an impressive force to his arguments in favour of measures which tend to the destruction of those very liberties;—we are irresistibly led to regard him as a weak man, an enthusiast, or a *political sinner*. An extremely generous extension of the spirit of candour may induce us to rank him in one of the former classes; but some suspicions will naturally rest in our minds, that he is not altogether devoid of dissimulation.

The man who flatters his fellow creature with professions of friendship, and deserts him at the only time when his assistance would be necessary or desirable; and the man, who, favoured himself with enviable affluence, meets one whom, in the "bright summer of his days," he had delighted to call his friend, and, disgusted at the "tattered garb" which he wears, turns from him with contemptuous affectation; are surely as despicable beings as ever disgraced the archives of humanity.

The man whose whole efforts are directed to effect the ruin of some virtuous daughter of Eve, the goodness of whose heart renders her a more easy victim to his insidious wiles, certainly deserves universal and eternal execration. Yet, so astonishingly perverse are the manners of the present age, that the seducer is valued, by a very numerous and gay class of both sexes, in proportion to the conquests he has made, and is permitted to exult in his crimes, while the unfortunate and comparatively innocent female, is doomed to irrevocable infamy.

infamy. But how contemptible, in the eye of the philoſophic and chriſtian moraliſt, does ſuch a character appear, compared with him, who, after a long and virtuous attention to ſome favorite fair one,

"*Leads her, bluſhing like the morn,*
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay,"

to the bridal bed; and conſummates her happineſs and his own, by a continuance through life of that ardent and ſincere affection which at firſt united them.

The man, who, by ſeducing the wife of another, tramples on the laws of God and man, diſregards the moſt tender and ſacred of human connexions, blaſts the reputation and annihilates the peace of families, and involves the guilty and innocent in undiſtinguiſhed ſhame and confuſion, is a being too infamous for gorgons, furies, or devils, to aſſociate with. He ought to be conſidered and treated as an outcaſt, even from the ſociety of infernal ſpirits. On this theme my emotions are inexpreſſible. Ye moſt flagitious of all criminals! Ye worſe than murderers! Reſt aſſured that the phial of divine wrath will one day be poured out on your devoted heads!

"I COULD A TALE UNFOLD, WHOSE LIGHTEST WORDS,"

were ye poſſeſſed of any of the common feelings of humanity,

"*Would harrow up your ſouls.*"

My readers will pardon me for introducing an anecdote, which cannot be conſidered as inapplicable to the preſent ſubject. In the "times of old," an inhabitant of a foreign country enquired of a citizen of Sparta, what puniſhment the laws of his country inflicted for the crime of adultery? The Spartan replied, that, on conviction, the adulterer was delivered to be deſtroyed by a *bull*, who was of ſuch an enormous bulk, that his body covered ſeveral acres of land. The foreigner expreſſed his doubts of the poſſibility of the exiſtence of ſuch an animal. "It is equally impoſſible," rejoined the

the virtuous Lacedemonian, "to find an adulterer in Sparta." Glorious expreſſion! But where ſhall we find a modern Sparta?

Youth is the ſpring of life—the ſeaſon of ardent and generous emotions and ſentiments. In the halcyon days of youth, a ſtrict regard to truth and probity ſhould be ſtudiouſly inculcated and cheriſhed. Whether ſurrounded by the brilliant proſpects of proſperity, or menaced by the threatening ſtorms of ill fortune, truth and fidelity ſhould ever guide our conduct. The author, though he has but juſt commenced the career of life, has drank deep of the bitter cup of adverſity; but he has adopted the reſolution, though he has determined never to imitate the conduct, of Sinon, in the motto to this paper

I ſhall conclude with an extract from the works of Dr. Young—one of the moſt ſentimental, moral, and religious writers of the preſent age.

"He that knows not the pure delight, and ever growing tenderneſs of a chaſte love, knows not the moſt the faireſt can beſtow. He that knows not the ſound cordiality, and conſtant warmth, of a diſintereſted friendſhip, knows not the moſt that man can enjoy from man."

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER V.

ESSAY ON FEMALE GENIUS AND EDUCATION.

Mean is the man who never can beſtow
A leaf of laurel to a female brow.

Lines on reading *Philenia's* "OUABI," generally aſcribed to Judge DAWES.

THE theme of the preſent number, probably falls more properly within the province of the general obſerver, and philoſophic moraliſt, than that of an obſcure

ſcure rural eſſayiſt: But the connexion between education and morals is ſo obvious and ſo univerſal, that a few deſultory obſervations on the former ſubject, cannot be conſidered, even by the captious critic, as entirely inapplicable to the latter. And it is an eſtabliſhed axiom, in the literary republic, that he who attempts to contribute to the inſtruction or innocent amuſement of his fellow creatures, however humble his abilities, however contracted the circle which limits his exertions, is entitled to indulgence, if not to applauſe. "A general diffuſion of knowledge," ſays the celebrated Godwin, "is the only remedy for the evils which afflict mankind; and he who increaſes its ſtores, is the moſt uſeful of citizens, and the beſt of benefactors to his fellow mortals."

The benignant influence of female ſociety on the manners and morals of mankind, has been long and univerſally felt, acknowledged, and admired. There is a certain ſpontaneous amiableneſs of diſpoſition, a natural inclination to the ſublime duties of religion, an elevated purity of thought, a ſentimental delicacy of behaviour, an agreeable affability of temper, a compaſſionate ſolicitude for the welfare of others, a brilliant ſublimity of imagination, a vivid warmth of fancy, and a modeſt dignity of deportment, conſpicuous in, and in a great decree peculiar to, the female character. And the man, who can look with cold and inſenſible indifference on the aggregate aſſemblage of ſo many enchanting *mental* charms, heightened by the allurements of *perſonal* beauty; and whoſe admiration and eſteem is not excited by the diſplay of ſo many elegant and uſeful qualities; that man, I ſay, is undeſerving of a ſingle ſmile from the fair daughters of innocence and virtue, and is calculated only for the miſanthropical ſociety of thoſe gloomy, prejudiced, and probably *diſappointed* philoſophers, who have endeavoured to degrade the ſex, in order to impreſs upon the uncharitable part of mankind, an exalted opinion of their own importance, and ſome of whom have poſſeſſed the impious audacity to deny the exiſtence of the ſoul in that

beautiful

beautiful part of the human creation, which has been deſervedly ſtyled "the laſt beſt work of heaven."

The Rev. John Bennett, a late writer, whoſe ſtyle and ſentiments are equally elegant and manly, has depicted the female character in very beautiful and glowing colours.

Young *Ledyard*, the moſt enterpriſing traveller, and one of the moſt ſplendid geniuſes, which America has yet produced, has borne ample teſtimony to that goodneſs of heart, which is the peculiar and almoſt univerſal characteriſtic of the fair ſex. On the frozen mountains of Ruſſia, in the dreary regions of Siberia, or on the parched plains of Africa, the emotions of the female heart, on beholding a fellow creature in diſtreſs, are found to correſpond with Southey's inimitable picture of the heroine of his poem, on a ſimilar occaſion.—

———"*With wildly melting gaze,*
She view'd his wounds. Looſe to the morning breeze
Wav'd her brown hair, and on her rubied cheek
Hung pity's chryſtal gem."

The author, without going beyond the *weſtern* frontiers of his country, has obſerved ſome inſtances of a contrary diſpoſition. Thoſe inſtances, however, are not numerous; and he conſiders them as trivial ſhades in the luminous portrait of female benevolence and beneficence.

How greatly is it to be regretted, that a ſoil ſo prolific of every amiable quality, as the female mind, ſhould be ſo little cultivated! Let me be permitted again to obſerve, that the intereſts of morality are eſſentially connected with the preſent ſubject. In proportion as the mind of a female is illuminated by the torch of education, ſhe is rendered capable of reſiſting the arts of ſeduction. Many country laſſes, many ſimple wives, who have been ruined by the infernal wiles of unprincipled men, wanted only a proper cultivation of

of their latent powers of mind, to enable them to rival, in the reputation of "ſaintly chaſtity," the Penelopes and Lucretias of antiquity. Our fair country women, generally, ſpeaking, are, indeed,

"*Such as the Sabine and Apulian dames*"

were in the days of Horace. But a more general attention to the education of the ſex, would promote the beſt intereſts of mankind, and reflect eternal honor on our country.

Thoſe libels againſt human nature, which denied and ridiculed the pretenſions of the fair ſex to any eminent degree of genius, have of late been unanſwerably refuted. The preſent age, eminently prolific in exalted geniuſes, has produced more than its quota of the DAUGHTERS of ſcience.

The writings of Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, Anna Matilda, Helen Maria Williams, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Radcliffe, and many others, will be read and admired, as long as piety, taſte, ſenſibility, fancy, feeling, and moral ſentiment, ſhall invite the attention, and command the admiration, of mankind. Mrs. Wolſtoncraft has immortalized herſelf by a work in defence of the rights of her ſex, which, with all its eccentricities and errors, is at once curious, ſpirited, agreeable, and inſtructive. Let us attend to what that able and eminent advocate of the ſex, the author of the motto to this number, ſays, in compliment to the Engliſh female literati :—

"*From* Albion's *cliffs what tides of muſic flow,*
When heart ſtruck SEWARD *pours the plaint of woe,*
When CARTER'S *modulated numbers roll,*
And MOORE *and* AIKINS *moralize the ſoul.*"

America in her PHILENIA,* boaſts the honor of inſcribing, upon the roll of the muſes, one of the faireſt names

* *Mrs.* MORTON, *of* Boſton.

names that have ever graced the annals of poetry. Numerous orbs of ſubordinate magnitude in the brilliant conſtellation of female genius and literature, adorn, at the preſent period, the American as well as the European hemiſphere. Mrs. Rowſon, though her works diſplay no marks of tranſcendent genius, is unequalled in the United States, as a noveliſt; and ſhe is entitled to the higher praiſe, as her productions are calculated to inſpire ſuch paſſions and ſentiments only as have a virtuous tendency—a kind of merit which European noveliſts, with the glorious exception of a Richardſon, and a few others, have not been very ambitious of, although many of their productions diſplay great talents and erudition. The eſſayiſt is peculiarly happy in contributing his mite to the deſerved fame of an Adams and a Warren.† The poems which have frequently and elegantly embelliſhed the pages of the Newyork Magazine, under the ſignature of ELLA, are poſſeſſed of infinite merit. Even the ſolitary glades in the remote wilds of Newhampſhire, have been enlivened and animated by the melodious notes of ſome rural poeteſſes, who, though as yet undiſtinguiſhed by the voice of fame, are entitled to a conſiderable degree of eminence and applauſe.

The moraliſt cannot quit the ſubject of his preſent eſſay, without indulging the delightful idea, that an attention to female education, will ſoon become ſo univerſal

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* *To theſe names, the author feels it his duty to add that of Mrs.* MURRAY, *the elegant authoreſs of* "The Gleaner." *The State in which the author lives has not attained a high rank in the republic of letters; and has produced no literary ladies of eminence. Two of the moſt nervous and philoſophical writers America can boaſt, belong, however, to* Vermont—*Judge* CHIPMAN, *and Dr.* WILLIAMS.

May 1, 1798.

univerſal in America, as to juſtify a general application of the obſervation of the poet of nature, who declares the ſex intended

"To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life."

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER VI.

Oh baſe, degen'rate human kind!
Had I a fortune to my mind,
Should GAY *complain?*——

Verſes by a *Lady*, on reading GAY's Fables.

"FORTUNE," ſays the elegant compiler of the *Curioſities of Literature*, "has rarely condeſcended to become the companion of merit." Homer, who has been emphatically and juſtly ſtyled the prince of poets, afflicted at once with poverty and blindneſs, is ſaid to have reſorted to public places, to recite his ſublime verſes for a precarious ſubſiſtence. Xylander, ſold a conſiderable literary work, for a ſingle dinner. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixotte, ſerved in the Spaniſh army, in a ſtation little above that of a private ſoldier, wrote his admirable work in priſon, and is ſaid to have died with hunger. Taſſo, author of *Jeruſalem Delivered*, which ſome critics have extolled as one of the firſt of poems, addreſſed a beautiful ſonnet to his cat, deſiring her to aſſiſt him with the light of her eyes, being too poor to purchaſe a candle. Dryden obtained a ſcanty ſubſiſtence by flattering the follies of the great. Butler and Savage, were wretchedly poor. Otway and Boice,

Boice, almoſt literally ſtarved. The names of Gray, Chatterton, Bruce, and Burns, are recent and ſtriking inſtances of the neglect, which humble merit is deſtined to experience, from inſolent power and unfeeling wealth.

It is difficult, however, to determine, whether the pains or the pleaſures of the *unfortunate* citizens of the republic of letters, are the moſt exquiſite. The ſituation of a man of genius and literary acquirements, who is doomed to hopeleſs poverty, would be truly deplorable, was he not poſſeſſed of "joys which wealth cannot procure." On the one hand, he beholds the vulgar rich, and ignorant great, in the apparent enjoyment of every thing that can render life deſirable, while he feels, to uſe the expreſſive language of one of the unfortunate poets I have juſt mentioned, all the "variety of wretchedneſs;" he beholds undeſerving men fluttering in the ſunſhine of proſperty, while he is obliged to grope in the gloom of adverſity. But, if he has none of the enjoyments and diſtinctions of wealth, he has none of its anxieties and guilt. Unnoticed by thoſe who figure in the circles of faſhion and diſſipation, it is impoſſible, even for the ſtrong arm of power, to deprive him of the converſation of the beſt and greateſt men of paſt ages: He can retire to the ſilent ſhades of ſolitude and contemplation,

"*And hold high converſe with the mighty dead*"—

with Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Shakeſpeare, Pope, Addiſon, Thomſon, &c.—Divine ſociety! Exiled from the *courts* of kings, and the *palaces* of republican preſidents and ſenators, he can ſit down, like Moritz, a late pedeſtrian traveller, "philoſophically, in the ſhade of a green hedge, and read Milton—no friend of kings, though the firſt of poets."

The Rural Moraliſt, without any pretenſions to genius, without any opportunities for extenſive excurſions into the regions of literature, has experienced the contempt of thoſe whom he had a right to deſpiſe; and has felt

"*The*

"The icy fang

And churliſh chiding of the wint'ry winds"

of ſorrow and misfortune. Yet he would turn aſide, with ſupreme delight, from the ſeats of power, and the manſions of affluence, to bedew with his tears the verdant turf that covers the humble grave of a Chatterton or a Michael Bruce. Bruce, that charming bard, who, though depreſſed by poverty, felt himſelf happy, till the irreparable loſs of health, at the age of twenty one, obliged him to ſing,

"Now ſpring returns, but not to me returns

The vernal joy my better years have known."

Sweet poet! Thy name ſhall ever be dear to the ſons and daughters of taſte and ſenſibility!

It is aſtoniſhing, that avarice, a vice ſo repugnant to every moral and religious principle, and to every ſocial and manly ſentiment, ſhould ever uſurp poſſeſſion of the human breaſt. It is, however, a melancholy truth, that thoſe whom fortune has moſt copiouſly bleſſed with the means of encouraging merit, and rewarding genius, are frequently the moſt inattentive to the claims of the one, and the moſt inſenſible to the charms of the other. Wealth and ignorance are generally concomitants. To develope latent genius, to elevate depreſſed merit, is an ineſtimable, I had almoſt ſaid a godlike, privilege. But the tendency of avarice is to "freeze the generous current of the ſoul." To reaſon with men in whoſe minds "*ſelf, ſordid ſelf*, engroſſes every affection," would be uſeleſs; but, "if ſuch there are," who peruſe theſe eſſays, I cannot forbear to preſs upon their attention the ideas of Gray on the ſubject before us, expreſſed in one of the happieſt ſimilies that ever entered into the conception of any poet—

"*Full*

"Full many a gem, of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its fragrance on the deſert air."

Yes, many a village ſwain, poſſeſſed of the genius of a Virgil or a Pope, is deſtined to languiſh in the ſhades of obſcurity! Talents, courage, virtues, which, with the aid of education, might have formed a Beliſarius or a Waſhington, are loſt to the world, while the man who might have enjoyed the divine reflection that he had been the means of giving ſociety one of its brighteſt ornaments, and his country one of its moſt uſeful and diſtinguiſhed ſervants, is employed in counting over, "in ſullen ſilence," his hoarded thouſands!

It is the peculiar privilege of the *rich* man, to be eminently good, and extenſively uſeful—beneficence is his peculiar duty. But it is in the power, and it is equally the duty, of every perſon, to contribute ſomething to the general ſtock of information and happineſs. The author is conſcious of, at leaſt, well meant endeavours to promote the intereſts of learning and virtue; and he embraces the preſent occaſion to urge a more general attention to the eſtabliſhment of ſocial libraries. The uſefulneſs of theſe inſtitutions need not be expatiated upon here. A taſte for reading, is, indeed, beginning to be generally diffuſed; but it wants, perhaps, a direction to proper objects. Rollin's Ancient Hiſtory ought to occupy the firſt place in every library in the world. Controverſial treatiſes on divinity, chymical and metaphyſical diſquiſitions, unintereſting romances, &c. ought to be excluded, to make room for the works of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and Plutarch. It is true that thoſe authors, in their original languages, are not calculated for general peruſal; and Knox, a critic equally learned and judicious, has aſſerted that Engliſh readers, through the medium of tranſlations, can ſcarcely catch a glimpſe of their original ſplendor. To this opinion I cannot accede: I am a warm admirer

mirer of the ancients, but Knox is an enthuſiaſtic one. We have ſome excellent tranſlations of the five claſſical authors abovementioned; particularly thoſe of Pope, Dryden, Duncan, Smart, and Langhorne. The Odyſſey of Homer, alone, as tranſlated by Pope, is worth a thouſand treatiſes on theological and metaphyſical ſubjects. What an enterpriſing and heroic character is Ulyſſes! What a tender, chaſte, and amiable wife, is Penelope! What a dutiful and virtuous ſon is Telemachus! *Southey*, a late and eminent Engliſh poet, ſays, "The good herdſman, Eumæus, is worth a thouſand heroes!"

The moraliſt has the vanity to ſuppoſe, that his candid readers will rather believe him to be deſirous of inſtructing, than fearful of offending by his prolixity. The reception which his eſſays have hitherto met with, authoriſes the idea; and if they continue to pleaſe, and his readers to be edified by the peruſal of them, he will experience ſenſations of pleaſure, which neither the ſarcaſms of the envious, nor the frowns of the imperious, can deprive him of—and which will terminate only with his exiſtence.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER X.

ON KNOX's ESSAYS.

Blame where we muſt, be candid where we can.

POPE.

AN elegant writer of our own country, (Mr. Dennie, author of the *Farrago*, *Lay Preacher*, &c.) will probably ſmile at my application of the epithet *judicious* to the critical labours of VICESSIMUS KNOX.* However,

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* *See the Rural Moraliſt, No. 6.*

However, as I have received great pleaſure, and I flatter myſelf have derived inſtruction from the peruſal of Knox's Eſſays, I feel myſelf under an indiſpenſable obligation to do juſtice to his merit. In my opinion, he is not only a judicious critic, and an excellent moraliſt, but an elegant writer; any thing in the "Farrago" to the contrary notwithſtanding. As perfection is not the lot of human nature, perhaps every writer of eminence, in ſome inſtances, may have been guilty of turgidity; but the bombaſtic ſtyle is by no means a characteriſtic of the writings of Knox. His obſervations on domeſtic life, his addreſſes to young ſcholars, his remarks on the art of printing, and ſeveral of his critical eſſays, are written with peculiar elegance, and no inconſiderable degree of truly *attic* ſimplicity. His remarks on novel reading, on voyages and travels, on the poetical character of Addiſon, on the ſtyle of Xenophon and Plato, on the poetry of ſcripture, and on the Engliſh periodical eſſayiſts, appear to me to diſplay the true ſpirit of criticiſm. Yet I cannot ſubſcribe to every one of his opinions. His ardent attachment to the eſtabliſhed religion of his country, has occaſioned ſome reflections on the Engliſh TACITUS,* which bear the marks of unreaſonable prejudices. Perhaps, in a ſingle inſtance or two, he may deſerve the epithet of "rigid;" but the fine vein of liberal and philanthropic morality which runs through all his lucubrations, would not have diſgraced a Socrates or a Tully. With me it is not one of his leaſt merits, that he is warmly attached to Chriſtianity. As a politician, when we reflect that he wrote under a monarchical government, and was attached to the eſtabliſhed national religion, we cannot refuſe him the applauſe which is due to the advocates of liberty.

Here perhaps we have a clue, by which we may diſcover the ſource of that violent antipathy which our learned

† *Mr.* Gibbon, *the celebrated author of the* "*Decline and Fall of Rome.*"

learned countryman ſeems to entertain againſt Knox. The former, though a citizen of one of the freeſt republics on earth, poſſeſſes political principles, rigidly ariſtocratical, and probably monarchical. The latter, though a ſubject of an arbitrary government, diſplays, in his writings, much of the genuine ſpirit of patriotiſm. Candour, however, forbids us to entertain the belief, that a mind ſo enlarged and liberal as that of Mr. Dennie, can poſſibly be bigotted, either in politics or religion. I would rather, on reflection, ſuppoſe him to be guided by the ſentiments of Churchill—

"Opinion ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the liberal ſoul diſdains:
Nor can, though true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend."

Knox's Eſſays, conſidered in the aggregate, are replete with uſeful entertainment, and moral inſtruction. But it is going too far in his favour, to aſſert that his ſtyle will bear a compariſon with that of Addiſon or of Swift: Compared with thoſe Engliſh claſſics, he is deficient, not only in eaſe and ſimplicity, but alſo in perſpicuity. His ſtyle is ſometimes *learned*, to a degree bordering on pedantry; ſometimes *verboſe*, to a degree bordering on tautology. My chief objects are, to acquit him of turgidity, and to recommend the peruſal of his work, to juvenile readers in particular, on account of the pure morality, and intereſting information, which it contains.

Although Mr. Dennie's remarks upon Knox, appear to me, generally ſpeaking, illiberal and unjuſt; and although

although the political opinions of that gentleman are eſſentially different from my own; yet I ſhould have to reproach myſelf with an act of the greateſt injuſtice, was I to withhold the applauſe which is ſo juſtly due to his literary character. He merits, in my opinion, the appellation of the American ADDISON. I ſhall never forget that he was the editor of the *Tablet*, a literary plant, which, though its infancy exhibited indications of perennial verdure and fragrance, was unſuited to the ſoil of Boſton, where "*Peruvian dews*" do not deſcend in "copious ſhowers," to expand the latent bloſſoms of genius, and revive the drooping flowers of literature.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XIII.

So dear to heaven is ſaintly chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveri'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each ſign of ſin and guilt.

MILTON.

CHASTITY, or contineney, is a virtue of primary rank. It ought to be aſſiduouſly cultivated, and highly reverenced. It is altogether lovely; it is indeed divine. The moſt diſtant alluſions to impure ſubjects ought to be baniſhed from the converſation of civilized ſociety. Parents, of all denominations and conditions, ſhould exhibit an invariable example to youth of both ſexes, not only of the moſt rigid connubial fidelity, but of decency and chaſtity, in behaviour and language. How ſhockingly diſguſting, how degrading to human nature, is the practice of many fathers,

fathers, who, in preſence of children of both ſexes, in preſence of their own children indulge themſelves in indecent language! Parents thus become, in effect, the panders of their own offspring. It is an immutable axiom, that "the ſtreams will be impure if the fountain is corrupt."

"*'Tis education forms the infant mind,*
Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd,"

Says one of the firſt of poets. Unleſs the *infant* is trained to a modeſt deportment, the *child* will certainly deviate from the road of virtue. In youth, every weak place where vice can aſſail the heart, every avenue by which it can ſilently approach, ought to be cautiouſly guarded.

How truly amiable does the character of Lucretia appear in ancient ſtory! Though her body was polluted by the impious and tyrannical Tarquin, yet her mind was always pure. She ſcorned to live, when robbed of that which alone could render life deſirable, her reputation. The circumſtance of her being a Pagan was ſufficient to extenuate the guilt of ſuicide; and her abhorrence of adultery renders her an object of admiration. What an unexampled pattern of conjugal conſtancy has Homer given us in Penelope! Every daughter of Eve ought to read, and meditate upon, the hiſtory of Lucretia, and the Odyſſey of Homer.

As an illuſtrious example to his own ſex, the Moraliſt will produce the great Scipio. Though the circumſtances I am going to narrate frequently occur in hiſtory, yet they may be novel to ſome of my juvenile readers; and the ſtory at large can never be repeated too often.

The city of Carthagena, in Spain, was taken by ſtorm, by the Roman army under the command of Scipio. Among the priſoners was a virgin of exquiſite beauty. The conqueror, when he firſt beheld her,

was

was almoſt thunderſtruck with her charms. Recovering himſelf, however, he enquired of her, in the moſt condeſcending manner, reſpecting her birth and connexions. On being informed that ſhe was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, he ordered her lover and her parents to appear in his preſence; and addreſſed the former in a ſpeech, which the poet, Thomſon, has elegantly verſified as follows:

"We both are young; both charm'd. The right of war
Has put thy beauteous miſtreſs in my power;
With whom I could, in the moſt ſacred ties,
Live out a happy life. But know that Romans
Their hearts as well as enemies can conquer.
Then take her to thy ſoul, and with her take
Thy liberty and kingdom."

It is impoſſible to convey an adequate idea of the feelings, not only of thoſe who were particularly intereſted, but of every beholder, on this occaſion. Scipio, after much intreaty, accepted a large ſum of money which the relations of the lady had deſtined for her ranſom; and immediately gave it to the happy pair, as a marriage preſent.

I cannot do juſtice to the ſubject, without ſubjoining the poet's deſcription of the concluſion of this ſublime ſcene—

"Extatic wonder held the lovers mute;
While the loud camp and all the cluſt'ring crowd
That hung around, rang with repeated ſhouts.
Fame took th' alarm, and through reſounding Spain
Blew faſt the fair report; which, more than arms,
Admiring nations to the Romans gain'd."

THE

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XVIII.

Falſely luxurious, will not man awake,
And ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due, and ſacred ſong?

THOMSON.

THE pleaſures and the advantages of early riſing, have been the favourite theme of the moſt celebrated poets and philoſophers. Milton, in his excellent tract on education, expreſſes himſelf in this remarkable manner: "In the vernal ſeaſon of the year, when the air is calm and pleaſant, it were an injury and ſullenneſs againſt nature, not to go out and ſee her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth." Arguments would be uſeleſs to eſtabliſh the poſition that indolence is unfavourable to mental and moral improvement, and that induſtry produces a contrary effect. An exceſſive indulgence in ſleep relaxes the nerves of the body, and depreſſes the powers of the mind. Early riſing and temperate exerciſe, invigorate the one and revive the other. A morning walk, devoted to "meditation and ſacred ſong," is not only conducive to bodily health and intellectual improvement, but is truly a chriſtian duty. It needs, however, no other recommendation than the pleaſures which attend it.

The various appearances of nature, in a fine vernal morning, tend to enlarge our ideas, and fill the ſoul with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations. The "golden globe" of day, emerging from apparent darkneſs, and pouring "a flood of glory" and radiance over the benighted world, cannot fail to impreſs a contemplative mind with a ſublime idea of that Being from whom its beams emanate. The lapſe of waters and the ſong of birds,

are

are objects indescribably delightful. I often wander forth, at a very early hour, to observe "the dew upon the tender herb," and listen to the music of the thicket. The air is pleasant and salubrious. Every breeze is balm, and every gale is health. All is one varying, yet unvaried scene, of peace, harmony and beauty. The hills are "white over with sheep," and the cattle low in the vales. In one place the blooming fruit trees, in another Flora's exuberant simplicity, arrest my attention. The groves, the lawns—

"*The laughing lawn, the frowning footless grove,*"

are decked with variegated verdure. My heart involuntarily dilates with feelings of gratitude to Heaven, and of beneficence to my fellow creatures.

On yonder tree the redbreast has built her nest. Presume not, thoughtless man, to violate the sacred repository. If you have ever been guilty of this kind of cruelty, if you have ever heard the plaintive tale of a bereaved mother, say to yourself in the words of an anonymous bard,

And is it I who cause this moan?
I, who so oft, in summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have sat me down,
To listen to their song so sweet.

Confine not your benevolence and compassion to your own species. Extend it to the whole world of animated nature.

The present subject is a fruitful source of moral reflections. Youth has been called the morning of existence; and the inimitable author of the Rambler has presented us with "the journey of a day," which exhibits a vivid "picture of human life." While we "muse along" beneath the beams of the morning, and mark the dissolving dews, how imperceptibly, yet rapidly,

idly, does the hour of noon approach. Hence we may learn a uſeful leſſon—not to loſe a ſingle moment of our precious time. We muſt improve the morn of life, or its noon will be unpleaſant and unfruitful, its evening languid and unhappy. How often is the ſplendour of the morning ſun ſuddenly eclipſed! How often does the furious ſtorm ſucceed the gentle breeze! Then the warblers fly the meads and the glades, and ſeek the receſſes of the covert.—Striking emblem of the viciſſitudes of human life! When the ſtorms of miſfortune ſucceed the gales of proſperity—when faithleſs friends, and a frowning world, fill our cup of ſorrow to the brim, may we have a "covert" to reſort to, where we may reſt ſecure from them all! May we early learn to repoſe our hopes on the "Rock of Ages," and, when the world forſakes us, to forſake the world, and ſeek the divine conſolations of chriſtianity!

Did I name the chriſtian ſyſtem? Yes, and I am not aſhamed to advocate it, in an age when the fooliſh plagiariſms of Ethan Allen, and the impious witticiſms of Thomas Paine,* lead thouſands aſtray from the paths of wiſdom and truth.

Solomon ſays, the good houſe wife riſeth early in the morning. How beautifully does the ſame philoſopher ſatirize thoſe who indulge themſelves in *a little more ſlumber, a little more folding of the hands to ſleep!* Can any perſon read Milton's "Adam and Eve's morning hymn," and not become a convert to his ſentiments? In Livingſton's *Philoſophic Solitude*, incomparably the nobleſt effuſion of poetic genius which our country can boaſt, the reader is preſented with a picture of morning, ſo

* *Here I might have added, the* erroneous philoſophiſms *of C. F. Volney. At Galliopolis, on the Ohio, in July,* 1796, *I had the happineſs of forming an acquaintance with Mr. Volney; and I ſincerely regret that talents and virtues, like thoſe of this eminent philoſopher and traveller, ſhould be employed in a vain attempt to overthrow Chriſtianity.*

June 16, 1797.

ſo vivid, glowing, and alluring that it ought to arouſe the moſt indolent, and animate the moſt inattentive.

Odiorne, another favorite of the American muſe, thus deſcribes the village boy, going forth to his early taſk :

See too the ſprightly youth ! for the delights
Of nature he gains early fondneſs, ſprings
Alert and joyful from his couch, when ſcarce
The quiriſters have yet awaked, to rouſe
The ſlumbering world, and cheer them to their taſk.

PROGRESS of REFINEMENT, B. 1.

Homer, always grand and poetical, is never more ſublime or more pleaſing, than in the deſcriptions of morning, which occur in almoſt every book of the Iliad and Odyſſey.

Solomon, at once the accurate philoſopher, and the elegant poet, thus beautifully ſings : " Lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone ! The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The figtree putteth forth its green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my fair one, and come away."

Whenever I indulge myſelf in repoſe after the ſun has riſen, the ſonorous ſtrains of the lark, the plaintive notes of the redbreaſt, and the ſprightly ſong of the linnet, perching around my window, reproach me for giving myſelf up to idleneſs, while (to borrow the beautiful language of the Mantuan bard) " the morning is new," and the univerſal face of nature inviting and animating.

May this feeble eſſay excite, at leaſt, the youthful part of my readers, to " ſpring from the bed of ſloth," and ſhake off the chains of inglorious indolence ! If we ſuffer the evil habit to " grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen

ſtrengthen with our ſtrength," the pathetic exhortation of the moral poet, and that divine command, "*Go to the ant, thou ſluggard*," may be reiterated a thouſand times in vain.

VALEDICTORY.

The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
And the poſſeſſion of a peaceful grave.

HOMER.

HORACE, in the laſt ode of his third book, ſays—"I have executed a monument more laſting than braſs, and more ſublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which the waſting rain, the unavailing north wind, or an innumerable ſucceſſion of years, and the flight of ſeaſons, ſhall not be able to demoliſh. I ſhall continually be renewed in the praiſes of poſterity." The ſame poet ſpeaks well of himſelf, in his Epiſtle "To his Book." Indeed no good reaſon can be aſſigned why authors, as well as other men, ſhould not have a good opinion of *themſelves*. Cicero, one of the greateſt men the world ever ſaw, was as much diſtinguiſhed for vanity as for eloquence. Even the modeſt Addiſon, has given us a ſketch of the fine things he imagined would be ſaid of him in after ages. Surely I need not bluſh to imitate ſuch illuſtrious examples.

I imagine, then, that poſterity,

"*If e'er poſterity ſee verſe of mine,*"

will give me the following character.

"Young ELLIOT poſſeſſed ſeveral of the eccentricities, and a few of the uſeful qualities, of genius. But his genius was far from being of the moſt exalted kind.

Nature

Nature, perhaps, intended him for a poet; he had not in his compoſition, ſcarce a ſingle particle of what conſtitutes the philoſopher. He was naturally ardent, ambitious, and ſtrongly attached to the principles of liberty, which was in ſome meaſure the conſequence of his humble ſituation. Nature had given him ſtrong appetites for ſenſual pleaſures; but he early learned to reſtrain his inclinations within the bounds marked out by reaſon and morality. He had violent paſſions and prejudices. In manners he was far from being poliſhed. In converſation he was ſometimes irritable and dogmatic. In friendſhip he was warm and ſincere. Like Burns, he was ſuſceptible of the "friendly glow, and *ſofter flame.*" In religion he was neither bigotted nor enthuſiaſtic. He was a firm believer in Chriſtianity, but never attached himſelf to the opinions or prejudices of any particular denomination. He regarded every good man as his friend, every Chriſtian as his brother.

"In youth he was infected with the *itch of writing.* He collected and publiſhed his lucubrations, at an early age, and never afterwards reſumed the pen. Some paſſages in his writings are yet read with pleaſure; the reſt have ſunk into oblivion, and they did not deſerve a better fate. He was poor, but independent; unfortunate, but honeſt. He poſſeſſed a ſoul of exquiſite ſenſibility. He ſubſiſted by his own induſtry, and if he ever wiſhed for riches, it was becauſe he wiſhed to be enabled to do good. Had he yielded to the popular prejudices of his time, and ſervilely flattered the great, it is probable he might have obtained promotion. But he frequently ſaid that he would rather go to priſon for ſpeaking his ſentiments, than to Congreſs for diſſembling them. Had he been the arbiter of his own fortune, he would have preferred a decent competency, in the ſilent ſolitude of rural life, to all the ſplendor of nobility, all the pomp of office. He early bid adieu to what the world calls pleaſure. The few hours he was not obliged to devote to buſineſs, were ſpent in the ſtudy of claſſic authors, or of the politics of the times.

He

He lived, and died, A CHRISTIAN, AND A REPUBLICAN."

I ſhall conclude with an extract from a poet whom I have already quoted more than once;—and I beg my readers to be ſo candid as to believe, that in the application which I make of it, I do myſelf no more than juſtice.

"MY COUNTRY!
To ſhake thy ſenate, and from heights ſublime
Of patriot eloquence, to flaſh down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my taſk;
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and ſorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there."

COWPER'S *Taſk.*

June 16, 1797.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

[*The foregoing work was prepared and deſtined for the preſs in June*, 1797. *Certain circumſtances prevented its publication at that time. The* "RURAL MORALIST," *was afterwards reſumed, and the ſeveral numbers furniſhed by the author, together with two ſpecimens of the literary abilities of his aſſiſtants in that taſk, compoſe this* APPENDIX.]

May 1, 1798.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXI.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From theſe by turns the cup of man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt he gives of both; the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed,

HOMER.

PHILOSOPHERS of "other times" have indulged many curious ſpeculations reſpecting the introduction, both of natural and moral evil, into the world. However, the ſublime author of Geneſis has ever appeared to me to ſolve the problem, in a manner much more ſatisfactory, than the ancient theoriſts of the Lyceum, or the Bolingbrokes and Volneys of the preſent age. But, without entering into a theological diſquiſition, it is obvious that evil does exiſt; and it is not difficult to demonſtrate that it is a wiſe allotment of Providence.

If vice did not exiſt, virtue would be but a name Were mankind univerſally and completely virtuous, we

ſhould be a different race of beings, and the earth would not be a ſuitable habitation for us. Chained down, by neceſſity, to any uniform line of conduct whatever, human life would, at leaſt, be an inſipid ſtate of being. Natural evil is equally neceſſary, in our preſent ſtate of exiſtence. Pleaſure is always "daſhed with pain;" and experience of the latter gives a zeſt to the enjoyment of the former. It has often been obſerved, and the author knows the obſervation to be true, that the recollection of, and reflection upon, paſt pains and ſufferings, are among the ſublimeſt pleaſures human nature is capable of enjoying. Neſtor, at the ſiege of Troy, ſeems happier when recounting the toils and exploits of his youth, than when ſeated on the throne of Pyle, arrayed in all the gorgeous pomp of royalty, and amidſt the homage of ſurrounding thouſands.

In this life, vice is often fortunate, and virtue unſucceſsful. Modeſt merit gropes in adverſity and depreſſion, while inſolent ignorance and vicious ambition wear the ſplendid robes of affluence and honor. Religion is ridiculed, morality deſpiſed, modeſty inſulted, genius neglected; and Shakeſpeare beheld

"*The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

Some are almoſt wretched; none are invariably happy. We can enjoy Bunyan's bliſsful region of Beulah, only in idea. But all this is no impeachment upon that Being, who educes good from evil, and orders all things in infinite mercy and juſtice. On the contrary, it is an irreſiſtible argument in favour of a future ſtate of exiſtence, and of rewards and puniſhments.

This doctrine ought not to encourage immorality or ſcepticiſm, and will not, when rightly conſidered. It ought rather to lead us to the practice of pure morality, which alone can produce happineſs. Wit may ſparkle, wealth may glitter; but their luſtre is not laſting. Ambition and pleaſure may delude us with their ſiren voices, may enchant us with their viſionary proſpects; but the ideal

ideal ſcene will ſoon vaniſh, like the beggar's dream of a golden mountain. Genuine, heaven born virtue only, can beſtow perennial joy and ſatisfaction.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXIV.

For me, when I forget to praiſe my God,
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

THOMSON.

MERCIER, a French author of conſiderable eminence, aſſures us, that the great Sir Iſaac Newton never pronounced the name of Deity, without bowing his head in a moſt expreſſive and reverent manner. It cannot be denied, that the manners of the preſent time exhibit a remarkable and melancholy contraſt to the conduct of Newton, and the ſentiments of the poet of the Seaſons and of Nature, expreſſed in my motto.

Philoſophers and divines frequently tell us of four *cardinal virtues.* Perhaps it may be a perverſion of terms, but it will ſtrikingly illuſtrate my preſent ſubject, to ſuppoſe the exiſtence, I may ſay the prevalence, of four *cardinal vices.* Profanity, at the preſent period, muſt ſtand at the head of the liſt. The other three are, drunkenneſs, gambling, and lewdneſs.

We have long been retrograding from the pious manners of our good old forefathers. In ſome reſpects, this retrogradation has been attended with good effects. Intolerance, bigotry, ſuperſtition, have given way to a ſpirit of religious freedom and liberality. But is there not danger of falling into the oppoſite extreme, and, in the words of the American Strabo, of "liberalizing away

away all true religion?" Let the preſent very general prevalence of immoral habits and manners, particularly the blaſphemous manner in which we every moment hear the awful name of Jehovah mentioned, anſwer this intereſting queſtion. To extinguiſh a ſenſe of moral duties, is to ſtifle the voice of conſcience. Religion cannot poſſibly ſurvive the downfall of morality.

"We are apt," ſays an elegant author, quoted by the writer of the life of Chaucer, prefixed to the late edition of the Britiſh poets, "to form romantic and exaggerated notions about the moral innocence of our anceſtors." The aſſertion that this obſervation is ſtrictly true, is ſtrongly corroborated by the many licentious paſſages, the many irreverent and ridiculous oaths and exclamations, which we find in Chaucer, and every other old Engliſh poet of note. But, in America, it cannot be denied, that immorality and profaneneſs have, of late years, made rapid ſtrides. Family prayer, religious duties univerſally, are very unfaſhionable. What elſe ſhould be expected, when even *republicaniſm* is becoming *unpopular?* A celebrated modern orator exclaimed—"Begin with the infant in his cradle; let the firſt word he liſps be *Waſhington*!" This was a laudable expreſſion; it was the language of a generous enthuſiaſm for liberty and its diſtinguiſhed advocates. But our infant children, inſtead of being taught to implore benediction upon the heroes of their country, are led by imitation to ſpeak of their God and their Saviour, with as little emotion, with leſs reſpect, than they would mention the names of their moſt ordinary acquaintances!

Theſe things ought not to be ſo. Prayer in private families ought to be revived. The prophet Jeremiah ſpake divinely, when he called upon God, to "*Pour out thy wrath upon the families that call not upon thy name!*" The Sabbath ought to be held ſacred. Public worſhip ought to be conſtantly attended. Superſtition and hypocriſy ought not to be indiſcriminately aſcribed to every one, who makes a profeſſion of religion. On this ſubject, parents, guardians, and tutors, ought ſeriouſly

ſeriouſly to "pauſe and ponder, and ponder and pauſe." To the youthful claſs of readers, the Rural Moraliſt can addreſs himſelf with more propriety. Permit me, young friends, to exhort you to pay that attention to the ſubject of this eſſay, which its infinite and everlaſting importance deſerves. If you have been led, by example, or by your own inattention, to think theſe things of little conſequence, let the name of Newton dart conviction into your minds. Peruſe, repeatedly peruſe, that moſt moral of all poems, "The Seaſons." Read my motto a thouſand times over. In ſpite of all the pride of philoſophy, in ſpite of the cavils of deiſts, you are told, upon authority, which you ought to eſteem as divine, that "*The Lord your God will not hold him guiltleſs, who taketh his name in vain.*"

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXVII.

For that ſame ground that beareth the weeds wicke,
Beareth alſo the wholeſome herbs full oft;
And next to the foul nettle, rough and thick,
The roſe appeareth ſweet, and ſmooth, and ſoft;
And next the valley is the hill aloft;
And next the gloomy night is the glad morrow;
And alſo joy is next the end of ſorrow.

CHAUCER.

THIS paſſage, tranſcribed from the works of the celebrated father of Engliſh poetry, contains a number of deſcriptive alluſions, as beautiful as any in Homer, Virgil, Oſſian, or Milton, unqueſtionably the

four greateſt geniuſes that have ever adorned the annals of the Muſes.

The tranſition from pleaſure to pain, and *vice verſa*, is natural and eaſy. Human nature is ſo conſtituted, that exceſſive pleaſure always produces ſubſequent pain, and exceſſive pain generally produces ſubſequent pleaſure. Our proſpects are ſometimes ſo unpromiſing, that ſcarcely a ray of hope reflects its radiance amid the gloomy ſcene; ſuddenly a fortunate reverſe occurs, and we enjoy ſatisfaction in an equally exquiſite degree. Sometimes a conſtant flow of good fortune gives ſuch an animation to our ſpirits, as to render us regardleſs of futurity, and confident of laſting joy; ſome unexpected event then frequently takes place, which mars our pleaſures, and ſinks us comparatively low in adverſity. Such is the diſpenſation of a righteous Providence, whoſe arrangements it would be equally vain and wicked for us to impeach. In No. 21 of this work, the reader has obſerved ſome obſervations, not entirely irrelevant to the ſubject under conſideration. My preſent object is, to illuſtrate the ſubject, by dilating on its analogy to the different ſeaſons of the year. A trite theme, indeed, for a moraliſt, but an almoſt inexhauſtible one.

It is now, if I may uſe the expreſſion, the *autumn* of autumn. October is expiring, and the cloſe of the enſuing month will uſher in

"*The cold froſty ſeaſon of December.*"

The early and evening birds of the gayer ſeaſons have ceaſed to warble, the flowers have ceaſed to adorn the face of nature, the foliage of the trees is fading away, and is driven about in air by the "rocking winds." How lately our hearts beat high amid the beauties, the gratulations, the general joy and gaiety of ſpring! How lately we were charmed by contemplating the delightful ſcenes of an exuberant ſummer! How rapidly "the things of this world paſs away!" To the philoſophic mind, the preſent ſeaſon is fruitful in uſeful reflections. "The laſt month of autumn," ſays the elegant

gant and moral *Lay Preacher*, "preſents, in every driving gale, and on every diſcoloured leaf, ſome memorandum of nature's change; and if, after the firſt fluſh of life is over, we inquire for thoſe once foremoſt in attachment and prodigal of profeſſions, we ſhall find, in the emphatical language of the eaſt, "that the love of many has waxed cold," and that man, as well as plants, alters with the ſeaſon."

But my readers may bid me aſk myſelf, in the words of Virgil,

Quid tempeſtates autumni et ſidera dicam?

"Why ſhould I deſcribe the tempeſts and ſtars of autumn?" Let me now exhibit the more pleaſing part of the portrait.

The rich harveſt is gathered, our barns and granaries are filled, our habitations are ſtored with the comforts of life; a beneficent Providence has made ample proviſion for our neceſſities during the approaching dreary ſeaſon. If angry ſkies and conflicting ſtorms forbid us to purſue buſineſs, or enjoy pleaſure in the open air, ſtill domeſtic joys, the endearing converſation of relatives and friends, the pleaſing prattle of children, and the ſublimer mental pleaſures of reading and ſtudy, may be ours, and are equally grateful, "whether rays dart, or rain patters, on our roofs." A benevolent God has given us enjoyments equally ſuited to blooming ſpring, expanding ſummer, declining autumn, and dying winter.

Moraliſts are continually reminding us, that though the different ſeaſons of the year obſerve an invariable order of revolution, it is not ſo in human life. We are certain that another ſpring will ſucceed the approaching winter, that roſes and violets will again diffuſe their odours over the vallies, ſportive cattle and lambkins ſkip and bleat upon the verdant mountains, and rural ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes "lead up the dance by moonlight." The ſame great genius, from whom I have extracted my motto, ſays—

For I have ſeen of a full miſty morning
Follow full oft a merry ſummer's day;
And after winter followeth green May. The

The three firſt ſeaſons of the year are analogous to the three firſt ſtages of our lives. But the analogy holds no farther. Age has never been renovated, mankind have never been able to exchange the wan hue of *ſixty* for the roſeate fluſh of *ſixteen*, ſince the fabulous age of Iolaus and Juturna. When we once feel the chilling froſt of life's dreary winter, not a zephyr again will blow, not a flower again will bloom.

Diſagreeable as the preſent ſeaſon is, we are unwilling to part with it for one ſtill more ſevere. We look back with regret on the delightful ſcenes we have juſt paſſed through, anticipate their return, and ſeem anxious to wiſh away the hours, till another ſpring arrives. It is ſomething ſo in the autumn of the year of life. We review our paſt days, and all ſeems pleaſing. We exclaim, "we have lived juſt long enough to know how to enjoy life, and now muſt abandon it and its enjoyments forever!" However unhappy we have been, pleaſure greatly overbalances pain in the retroſpect. We now wiſh to put far off the *evil day* of death. We cling to exiſtence, even till we have nothing left us worth exiſting for. As age advances, we ſeem ſtrangely faſcinated to imagine we can yet enjoy youthful pleaſures, though our reaſon revolts at the thought. The idea of the ancients, of Pandora's box of evils, with *hope* at the bottom, was certainly juſt and happy, in every poſſible point of view.

We ought, indeed, patiently to await the hour of diſſolution. But inſtead of repining at its approach, or ſinking into a ſtate of languor and torpitude, we ought to endeavour to bring our minds into ſuch a frame, to have our conſciences ſo "void of offence," that we can confidently and joyfully anticipate a better *order of things* hereafter.

The ſpring of life is generally a ſeaſon of ardency and gaiety; its ſummer, of animation and exuberance; its autumn ought to be a time of tranquility and reflection; we ought then to have gathered our harveſt of good works, and be prepared to ſpend our hours, in the dark days of winter, in cheerful reſignation and

pious

pious contemplation. Epicurean enthuſiaſts may extol pleaſure, and deride virtue; ſceptics may pretend to doubt its exiſtence, from the unhappy contraſt which the writings and lives of profeſſed moraliſts too frequently exhibits. Still virtue is the ſame, immutable and eternal, like its divine author. A conſciouſneſs of good intentions, a retroſpect of virtuous actions, are the only things which can gild the evening of our lives, and ſmooth our thorny paſſage to the tomb. If we uſe our beſt endeavours to regulate our conduct by the unerring ſtandard of divine truth, if we do as we would be done by, we ſhall indeed find, at the cloſe of life, that eternal "*joy is next the end of* temporal *ſorrow.*"

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXVIII.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviſcitur?
Quod ſi pudica mulier in partem juvant
Domum atque dulces liberos,
Sacrum vetuſtis exſtruat lignis focum
Laſſi ſub adventum viri—&c.

HORACE.

THE agreeable, lively, and witty poet Horace, in his 2d Epode, delineates the moſt pleaſing picture of rural life, that I recollect to have read in any author, not even Virgil excepted. His favourite ſwain ſeems to combine the different characters of huſbandman, ſhepherd, and hunter; and, though a Roman, his life and

and enjoyments nearly reſemble thoſe which poets are ſo fond of aſcribing, excluſively, to the ancient Arcadians. He is repreſented in a retired ſituation, tilling his patrimonial inheritance with his own cattle; remote from the ſuperb edifices of the great, and the din and litigation of the city; unalarmed by the trump of war, regardleſs of the roaring of the ocean. In ſpring and ſummer, he leads the vine to "twine her marriageable arms" about the poplar, or the elm; prunes and ingrafts; views his herds, wandering in the fertile valley, or grazing on the ſunny hill; ſtores his honey; or robs his tender ſheep of their fleeces. In autumn, he gathers the rich harveſt of fruits and wine, and offers ſacrifices to Priapus, god of gardens, and Sylvanus, a deity of the woods and the guardian of his land marks. Sometimes he ſtretches his limbs under an old oak, on nature's verdant carpet, while deſcending cataracts, murmuring fountains, and warbling birds, lull him to repoſe and ſlumber. In winter, he is engaged in the toils and pleaſures of the chaſe.—The picture is ſketched from nature; it is an elegant, but not a complete one. The poet then aſks, in the words of my motto, "Amongſt ſuch joys as theſe, who does not forget thoſe miſchievous anxieties, which are the property of love?" He proceeds—"But if a chaſte wife, aſſiſting on her part in the management of the houſe and children, piles the ſacred hearth with old wood, milks the fruitful kine, and prepares the unbought collation, for her weary huſband, at his return from hunting," his happineſs is complete. In this inſtance, a wife is evidently "the one thing needful." But Horace, like many modern moraliſts, did not always "practice what he preached." It is very certain that he was never married.

Even deiſts can ſcarcely avoid confeſſing that marriage is an inſtitution of divine origin. It is the grand ſource, cement and ſupport of the moſt eſtimable joys of life. If we admit this truth, and then look around us, upon the thouſands, who kneel at Hymen's altar, the following queſtion will occur: If marriage is the ſtate beſt calculated to produce and inſure human happineſs,

pineſs, how is it that there is ſo much *miſery* in the world, where there ought to be *felicity?* A few reflections on the conduct of the candidates for hymenial happineſs, themſelves, as well as of their parents and friends, may poſſibly afford a clue, whereby we may be enabled to cut the *gordianknot* of this intereſting queſtion.

Too many young people, without ſcarcely a moment's reflection, obey the unreſtrained impulſes of an amorous paſſion, and marry prematurely. They ought to conſider that, in ſuch an important affair, not only a congeniality of tempers and diſpoſitions, which can be aſcertained only by a long and intimate acquaintance, but the proſpect of, at leaſt, a competency for the ſupport of a family, ought to be contemplated. Dr. Watts, in his "Few Happy Matches," has a fine thought on this ſubject, expreſſed, if my memory ſerves me, in the following manner:—

Not the waſt herd of nymphs and ſwains,
Who thoughtleſs ruſh into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

I am aware that the great Franklin, and almoſt every one of our American authors, warmly recommended early marriages. In this country, where the means of ſubſiſtence, comparatively ſpeaking, are eaſily obtained, young men may calculate more liberally upon this ſubject than in the populous regions of the old world. But even here, in theſe expenſive times, the ſupport of a family is a very ſerious matter. Families are generally compoſed of ſo many members, that few of our young men become heirs to any conſiderable eſtate. And, in the acquiſition of property, as well as the enjoyment of perſonal liberty, we ſhall ſoon have to ſtruggle with all the

the complicated influence of a growing ariſtocracy, "There is a natural effort in all ſocieties, to confer power and wealth on a few at the expenſe of the many."* The Rural Moraliſt is perhaps too much of a politician; but he cannot forbear ſpeaking truth on all occaſions.

I have often thought that the medium between twenty and thirty, generally ſpeaking, is the proper age for marriage. Beardleſs boys, and girls of ſixteen, may *think* of matrimony, but ſhould not be permitted to taſte its pleaſures, till their perſons and underſtandings are equally mature.

An old bachelor poſſeſſed of an eſtate competent to ſupport a wife decently, I always deſpiſe. A character, like the philoſopher Newton, almoſt ſuperhuman, may indeed claim an exemption from ſuch cenſure. Old maids, generally, I ſincerely and feelingly pity. On viewing a virtuous and deſerving woman, approaching the meridian of life, unmarried, much the ſame emotion is excited in my mind, as when I ſee a man of genius and merit, ſtruggling with poverty and the neglect of the world.

But it is undoubtedly better, for perſons of both ſexes, to live ſingle till thirty, and enjoy competency and contentment afterwards, than to ruſh into the matrimonial connexion unprepared, and, for a tranſient *honeymoon* of pleaſure, experience a long life of trouble and penury.

In marriage, which ſhould be purely an affair of the heart, every mercenary idea ought, as far as poſſible, to be excluded. But parents are certainly juſtifiable in refuſing to unite a deſerving daughter to a young man, however meritorious, who has no proſpect before him, but hopeleſs poverty: Unleſs, indeed, the parents, themſelves, are able to place the young couple in a decent way of living. On the other hand, parents, becauſe themſelves are rich, ought not to oppoſe the union of a ſon with a poor girl, if ſhe is otherwiſe worthy of his love. In fine, fathers and mothers can hardly be

* *Gen.* LYMAN's *ſpeech in congreſs, March* 16, '96.

be too cautious in contravening the affections of young people; though they ought to see that those affections are guided by reason, to offer good advice, and enforce it with all the energy of argument and persuasion.

Matrimony, without the sincerest affection, is, literally, to use a vulgar expression, *a little hell upon earth.* It can only produce permanent felicity,

"Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine."

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXX.

Flattering fortune falsely so beguil'd,
That lo she slew, where erst full smooth she smil'd!

SACKVILLE.

SO the coquettish dame has often done. She is not to be trusted. We ought equally to avoid being elevated by her smiles, or depressed by her frowns.

In our pilgrimage through this vale of mortality, we are unavoidably subject to innumerable cares, anxieties, and misfortunes. Such is the unalterable law of our nature. A silent and religious resignation to the arrangements of Providence, will mitigate our sufferings, and render our journey easy and comfortable. We ought to endeavour to be, in as great a degree as possible, independent of the incalculable, and often unaccountable, vicissitudes and revolutions of Fortune. To do this, our principal reliance must be on a future state of existence.

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As our minds ought to be cheerful and reſigned, when the furious ſtorms of adverſity aſſail us, ſo they ought to be placid and ſerene, when the ſmooth gales of proſperity blow in our favour. To be proud of our good fortune, is equally inconſiſtent with philoſophy and religion. Pride, whether of birth, rank, wealth, connexions, or accompliſhments, is ridiculous in a poor mortal creature. And, how ſoon may our brighteſt hopes be blaſted, our faireſt proſpects clouded! Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, an inimitable performance of its kind, gives the following deſcription of the palace of Pride:

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And ſpake the praiſes of the workman's wit;
But full great pity that ſo fair a mould
Did on ſo weak foundation ever ſit;
For on a ſandy hill, that ſtill did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven ſhaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could ſpy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

The very eſſence of the Chriſtian religion is meekneſs and humility. We are enjoined to "love mercy and walk humbly." A proud and haughty dameanour is particularly diſagreeable in young perſons. Pride will "ſpot the beauty of our budding names," and ultimately conſign us to infamy. Humility will make us eſteemed and reſpected here, and happy hereafter. On earth we have no "continuing city;" but a humble courſe of virtuous conduct will finally inſure us a reſidence in one, "whoſe builder and maker is God."

The ancients could not account for the unequal and partial diſtribution of *Fortune's* favours, without feigning the goddeſs blind. The light of revelation not only forbids us to adore her as a deity, but teaches us

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to diſregard her ſmiles, to deſpiſe her frowns, and to place our affections and our hopes on objects independent of a being ſo fickle and capricious.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXXII.

Quid leges ſine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt ?—

HORACE.

PARAPHRASED.

In vain may laws exert imperious power,
To curb licentious vice, and private fraud :
Pure morals only can delay the hour,
Which ſhall proclaim our infamy abroad.

THE old maxim, that "*Honeſty is the beſt policy,*" is becoming ſtale and unpopular, and its place is ſupplied by the following :—*The world is a cheat, and he is a fool, who does not have a ſhare in it.* Cheating ſwindlers, knaviſh ſpeculators, abound in our land. There are clubs of theſe jockies, fountains of iniquity, from whence iſſue numerous rivulets, fraught with every peſtiferous quality. Invention is tortured to deviſe means for eluding the laws, and thouſands glory in their infamy, if they can eſcape the ſcourge of authority. So great is the rage, amongſt our youth, for becoming *gentlemen*, that idleneſs, diſſipation, and ſwindling, will ſoon deſtroy the ancient reputation of New England, once famous for induſtry, frugality, and honeſty. Theft and robbery, it is true, are not very frequent ; they

they are vices too *unpolite* for our modern gentry. Diſſimulation, falſhood, perjury, are faſhionable and genteel.

The paths of vice inevitably lead to deſtruction. It is ſtrange that mankind will never open their eyes to their own intereſt. Where are thoſe men, who were ſo lately exulting in their rapidly acquired fortunes, gained by the ſale of ſcraps of dirty paper, inſcribed with the words, "Georgia Territory," "Falls of St. Anthony," or "Land in the Moon?" Many of them immured within the walls of priſons, while the rapacious creditor ſeizes on the ſtately manſion, which ſprang from nothing in a moment, as it were by the power of necromancy. It is true, indeed, that the heroes of the "Funding Syſtem" ſtill figure in affluence. Had I been a deiſt, or even an atheiſt, a ſurvey of that complicated ſcene of iniquity and fraud, would inſtantly have made me a convert to the Chriſtian doctrine of future retribution.

Amongſt the numerous means uſed for depriving the honeſt and induſtrious of the fruits of their labours, the frequent transfers of property, and the faſhionable practice of *running away*, are common and conſpicuous. Men, determined to be knaves, aſſume the garb of *gentlemen*, and the appellation of *federaliſts*; ride gay horſes, frequent public places; declaim in praiſe of government, denounce the French as a nation of robbers and villains, ſpeak with ſuperlative contempt of the *canaille*, or common people amongſt ourſelves, and continually intrude themſelves into the company of thoſe, who are called *firſt characters*. By ſuch means, they too often impreſs the honeſt and unſuſpecting farmer and mechanic with an idea that they poſſeſs "hidden treaſures," and are men of buſineſs and conſequence; a ſyſtem of flattery, craft, and deluſion, is then carried on, by which they get ſome thouſands of dollars worth of property into their hands, and then elope, to enjoy their ill gotten gains. If one of theſe gentry happens to be arreſted by the hand of juſtice, in the midſt of his career, ſome brother of the fraternity produces bills

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of ſale of the property in his poſſeſſion, and a few days confinement in priſon, and the *very trifling* ceremony of an oath, abſolves him at once from the obligation of paying his debts, and leaves the defrauded creditor deſtitute of every hope of compenſation. Perhaps ſome of his neighbours have become ſureties for him, and muſt ſuffer extremely in conſequence. Some of our moſt promiſing young men, "too proud to dig, to beg aſhamed," become aſſiſtants and minions to ſuch ſcoundrels. This ſketch does not emanate from party ſpirit, or perſonal prejudice; it is drawn from "the life," and numerous examples have fallen under the author's obſervation.

It is impoſſible to deviſe a ſyſtem of laws, which ſhall compel men, univerſally, to obſerve the rules of ſtrict equity. The powerful, the rich, and the craſty, will always find means to obſtruct, elude, or evade the regular courſe of juſtice. A ſyſtem of virtuous education, the inculcation of moral habits and manners, will have infinitely greater influence in promoting confidence and harmony in ſociety, than the beſt code of laws that ever was formed. It is a queſtion of conſequence, however, whether our preſent mode of college education is advantageous to the community, or not? Our young men learn but very little at the univerſity, that will be of uſe to them in after life. They often make a greater proficiency in Hoyle and Chetterfield, than in Homer and Tully. They leave college, puffed up with notions of their own importance, big with ariſtocratic ſentiments; and, as the country ſwarms with lawyers, phyſicians, and clergymen, many of them become ſwindlers, or ſink into a ſtate of droniſh apathy. Many an induſtrious farmer, to make a Maſter of Arts of a thick ſculled ſon, whom he fancied a genius, and to ſupport him in indolence and extravagance afterwards, has rendered himſelf and a numerous family, indigent and unhappy. Our country ſchools are wretched; and an obſervation of a friend of mine, that they *teach our children ignorance*, though apparently paradoxical, is, in

in many inſtances, literally true. Academies, in rural ſituations, furniſhed with preceptors of abilities, experience, and virtue, and devoted to the uſeful parts of learning only, would be inexhauſtible ſources of valuable inſtruction and morality.

If we mean to preſerve even the ſemblance of a free government, we muſt cultivate moral habits. The aged ſhould be examples to the young; the young ſhould emulate the aged. All claſſes ſhould be ſtudious to dignify their own and the national character. It is an axiom, as true as it is ancient, that public liberty cannot long ſurvive the decline of public virtue.

I will conclude with an applicable extract from Shakeſpeare:

More could I tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXXIII.

If mead, or ſhade, grieve at the room we mountains take,
Know that the ſnow or rain, deſcending oft, doth make
The fruitful vallies fat, with what from us doth glide,
Who with our winter's waſte maintain their ſummer's pride.

DRAYTON'S POLYOLBION.

FROM the earlieſt era in the annals of poety, the votaries of the Muſes have been fond of rural ſcenes. It is needleſs to cite as examples, among the ancients,

ancients, Theocritus, Horace, Virgil, and others. "The whole choir of poets," ſays Horace, in one of his Epiſtles, "love the grove, and avoid cities, delighting in repoſe and ſhade." One of the erudite writers in the Farmer's Weekly Muſeum (I think the *Hermit*) obſerves that the peruſal of the Polyolbion impreſſed him with an idea that its author was peculiarly delighted with rural objects. The paſſage I have quoted for my motto, is one among many which will occur to the reader of that poem, evincive of the juſtneſs of the obſervation.

The vaſt bodies of ſnow, which enrobe our mountains and plains, during winter, undoubtedly poſſeſs here, as the poet ſays they do in Wales, a vivifying and fructifying influence. The lands of New England, in general, are not extremely fertile; but their ſtrength, exhauſted in ſummer, is renovated in winter. In that garden of America, the delightful country on the Ohio and Miſſiſſippi, but little ſnow deſcends; there its renovating and fertilizing influence is unneceſſary.

We are apt to aſcribe to winter, the epithets of dark, joyleſs, comfortleſs, &c. Nothing is more true, however, than that that ſeaſon is peculiarly favourable to the health of the body, and the improvement of the mind. The ſoul of man delights in change; and the various viciſſitudes of the different ſeaſons, conſtitute a ſource of exquiſite enjoyment. Thoſe countries have been the moſt diſtinguiſhed by the productions of genius, where ſpring and ſummer, autumn and winter, ſucceed each other with the greateſt regularity, and in all their varieties. We are indeed told that poetry and the abſtruſer arts have flouriſhed in Iceland; but the more varying climes of Greece, Italy, France, and England, are the moſt favourable to the Muſe, and to every effort of ſcience. The happy temperature of the climate of Europe in general, will forever inſure it a ſuperiority, in every thing intereſting to the human mind, over the tropical region of Africa.

The preſent is by no means an improper theme for a moraliſt. Winter, as well as the other ſeaſons, abounds

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in ſcenes, calculated to arouſe and call into action the nobleſt feelings of human nature, and to excite us to virtue. "The lately verdant oak, ſtretching forth as it were his bare arms to implore pity of the boiſterous gale," is not only a *ſublime*, but a *moral* object; it admoniſhes us of our duty to the aged and infirm. The ſparrow, plaintively chirping on the naked ſpray, or picking his ſcanty ſuſtenance from the ſnow bank, ought to remind us how many are ſtruggling with miſfortune, how many are dependent on charity. The preſent ſeaſon ſpeaks loudly to thoſe who are exulting in affluence, and rioting in luxury, while thouſands of their fellow creatures, perhaps *ſome* of their neareſt neighbours, are draining the dregs of adverſity's bittereſt cup. I am unequal to the taſk; let one of the beſt of poets ſpeak for me, in behalf of the afflicted and unhappy.

Ah! little think the gay licentious crowd,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms:
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty———————

Winter is not only conducive to the renovation of our lands, the health of our bodies, and the cultivation of our minds, but it is productive of many of our pureſt mental, and convivial enjoyments. No perſon's life is ſo laborious, but that many hours may be devoted, in this ſeaſon, to the pleaſures of reading. The facility with which we can aſcend and deſcend our hills, and glide through our vallies, in our ſleighs, is an abundant ſource of convenience, health, and amuſement. We can now "warm our hearts with winter's feaſting

feasting fires," and enjoy the comfortable repast, seasoned with the innocent jest, and the harmless tale of mirth. Horace desires his friend Thaliarchus, while the mountains are invested with snow, and the streams congealed by frost, to increase his fires, to quaff the generous wine, to banish care, and enjoy the pleasures of love and gaiety.

A late author, who assumes the title of "The American Spectator," devotes a number to the present subject, with an appropriate motto from Virgil; but he is so studious to prejudice his readers against their republican allies, that after a few elegant and pertinent introductory observations, he presents us with a frightful catalogue, of French enormities, real or imaginary, the study of which, he conceives, may form one of our most useful winter amusements. By such preposterous puerilities, a writer, otherwise respectable, becomes ridiculous in the extreme.

Amongst the many advantages which we derive from the present, we should reckon the time it affords us for attention to religious duties. The winter of the year ought to remind us of the winter of life; and, in the enjoyment of the one, we ought not to neglect making due preparation for the other.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXXV.

At hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent; delectant domi, non impedium foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

CICERO.

Literary ſtudies give ſtrength in youth, and joy in old age; adorn proſperity, and are the ſupport and conſolation of adverſity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are eaſy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements, they do not forſake us.

DUNCAN'S Tranſlation.

AMONG the many illuſtrious characters, which ancient hiſtory exhibits as objects of our admiration and imitation, the name of Marcus Tullius Cicero is peculiarly diſtinguiſhed. He has been equally celebrated, as a patriot, a ſtateſman, a philoſopher, an orator, and a private citizen. After having more than once been hailed by a grateful country, as its father and deliverer, he ſuffered as a martyr in its cauſe. The author of "The Seaſons," reviewing a liſt of ancient worthies, graces the glorious group with

"TULLY, *whoſe powerful eloquence awhile*

Reſtrain'd the rapid fate of ruſhing Rome."

In this ſublime paſſage, the mighty Roman republic is repreſented, ruſhing rapidly to deſtruction, and Cicero, by his reſiſtleſs eloquence alone, retarding for a time its diſſolution.

Cicero would have been too perfect a character, had he not poſſeſſed conſiderable failings. He was exceſ-

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ſively vain and fond of praiſe; and Plutarch tells us, that he often deſcended from the dignity of philoſophy, to indulge, not only in the humourous repartee, but in the frivolous witticiſm, and indecent conundrum. When any of my readers feel inclined to idolize any man, however eminent, let them contemplate the character of Cicero, and be convinced, if they never were before, that imperfection is, univerſally, the lot of human nature.

In the oration from which my motto is extracted, the orator advocates the cauſe of the poet Archias, unjuſtly accuſed before the "conſcript fathers" of Rome; and deſcants largely upon the ſubject of poetry, and literature in general.

It is an axiom in philoſophy, that the pleaſures of the mind are far more exquiſite than thoſe of ſenſe. It accords equally with reaſon and religion, to cheriſh this idea. Mental pleaſures may be ſuppoſed to conſiſt, principally, in reading, reflection, and compoſition, or the arrangement of ideas. Reflection, if a pleaſure, is purely a mental one. Reading and compoſition are mental actions; but, to render them perfect, the agency of bodily organs is neceſſary. It is eaſy, however, to combine reading and reflection; and this combination conſtitutes the moſt tranſcendent of all the pleaſures of the mind.

Some author obſerves, that the peruſal of a new book may be compared to the formation of a new friendſhip; and that, on reperuſing a book which he had read ſome years before, his ſenſations were ſimilar to thoſe which he felt at meeting with an old friend. Authors in general ſpeak with rapture of the pleaſures they have experienced, in reading the eminent writers, who have gone before them. Cowper ſays, that in his juvenile years, he "danc'd for joy," on peruſing Milton; and, alluding to Virgil, in whoſe eclogues the ſhepherd Tityrus is a principal character, ſays he had often liſtened with exquiſite pleaſure to the lays

"*Of Tityrus, aſſembling, as he ſang,*
The ruſtic throng beneath his fav'rite beech."

It

It is happy for mankind that the "*utile dulci*" of Horace, the union of the *agreeable* and the *useful*, has been a favourite object with the most celebrated authors, time immemorial. Orators, philosophers, and poets, have always been moralists, at least in their writings. And, when Virtue is recommended in the "golden numbers of Homer," and the mellifluous periods of Tully, who can refuse to embrace her? Dr. Young styles books, "fair virtue's advocates." A genius himself, he justly appreciated the moral labours of the ancient sages.

But one among many millions can wield the "Mæonian quill," or write prose with Ciceronian ease and harmony. But the works of many writers, in every age and nation, may be read with pleasure and with profit.

Literary enjoyments will never fail us. The "Pierian spring" is inexhaustible. Should we be deprived of books, yet an abundant source of comfort and pleasure is left us, whilst the faculty of memory, in any considerable degree, continues ours.

Amongst the many pleasures we derive from books, descriptions of natural objects are commonly the most permanent, because they generally sink deep in the mind. Poetical descriptions of rural scenes are often more pleasing than real prospects. The vale of Tempe, the Elysian fields, were never equal to what the poets have sung concerning them. The classical fields of Attica and Italy, though barren and covered with ruins, still

"*Live in description, and look green in song.*"

The ease and simplicity of Drayton's and Browne's Pastorals, absorb and delight the mind, while the metaphysical poetry of Donne, and the "History of the Civil Wars" of Daniel, notwithstanding some luminous thoughts and "dainty passages of wit," are conned over with irksomeness, if not with disgust.

Roused by the whistling winds, I have just looked out at my window. The thin flakes of snow descend fast, and, in the words of one of the oldest English poets,

"*The hills are spread and every plain,*
With stormy winter's mantle white."

I will ſit down and finiſh my eſſay. When I have done, I will take up one of my favourite authors. I have Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, before me; and I would not ſuſtain an utter deprivation of them, for the beſt eſtate in Vermont. Though the ſtateſman never mentions my name; though the rich and the great never read my humble eſſays, nor deign to drop a tear for my misfortunes; yet I can enjoy pleaſures, in converſation with the "mighty dead," to which many of thoſe who haughtily outſtretch the arm of power, who flutter in the ſilken robes of affluence, or who drain the golden cup of luxury, will ever be perfect ſtrangers.

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XII.

[By Samuel Elliot.]

MINERVA, *and a* BAND OF YOUTH.

An imaginary Dialogue.

The ways of wiſdom are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.

SOLOMON.

IT was on a day when the ſky was ſerene, when the fields were covered with flowers, when the groves and mountains were clothed in verdure, and when the balmy gales from the weſt wafted health and the ſweeteſt odours over the world, that a *band of ruſtic youth* ſallied out into the fields, in queſt of recreation and amuſement. Nor were they long ſatisfied with the delight

lightful ſcene which nature afforded them. Let us hie, ſays one, to yonder *ball*, where the gay ſons and daughters of Adam are revelling in mirth and jollity; and there drown all ſerious and contemplative thoughts in gay and airy ſports of the day. Let us repair, ſays a ſecond, to an adjacent *inn*, and there, with the aſſiſtance of the *juice of the grape*, and a merry band of the votaries of *Bacchus*, baniſh from our minds all gloomy meditations. Some were for tripping to the *brothel*; ſome were diſpoſed to try their fortune at the *game*. All ſeemed viciouſly inclined, except one—a youth of fifteen. He heard the various propoſals and reſolutions of his companions with great attention; and then, with an engaging eloquence, he thus addreſſed them:—"Friends and Companions, with penſive attention have I heard your various propoſals; and, with deep regret, I find that all of them ſeem dictated by vice, and tend to ſome immoral purpoſe. Permit me to make a propoſal or two, in my turn. If we reſort to the *ball*, let us behave with decency and moderation, and return to our reſpective habitations in good ſeaſon. If we repair to the *tavern*, let us behave with the ſame decorum; nor let us drown our ſenſes, or enervate our bodies, by too laviſhly partaking of the *juice of the grape*, or any ſpiritous liquid. For the ſake of our own honour and reputation, let us avoid ever being found at the *brothel*, or *gaming table*. Hear what the learned and pious Dr. WATTS ſays on this ſubject.—"Among the dangerous and modiſh diverſions of the times, I cannot forbear to mention, *midnight aſſemblies*, *play houſes*, *gaming tables*, and *maſquerades*. Let the parents who would willingly ſee their children walking in the paths of piety and virtue, endeavour to guard their inclinations from theſe enticing amuſements. The religion and conſcience of many a well inclined youth, have been expoſed to great and imminent danger, among thoſe ſcenes of vanity and folly, to ſay no worſe." We came into the fields to amuſe and regale ourſelves among the pleaſing ſcenes which ſurround us; let us then reap that amuſement and refreſhment, by viewing and admiring

miring theſe ambient ſpecimens of the power and wiſdom of our Creator. As the ſun is now ſetting, and as the dank dews of evening begin to deſcend, I think we had better return home, and poſtpone our viſit to the gay and ſportive circles of mankind, till another day."

To the propoſals of the young orator, moſt of the company agreed; but two or three of the moſt depraved and daring of them, declared him a faint hearted, ſuperſtitious lad. In conſequence of this diviſion in their ſentiments, a diviſion of the company enſued, two of them being reſolved to viſit the tavern and the ball, while the reſt commenced their return home. And now, MINERVA, the goddeſs of wiſdom, who had obſerved the whole tranſaction, and with infinite pleaſure had heard the diſcourſe of her *Juvenile votary*, and beheld what an impreſſion it had made on the minds of his companions, deſcended from her ærial throne, and bearing in her hand a little book, intitled, "*The Economy of Human Life.*" She ſeated herſelf before the pious advocate of virtue, and his followers; and preſenting him with the little volume, addreſſed him thus:—"Young man, go on in the ways of virtue, and perſevere in moralizing mankind; fear not the ſcoffs and reproaches of the wicked; in heaven you have a friend, a protector—a GOD!"

The following night was dark and ſtormy. Young readers, pleaſe to remember, that thoſe two, who, unmindful of their young friend's advice, had neglected to return with their companions, met with a juſt and deſerved puniſhment.—One of them went to the ball, where, for ſome indecency he was turned out of the houſe; and his aſſociate, after ſuſtaining a conſiderable loſs at the gaming table, met with the ſame fate. Remember that the others, under the guidance of their virtuous leader, reached their ſeveral dwellings before dark. Remember, that while the one party were expoſed to the raging violence of the nocturnal ſtorm, and to many unpleaſant reflections, ariſing from a conſciouſneſs of their own imprudence and folly; the

others,

others, after performing their domeſtic duties and evening prayers, retired to reſt, and ſpent the night in calm and peaceful repoſe. And learn from hence, that the paths of folly and wickedneſs, however alluring, lead to miſery and deſtruction; while "*the ways of wiſdom are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.*

THE RURAL MORALIST.

NUMBER XXV.

[By J. H. Palmer.]

———*Death's ſhafts fly thick;*
The cup goes round, and none ſo artful as
To put it by.———

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

IT is both ſurpriſing and remarkable, that as ſo many inſtances happen every day, to convince us of the truth of the above obſervation, we ſhould ſtill ſeem inſenſible of it. Does not every hour, nay, every moment, convince us of our mortality, and teach us that "man is born to die?" therefore, it would be wiſe in us often to think of the *great*, *laſt*, and *important* change, that will one day take place in our natures. It is the duty of every man often to review his paſt life, endeavour to correct its errors, and to ſee how far he has fulfilled thoſe duties that were incumbent upon him as a *man*, a *friend*, and a *chriſtian*. By thus doing, the good man will *receive pleaſure*, and the bad man will *feel contrition*. To accuſtom ourſelves to the thoughts of death is a duty that we owe ourſelves; it

is

is a duty that will ultimately contribute greatly to our happineſs; it will tend to ameliorate our diſpoſitions, and to make us "*love one another,*" which is the firſt great principle of ſociety. I was led into theſe reflections by the ſolemn and diſtreſſing ſcene before me: It is a ſick chamber; in the further part of it, lies the head of the family; a tender huſband, an affectionate father, groaning on the bed of ſickneſs, ſurrounded by his amiable wife and children: Great God! What muſt be the feelings of the huſband? What the ſenſations of the wife? The one expecting every moment to ſleep in death! What muſt be his feelings on the thoughts of leaving, forever, the wife of his boſom, the children of his love? How exquiſite muſt be the feelings of the wife, while ſhe views with horror the "*clay cold hand of death*" approaching at once to rob her of an *huſband*, a *friend*, and a *protector*, who has partook with her every joy, and ſhared with her every pain! With true chriſtian reſignation ſhe bows with reverence to that *Being*, who, if he ſhould pleaſe to take from her her only love, ſtill has bleſſed her with pledges of that love, in whoſe growing virtues ſhe perceives thoſe of their dying parent. None but a *Trumbull* could juſtly paint this ſcene, none but an *Ames* deſcribe it, but every one may draw from it inſtruction. By often viewing ſuch ſcenes the infidel would learn how to live, the chriſtian would learn to part cheerfully with the ſweets of this life; when *He*, who gave, demands them. Reader, if thou haſt ever viſited the ſick man's houſe, if thou haſt ever been witneſs to the cares and anxieties of a fond wife and ſurrounding friends, then recal the feelings that then inhabited thy breaſt, and let fall a tear of pity for thoſe that now ſurround beds of ſickneſs. By ſuch ſcenes as theſe the mind is carried beyond the things of this world, and we think of *immortality*. And when we reflect on the cares, the troubles, and the anxieties of life, we ſhall meet death as the friend of the unhappy, with awe and reverence, but not with terror; as one ſent to eaſe every pang, to annihilate

annihilate every woe, and to make us truly happy! We know that our longeſt life is ſhort, and that we are born to die. Ought then the tranſitory ills of life, the frown of the ſuperſtitious, the ſneer of the infidel, or the contempt of the world, to tempt us from the paths of virtue? Surely no: For in the paths of vice, reſides diſcontent, and to her happineſs is a ſtranger.

ON THE SITUATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

May 1, 1798.

A CRISIS has arrived, extremely important to the intereſts of America. Our late impolitic connections with Great Britain have undoubtedly accelerated this event. But the unexpected, unparalleled, and almoſt unaccountable inſolence and avarice of the preſent directorial government of France, have contributed to place us in a ſituation, to extricate ourſelves from which, requires the utmoſt exertions of human wiſdom. The conduct of Preſident ADAMS, in the late attempt at negociation, and the publication of the inſtructions to the Envoys, has been marked with prudence and dignity. Still let us not be eager to declare war. Let us retire within ourſelves, make ſuitable arrangements for defence, and endeavour to promote a union of parties in the accompliſhment of the object moſt dear to the heart of every republican citizen—THE INDEPENDENCE AND HAPPINESS OF OUR BELOVED COUNTRY!

The late conduct of the French Executive Directory, tends to produce an opinion that PICHEGRU and others baniſhed by their mandates, are innocent and injured men. A ſpeedy change in the Directory may be anticipated, and that change may be favorable to the United States.

States. Hence the impolicy of ruſhing into war, unleſs abſolutely driven to the meaſure, at the preſent moment.

Till very lately I have wiſhed the French ſucceſs in their contemplated invaſion of England. I wiſh for a peaceable revolution in Great Britain, and every other monarchy. I wiſh for the univerſal triumph of Republicaniſm. But the French Republic is approaching to a degree of power, which may poſſibly be equally fatal to the liberties of its own citizens, and the independence of America and the nations of Europe.

A war with France would perhaps unite us ſo cloſely with Great Britain, as to endanger our independence, in caſe of the ſucceſs of the latter power. On the other hand, ſhould we declare war, and France ſucceed in the conqueſt of England, we ſhould be made to paſs under the yoke without mercy. MAY PEACE BE OUR FIRST OBJECT, BUT MAY WE GO TO WAR RATHER THAN SURRENDER ONE TITTLE OF OUR NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE!

CONCLUDING NOTE.

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N. B. Any Printer who may contemplate a republication, is deſired previouſly to inform the author.

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FINIS.

Liſt of Subſcribers.

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David Ayers, do.
Joſeph Ayers, do.

B

Benjamin Franklin Bache, Philadelphia.
Francis Barnard, New Salem.
Auguſtus Belding, Guilford.
Samuel Benſon, New Salem.
John Bigelow, Guilford.
John W. Blake, Eſq. Brattleborough, 6.
Joſeph Boyden, Guilford.
Thaddeus Brown, Gerry.
Joſeph Bullock, Guilford.

C

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Jonathan Carver, Eſq. Hinſdale.
John Chamberlain, New Salem.
Samuel Clark, Halifax.
Daniel Cook, Serjt. U. S. army.
Samuel Cook, jun. New Salem.
Capt. Jared Crandall, Leyden.
Sylveſter Crandall, Guilford.
Robert S. Culver, Guilford.
Samuel Cutler, Peterſham, 6.

D

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Gilbert Deniſon, do.
Samuel Deniſon, do.
Joſeph Dennie, Eſq. Walpole.
Paul Dillingham, Shuteſbury.
Joſhua Danforth, Pittsfield.

E

Samuel Eliot, } Brothers to the Author, New
William Elliot, } Salem.

F

Stephen Fielton, New Salem.
Major Elihu Field, Guilford.
John Fitch, do.
Simeon Fobes, Marlborough.
Rev. Joel Foſter, New Salem.

G

Artemas Gilbert, New Salem.
William Giles, do.
Job Goodall, Gill.
James K. Goodenough, Brattleborough.
Joſeph Goodwin, Guilford.
James Greenleaf, do.
Eleazer Grover, do.
Jonathan Grout, Eſq. Peterſham.

H

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Thomas Hammond, do.
Anthony Haſwell, Bennington.
Anthony J. Haſwell, do.
Joſiah Haywood, Guilford.
Levi Hemenway, New Salem.
Deacon Joſhua Hemenway, do. 6.
Joſeph Hemenway, do.
Luther Hoar, Shuteſbury.
Major Edward Houghton, Guilford.
James Houghton, do.
Levi Houghton, Peterſham.
James Humphrey, Eſq. Athol.
Dr. Dana Hyde, Guilford.

K

Dea. Samuel Kendall, New Salem.
Daniel Knight, jun. Guilford.
Calvin Knoulton, Eſq. New Fane. 2.

L

Jeſſe Larned, New Salem.
David Leavitt, Dummerſton.
Joſeph Linſey, New Salem.

William Lyman, Eſq. (late Member of Congreſs) Northampton. 6.
Capt. Cornelius Lyman, U. S. Army.
Samuel Lyman, Northampton.
Frederic Lynde, Guilford.
Matthew Lyon, Eſq. (Member of Congreſs) Fairhaven, 6.

M

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William Marſh, Guilford.
Eliza Meriam, New Salem.
Orſamus C. Merrill, Bennington. 6.
Ezra Moody, New Salem.
Edward Morgan, Hinſdale.

N

Eber Naſh, Greenfield.
Breed Newell, Portland.
Aſa Nichols, Brookfield, 6.
John Noyes, Eſq. Guilford.

P

John H. Palmer, Guilford.
Robert Peckham, Peterſham.
John Phelps, Marlborough.
Proctor Pierce, New Salem. 6.
Samuel Pierce, 3d. do.
Warren Pierce, do.
William Pierpont, Shuteſbury.
Manaſſah Powers, Guilford.
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Ebenezer Price, New Salem.
Matthew Patten, Guilford.
Samuel Putnam, New Salem.

R

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S

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Thomas Shaw, Guilford.
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John Stoddard, Northampton.
Shubal C. Stratton, New Salem 6.

T

Eliſha Thatcher. (native of Maſſ. late Serjeant Major, U. S. Army) Frederickſburg, Virginia.
John Tyler, Jun. Guilford.

U

Edward Upham, Eſq. New Salem.

W

James Wales, Norwich.
Elijah Walſworth, Guilford.
Henry Ward, do.
Levi Wells, Greenfield.
Daniel Wilder, Bennington.
Elijah Wilder, New Salem.
Ephraim Wheeler, Shuteſbury.
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Lemuel Whitney, Eſq. Brattleborough.
Richard Whitney, Eſq. do. 2.
Joſeph Woodward, Peterſham.
Elijah Wollage, Guilford.
Daniel Wright, Northampton.

Y

Joſeph Yeaw, Guilford.

N. B. Some Subſcription papers not returned.

ERRATA.

Page 51 line 5 for *ſpaid* read *ſpar'd*.
11, for *Miltiactes* read *Miltiades*.
52 4, for *Janius* read *Junius*.
53 line 6 from bottom at the word *Tell* add a ſtar, and at the bottom * *W. Tyler*.
61 line 1, place an *A* before *Rutherford*.
23, for *Doreſield* read *Doſreſield*.
62 16, inſert the word *periods* before *roll*.
67 1, for *lucid* read *lurid*.
70 20, for *diſdain* read *diſclaim*.
76 laſt line, for *Spartes* read *Spartas*.
78 3, for *rode* read *road*.
4, for *extend* read *extends*.
81 8, for *bear* read *boar*.
84 24, for *inevocable* read *irrevocable*.
94 9, for *ſpell* read *ſhell*.
96 16, for *Thulian* read *Thurian*.
98 19, for *fated* read *ſated*.
101 laſt line, for *contendly* read *contentedly*.
104 26, for *lucid* read *lurid*.
105 18, for *Potoſia* read *Potoſi*.
111 21, for *by* read *of*.
112 3, for *approbrious* read *opprobrious*.
126 4, for *Jewſey* read *Jerſey*.
129 25, for *throughfare* read *thoroughfare*.
136 the following ſhould be read after "*Fort Hamilton*."—The bodies of theſe men were found in the path, and buried by Capt. LYMAN, while on his march to Greenville.
142 7, for *ports* read *poſts*.
146 8, from bottom, for *ports* read *poſts*.
152 line 5 from top, for *prejudicial* read *prejudiced*.
171 7, from bottom, for *aſk* read *aſh*.
172 8, for *baffaloes* read *buffaloes*.
19, for *eat* read *eaten*.
175 25, for *Eaſas* read *Caſas*.
57 line 2 from bottom; for *radient* read *radiant*.
72 line 25 for *refulgeance* read *refulgence*.
75 line 25 for *Stonny* read *Stony*.
78 line 4 for *extend* read *extends*.
78 line 3 for *rode* read *road*.

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